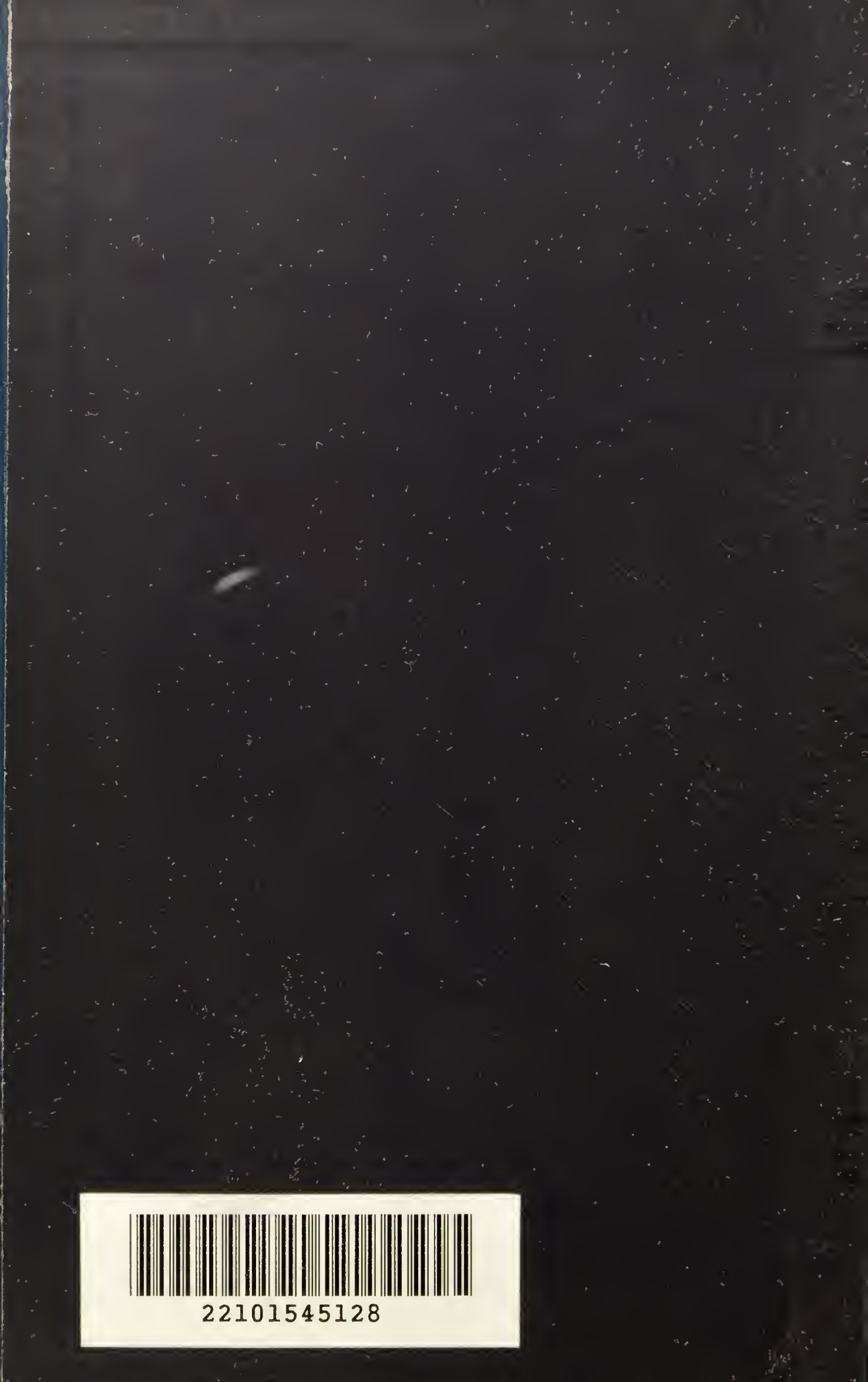

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"THE PERFECT WAY"

Anna Kingsford

ANNA KINGSFORD

HER LIFE, LETTERS, DIARY AND WORK

BY HER COLLABORATOR

EDWARD MAITLAND

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS, VIEWS AND FACSIMILES

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

THIRD EDITION

EDITED BY

SAMUEL HOPGOOD HART

"Behold, I send unto you prophets"
(MATT. xxiii. 34)

LONDON

JOHN M. WATKINS

21 CECIL COURT, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1913

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BZP (KINGSFORD) (2)

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

" All the materials for revising the theology of Christianity are in our hands, being divinely delivered from the original source in the Church Celestial."—E. M.

" Now is the axe laid to the root of the trees."—MATT. iii. 10.

AFTER Anna Kingsford's withdrawal, Edward Maitland took up his abode at No. 1 Thurloe Square Studios, Thurloe Square, South Kensington,[1] where, for the remainder of his life—that is, of his active life—he lived alone, devoting his whole time and attention to the propagation of the New Gospel of Interpretation ; and, considering his advanced age, the amount of work he accomplished in the time is surprising ; for, during these few years—not more than eight years in all—in addition to writing the present Biography—a stupendous task in itself—which he then wrote, he edited *Dreams and Dream-Stories*,[2] and *Clothed with the Sun*,[3] and he wrote *The Bible's Own Account of Itself*,[4] *The New Gospel of Interpretation*,[5] and *The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation*,[6] and he gave numerous lectures, and wrote many articles and letters for periodicals and newspapers. The last-mentioned book was written by him as " an epitome and instalment " of the Biography, in case he should not live to complete that work ; for, such were the demands on his time and strength, that he sometimes feared he would not be able to complete it. In a letter written in 1892, to the late Rev. J. G. Ouseley, he said : " I was fourteen hours at my writing table yesterday, not turning in till 4 a.m., and every day is a struggle to get through the necessary part of my work " ; and in 1894, when I first met him, he was working " more frequently than not for some twelve hours a day," [7] and

[1] See Vol. II. p. 405.
[2] Published in 1888.
[3] Published in 1889.
[4] Published in 1891.
[5] Published in 1892.
[6] Published in 1894
[7] *The Vegetarian*, 8th December 1894.

later, in the same year, he wrote to me of the "great pressure of [his] occupation, combined with indifferent health." The Biography was, however, at length completed. In July 1895 it was "in course of printing"; in December, following, it was "all printed"; and in January 1896 it was published;[1] and he regarded it—as well he might—as the crowning work of his life—his *magnum opus*—a work which, he was assured,[2] would "educate the world more than all else, by showing how the divine life can be led, and the faculties opened to divine truth, and that to get that truth, the divine life must be led":—for Anna Kingsford's life affords to the world—"a world sunk beyond all precedent in the depths of Materialism"—a demonstration anew of the Soul's reality and transcendency, and therein of the divine potentialities of humanity. The great value of the present Biography is that it was written by one who not only more than any other had intimate knowledge of Anna Kingsford, but by one who knew of her as much as it is possible for one human being to know of another, and who, in addition to such knowledge, was possessed of the ability, literary and other, necessary to enable him to do justice to his subject; and last but not least, it was written by one of *undoubted veracity*: and further, as his own life and work had been so connected with Anna Kingsford's that the life of either of them could not be written without and apart from the life of the other, so far as Edward Maitland is concerned, *The Life of Anna Kingsford* has the great additional value of being an Autobiography.[3] Such were Edward Maitland's qualifications for the great task undertaken by him.

Writing of the Biography, he says: "This book is written neither for the exaltation of individuals nor for the satisfaction of mere curiosity, however legitimate; but as the necessary crown and completion of the life and work of which it is the record, and for the sake of those who may be qualified to appreciate and to benefit by it. It is written, therefore, in fulfil-

[1] The "Second Edition," which was issued during the same year, was a mere reimpression of the First Edition. In April 1896, Edward Maitland was "preparing a new Edition," but, owing to his breakdown in health a few months later, this was never completed, and I do not know what became of the MS.

[2] See Vol. II. p. 415.

[3] See p. 34 *post*, and Vol. II. p. 364.

ment of a duty deemed paramount, and under the deepest sense of responsibility alike to the departed, the living, and those yet to come, and with scrupulous adherence to truth and accuracy even when seeming most to transcend credibility. Its object being, not to amuse or astonish, but to instruct and perpetuate, and this in respect of the profoundest and most momentous of subjects, the intrusion of any inferior element would be accounted a sacrilege. It is thus neither a romance nor an eulogium, but a *history*, and this of something more than of a person and a work, exceptional as these were, for it is the history also of a *soul*, and this a soul at once so luminous, so strong, and so slenderly veiled by its material environment as to be, in all its states and workings, accessible to observation ; yet, nevertheless, a typical soul, and one the history of which may, in its broad outlines, serve as that of all souls ; for as the soul is one, so also is its history one. Hence the peculiar significance of the life of Anna Kingsford."

On the 27th May 1895, he wrote to me that he was (at the request of the publisher) curtailing the Biography, " not by omitting anything historical and biographical, but by eliminating certain literary remains, such as Mrs Kingsford's ' Meditations on the Mysteries,' giving short samples only, and leaving the rest for publication in a separate book afterwards, with other writings of hers." And he added, " I am greatly curtailing in the same way also the account of our relations with the Theosophical Society, which I had related with much fulness, giving our letters and pamphlets in which we convicted them of having utterly mistaken the teaching they had received. For I thought it well that the world should see to what an extent that movement has been transformed from being subversive of all religion, into being, as it now is, a valuable aid to the restoration of true religion, and this through the revelation given to us. The book will lose nothing of its interest and value for the general reader by the changes I am making, but it is a good deal against my own liking."

A small part of the manuscript of *The Life of Anna Kingsford*, and also all or some of the above-mentioned letters and pamphlets, subsequently came into my possession, and from these I have been enabled to supply in the present Edition the matter, or some of the matter, referred to in the above-mentioned letter

as having been omitted from the former Edition. I refer in particular to the new matter to be found on pp. 140–146, 149–152, 153–154, 160–164, 175–181, 197–199, and 221–223 of Vol. II. of the present Edition. The importance of this new matter alone, and apart from Edward Maitland's desire (as above expressed) to have it included in the Biography, is my justification for increasing the size of what was already a large work—for, be it noted, nothing that was in the former Edition has been omitted from the present Edition.

It now remains for me to relate what I know of the closing years of my friend's life. For some time before I met Edward Maitland I had felt dissatisfied with and opposed to much of what I had been accustomed to hear taught in the Church of England —in which Church I had been brought up; dissatisfied with, because it failed to meet my highest aspirations, and opposed to, because I knew that much of what was taught was not true; the official exponents of religion had proved themselves to be "blind guides," and I knew that, so far as light and truth were concerned, the Nonconformist Churches were in no better condition, and I was not drawn to them. The claims of the Catholic Church I had not seriously considered. What I sought was a true doctrine, and my belief was that none of the Churches that called themselves "Christian," offered such; but I in no wise identified the "Christianity" of the Churches with the religion of Jesus Christ.

At the time to which I refer, I had recently read some theosophical writings which had greatly interested me. I had been drawn to the subject through an article on "Esoteric Buddhism" which I had read in the *Nineteenth Century*. I think it must have been a notice or review of, or must have contained some reference to, Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, for shortly after reading the article, I purchased that book, and also one or more of Mrs Besant's "Theosophical Manuals." The latter convinced me that there was something in Theosophy. The doctrine of Reincarnation, in particular, though new to me, did not seem strange, and I at once accepted it as true; and I felt that at last I was on the track that would lead me to the goal that I sought. In this state of mind I contemplated joining the Theosophical Society, and I spoke of my feelings to a friend, who advised me, before joining the Theosophical Society, to see

Edward Maitland, of whom, until then, I had not heard. She did not know him, but she knew a friend of his, and she promised to obtain from such friend the necessary introduction, and this introduction I, in due course, received.

I first met Edward Maitland on the 19th April 1894, when I called upon him at his Chambers at No. 1 Thurloe Square Studios. I shall never forget this visit and his kindness. I explained to him my position, and he told me of his and Anna Kingsford's work, and read—or rather recited—to me some of her Illuminations; for he knew them all by heart. In particular, I remember him reciting part of the Illumination "Concerning Inspiration and Prophesying," and part of the "Hymn to Iacchos," and (seeing perhaps a look of surprise) he told me of the *mystical sense* underlying the account in the Old Testament of the children of Israel in Egypt and their flight therefrom, and, in fact, underlying all sacred scripture. The interpretation was new to me, and I could not at once grasp the full meaning of it all, but I was not inclined to disbelieve or question what he said. I felt that I had found *a man who knew the truth*, and whose word alone was sufficient, and I had never before met such a man. He gave me a copy of *The New Gospel of Interpretation*, and advised me to read his and Anna Kingsford's books, and to join the Esoteric Christian Union. I lost no time in following the advice given to me, and in his and Anna Kingsford's writings I found that for which I had sought and which has ever since been my greatest treasure. Before I read *The Perfect Way*, I was a seeker after truth; but having read that book, I said *Nunc dimittis*. I owe to Edward Maitland a debt of gratitude that I can never repay; for it was *he* who put me in the "right way"; it was his and Anna Kingsford's writings that "brought me out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay; and set my feet upon the rock." It was his and Anna Kingsford's writings that brought me to the fountain of true wisdom. The teaching contained in the pages of *The Perfect Way* "put a new song in my mouth: even a thanksgiving unto God."

While this book confirmed me in my attitude towards the theology of the Churches, it also taught me what I did not before know, namely, that all that is true is spiritual; and that *all the dogmas of the Church are spiritual*, and that no dogma of the Church is real that is not spiritual; and that "*the Catholic*

Church has the whole of the truth in a parable" :[1] and it gave me great joy to learn this.

Had it not been for the corrupt priesthoods who, by materialising mysteries which are purely spiritual, give to the people for food "ashes" (matter) as it were "bread" (spiritual food)—the "scorpion" instead of the "fish"—my "religious difficulties" would not have arisen. "The hill of Sion is a fair place," but the Psalmist was not wrong when, speaking of materialising priesthoods, he said: "O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance, Thy Holy Temple have they defiled and made Jerusalem an heap of stones." Witness vivisection, and flesh-eating, and the doctrine of vicarious atonement, etc., and the Church's toleration and approval thereof!

When once the system represented by the New Gospel of Interpretation is duly apprehended, "it is as impossible for the mind to dissent from it, as from the demonstration of a proposition in geometry or mathematics. Without rejecting a single dogma of orthodoxy, it transforms every dogma into a self-evident and necessary proposition, obviously founded in the very nature of Being, to the utter abrogation of Mystery in that sacerdotal and traditional sense so emphatically denounced in the Apocalypse as 'Babylon the Great, mother of harlots and abominations of the earth.' For in such sense, Mystery means the suppression of the understanding in favour of authority as the criterion of truth; and the appeal of the new interpretation is, as the word interpretation implies, to the understanding."[2]

In the following September I joined the Esoteric Christian Union.

The publication of *The Life of Anna Kingsford* was, with a few exceptions, greeted by the Press with derision. *The Daily Chronicle* contained an article—purporting to be a review of the book—which, Edward Maitland said, "was not a review at all, but a falsification and perversion," and "also a blasphemy,

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[1] See p. 201 *post*. Apart from the teaching of *The Perfect Way*, I should have rejected the dogmas of the Catholic Church as I had rejected the teaching of the official exponents of religion in the Protestant Churches, because I should have understood such dogmas only in the sense in which they are taught and insisted on by those in authority in that Church, namely, the literal and material sense, and in that sense I should have known them to be untrue.—S. H. H.

[2] Article, "Mr Maitland at Home," in *The Vegetarian*, 1894, pp. 585–6.

since to assail *a book containing a divine revelation* with ribaldry and vulgar invective is to blaspheme." This was not the first time that he had reason to complain of the treatment of his and Anna Kingsford's writings by the Press, of which, he said, "one half is inveterately sadducee, and the other half inveterately sacerdotal."[1] Among the exceptions were two very lengthy and excellent reviews, both written by the late Mr W. T. Stead, in *The Review of Reviews*[2] and *Borderland*[3] respectively; and there was an appreciative notice, by Mr A. E. Waite, in *Light*.[4] In the *Borderland* review, Mr Stead affirmed that Anna Kingsford's biography "is one of those which stand out by themselves alone and apart from all other biographies that ever were written." Madame Isabel de Steiger also, who is several times mentioned in the Biography, gave her "testimony." She said:[5]—

"I have just finished reading *The Life of Anna Kingsford*, by Mr Maitland. . . . I do not intend to write more than a few words, for I hope and expect that an abler pen than mine will do the "Life" full justice in a comprehensive review, but I should like to add a few words of "testimony." I felt as if reading a page of my own history while going through this very important and profoundly interesting work. I can, therefore, with some claim to do so, admire its strict truth and accuracy. The episodes come back to me as occurring just as they are written. It is, indeed, a plain and unvarnished narrative of one of the very remarkable lives of this age.

"When one thinks of all the memoirs one reads of all the able and distinguished women of the day, often edited by equally distinguished men, not one can be recalled that in the smallest degree approaches the importance of this life. . . . Of the nobility, extraordinary self-abnegation, patience, and the most beautiful and touching living

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[1] See pp. 241, 242, 279 *post*, and Vol. II. pp. 15 and 49. The reception given by the Press to *The Life of Anna Kingsford* was, probably, such as might under the circumstances have been looked for. A considerable portion of *The Soul and How it Found Me* was incorporated in *The Life of Anna Kingsford*, and, in 1877, when that book was published, Edward Maitland says, it "was, by the myrmidons of the materialistic press throughout the length and breadth of the land, instantly seized upon and, with myself and fellow-worker assailed with the coarsest abuse, ridicule, and misrepresentation, in such fashion as wholly to obscure its true character, and prevent the public from recognising in it that for which above all other knowledge they craved, the knowledge, namely, of man's real nature and destiny. And foremost and coarsest in the attack was a periodical which claims to be of all English organs of literary criticism the most scholarly and impartial!" (Lecture on "Mystics and Materialists")—S. H. H.

[2] January 1896.

[3] January 1896.

[4] 7th March 1896.

[5] *Light*, 8th February 1896.

memento of the truest, purest friendship shown in every page of Mr Maitland's own share in the work, one cannot say enough.

"The books they wrote must and will live when thousands of volumes of the pseudo-philosophy of the day, now ignorantly preferred, will have long died their deserved death. . . ."

In a letter, written in 1891, to his Publisher, Edward Maitland spoke of the great difficulty of making known to the public his and Anna Kingsford's writings. He said: "The difficulty thus far in getting at the tens of thousands of people who are longing for exactly what these books contain lies first in the absolute ignorance and disbelief of those who have the critical press in their hands. Not knowing the problems to be solved, the reviewers can't recognise the solutions, and being mere materialists (whether religious or not) they can't take in the facts of the case, namely, that these books represent an actual re-delivery of religious doctrine from its original source, made for the express object of saving religion, by interpreting it, and so carrying on the spiritual consciousness of the race to a new and higher stage of its evolution."

The whole work represented by Anna Kingsford's and Edward Maitland's books has been to such extent boycotted by both the Press and the Libraries, that it is an exceedingly uphill task to get them before the public, notwithstanding that they contain the solutions which the public are beyond all else longing for.

After the publication of the Biography, Edward Maitland's mental and physical decline were remarkably rapid.

In the latter part of 1896—I think it was in September—I went to The Studios to see him, when I was informed that he was ill in bed, having had "a stroke," and that he was not well enough to see anybody, and subsequent inquiries did not give me more information, except that, some weeks later, I learnt (from the housekeeper) that he had left London, and was staying with some friends in the country.

On arriving at the office, in the City, on the 22nd December, I received from Mrs C. G. Currie (a lady then unknown to me) the following letter:—

"'The Warders,' Tonbridge,
"*21st December* 1896.

"Dear Sir,—I take the liberty of writing to you on behalf of Mr E. Maitland, who has made his home with us for the few remaining days of his life. Mr Maitland has been failing fast all this last year, both

bodily and mentally, and is now quite unable to answer any letters or even to reply to questions concerning his life-work. It is most sad that it should end thus, but I believe that his spirit has already left his body (although, of course, not yet entirely separated from it) so complete is his mental decay.

"If you would like to come down and see him at any time, we shall be most happy to offer you lunch. Believe me,—Yours very truly,

"C. G. CURRIE."

By profession I am a solicitor, and, at the time when I received this letter, I held a position in the office of the firm of solicitors with whom I had served my articles. Had my work allowed it, I should at once have asked leave to have the day "off," and taken the next train to Tonbridge, so as to lose no time in going to see my friend; but, having some pressing office-work to do on that day, I did not feel justified in making the request, and I determined to wait until the end of the day and then see if I could arrange to be away on the day following; but I did not have to wait, for, scarcely had I read Mrs Currie's letter and determined to act in the manner above indicated, when the Senior Partner came into my room, saying: "Now, my dear boy, take a holiday to-morrow, if you like, it will do you good"—*a thing he had never before done.* I, of course, at once accepted his offer, but imagine my surprise, for I felt that (unknown to himself) he had acted under spirit guidance, and that it was *necessary* that I should see my friend before he died. It may, however, have been a case of telepathy. In either case, it was a remarkable incident.

On the day following (23rd December), accordingly, I went to "The Warders," and there, for the last time, I saw Edward Maitland, and was satisfied that the true self—the spiritual soul—the *anima divina*—was then almost, if not quite withdrawn from the physical body. Conversation was impossible; for, though he suffered no pain, he could speak only with very great difficulty, and it was not easy to catch his words, and he was more or less physically helpless. I was not sure that he knew me —I do not think he did. It was lunch time. He was sitting by the fire in the dining-room, too helpless to feed himself. I tried to persuade him to eat some food; but to no purpose. He refused to eat anything, saying, "It's no use feeding a dead man" —so certainly did he or some other through him think it necessary to make us who were present know what his real condition then

was. *He was then dead to all intents and purposes.* The *anima bruta* and the physical vitality remained, but his spiritual insight and his intelligence had gone. Psyche had fled. The true self whom we had known and loved had ceased to control and animate mind and body. I did not think that he could continue to live for many days.

Frequent letters from Mrs Currie kept me informed of my friend's condition, and they all gave much the same account. The following are extracts from some of them :—

"*28th December* 1896.

"Our dear old friend still lingers, and seems a little better since the day you were here. . . . I do think that Mr Maitland's last wish and work—the preparing a new and cheaper edition of the *Life*—should not be allowed to fall through just because his higher self was withdrawn ere he had time to complete it. For when he came to us in June,[1] he distinctly told me that a new and cheaper edition would be forthcoming by Xmas." [2]

"*24th January* 1897.

"Mr Maitland still lingers, to our great surprise and relief. The doctor considers his vitality *wonderful*. He sleeps most part of the day and night now, and does not attempt to get up, and he really looks much better than he did that day you were here. His mind gets occasional lucid phases, but not often, neither do they last long."

"*11th April* 1897.

"Mr Maitland is naturally very much weaker than when you last saw him, and the mental decay is even more noticeable, yet there is no immediate cause for anxiety, and his life may even be prolonged for months yet. The doctor has been astonished at the tenacity of his hold on life—some of the relapses have been to all appearance fatal, and yet, by what has seemed hardly short of miraculous, he has rallied again. Most of the day is passed in sleep, and he rarely ever speaks now, even to answer a question."

"*17th April* 1897.

"Mr Maitland still continues much the same. . . . It really is difficult to realise that separation of spirit from body has not already taken place." [3]

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[1] Edward Maitland had not been at Col. Currie's during the whole of the time since June 1896.—S. H. H.

[2] See *ante*, p. vi. n. 1.

[3] Enclosed with this letter was one, dated 14th April 1897, written by the late Rev. J. G. Ouseley to Mrs Currie, in which he said : " I have been given a message under the most trustworthy condition from Swedenborg, through an Indian doctor, that he [Edward Maitland] is in the unseen already (two weeks ago that was) and has been met."—S. H. H.

The following letter from Mrs Currie informed me of his complete withdrawal, which took place on Saturday, 2nd October 1897, at the end of his 73rd year :—

"'The Warders," Tonbridge,
"*Sunday*.

"Dear Mr Hart,—Just a few hurried lines to let you know that our dear old friend passed on last night, at 10.15 P.M."

"About three weeks ago, he had a very bad relapse, from which he made another of his wonderful rallies, and he has been, comparatively speaking, better the last two weeks, so that the end was quite unexpected at the last. He was very sick yesterday afternoon, and his breathing became gradually laboured. About nine o'clock his extremities were getting cold. An hour later, he breathed his last quite quietly and painlessly, and I think those who knew and loved him should rejoice that his release has come at last.—Yours very sincerely,
C. G. Currie."

The following letter from Col. Currie appeared in *Light* of 16th October 1897 :—

"You are aware that our friend Edward Maitland has been living with us for the last year. His mind was rapidly going when he came to us, and he soon began to lose all power over his faculties and limbs, and has been bedridden from 1st January. Since then, he has very gradually grown weaker and weaker, his mind often wandering ; but, I am glad to say, he has suffered no pain. For the last six months his mind has been more passive, and only at intervals did he seem to recognise anybody. He has had periodical relapses from which he has recovered in a most remarkable way, but each attack has, of course, left him weaker. During Saturday, 2nd October, he was apparently as well as he had been for some time, but about 8.30 P.M. he showed signs of the approaching end by difficulty in breathing, and at 10.15 he breathed his last. The end was peaceful and without pain. His body was interred on Tuesday, 5th October, in the Tonbridge Cemetery, in a spot specially selected. The day was a glorious one, the sun shining brightly, and he was, as he might have expressed it, 'clothed with the sun.' For many months he had not been able to make his speech sufficiently distinct to be understood, though he occasionally tried to utter a word or two."

The following obituary notice, which appeared in *Humanity* of December 1897, is of interest :—

"EDWARD MAITLAND

"Since Edward Maitland's death a good deal has been written in the Press about his remarkable career as traveller, writer, and mystic ; very appreciative biographical notices, in particular, were published in the *Academy* and *Light* for 16th October, to which we would refer those of our readers who desire such information. In *Humanity* it

is with Edward Maitland the humanitarian that we are more specially concerned, and for this reason we print the following brief reminiscences written by one of his colleagues on the committee of the Humanitarian League:—

"'When the League was about to be founded towards the close of 1890, Mr Maitland, as a distinguished anti-vivisectionist and food reformer, was one of the first persons whose co-operation was invited, and his response (unlike a good many of those received) was hearty and outspoken. "Should a League be formed," he wrote, "such as that described, and under the auspices of the persons named, I shall be happy to be a member of it, for I think that the widespread publication of writings proposing a high and positive system of morality in the conduct of life, in all its aspects, is one of the greatest needs of the time."

"'In spite of his stipulation that a regular attendance at committees would be beyond his power, he was very frequently present on these occasions, and had a large share in the framing of the original Manifesto. To those who know him only or mainly as a mystic, it would probably have been a surprise to see how extremely critical he was—critical to the verge of fastidiousness—in discussing practical affairs; certainly there was no one on the committee who was more useful in bringing the cold light of reason to bear on the subjects under discussion than the author, or joint-author, of the extraordinary series of "revelations" which culminated in *The Life of Anna Kingsford*.

"'At the first annual meeting of the League, in 1892, Mr Maitland, as chairman, gave an excellent summary of the League's principles and purposes; and a year later he wrote the eloquent and powerful *Appeal to Hearts and Heads*, which was published [by the League] in the pamphlet (No. 6) on "Vivisection." In this essay, as at first written, there was a section dealing with the religious mysticism with which Mr Maitland's humanitarian views were connected; and it was the rather delicate task of the present writer, as one of the League's publishing sub-committee, to invite the author to omit this passage from the pamphlet, in accordance with the invariable rule of the League to base its principles on nothing else than that broad instinct of humaneness in which all its members can be united. This result, thanks to Mr Maitland's liberality and fairmindedness, was successfully attained.

"'During these years Mr Maitland was engaged in writing his *magnum opus*, *The Life of Anna Kingsford*, and he would often discourse freely to friendly listeners on his spiritual experiences—to the astonishment, sometimes, of other fellow-travellers by railroad or omnibus. For my own part, though not personally disposed to accept the esoteric view of the phenomena in question, I never felt, when listening to him, the contradictory instinct which dogmatists usually excite in one; there was something in his narration so absolutely natural and genuine as to compel the respectful sympathy of those who heard it, whatever their personal belief. And his creed, whether true or not for other people, had undoubtedly the merit of being associated, in his case, with a most kindly and genial spirit.

"'Mr Maitland several times took part in the public meetings of the League, as, for example, at the Humanitarian Conference in 1895,

when he made an extremely effective speech, afterwards circulated as a leaflet, on "Experimentation in Hospitals." His last appearance on the League's behalf was in March 1896, when he took the chair at Mr Leadbeater's lecture on the "Theosophical View of Rights," on which occasion those who had seen him hale and strong but a few weeks before were shocked at the change in his appearance. It seemed as if, with the completion of his life-work in the publication of the book on which he had so long been engaged, all strength of mind and body simultaneously forsook him; and though, owing to his marvellous constitution, he lingered on for eighteen months, it was but a death-in-life to which death came as a merciful release. Whatever difference of opinion there may be about other points in Edward Maitland's character, there can be no doubt of his thorough devotion, and great practical services, to the humanitarian cause.'"

Writing of him,[1] Madame Isabel de Steiger says :—

"My memory of him extends to the time when I had the privilege of forming one of the circles invited to the reading of *The Perfect Way* before it was published; and up to the last years of his life, I have never had occasion to diminish respect or affection for him as a high and lofty thinker and of a blameless life. Kind and courteous to all, I can never remember his being but one thing, an *excellent* man, to whom, indeed, the world is indebted, with his coadjutor, Anna Kingsford, for much of which it is, indeed, but very partially conscious at present."

The chief occupation of Edward Maitland's life was, in his own words, "the pursuit, regardless of consequences, of the highest truth for the highest ends." He accepted for his life's devotion "only the highest and most useful work discernible by him, and to do such work in the most perfect manner possible to him."[2] He was of those "who scale height after height, and pierce mists, veil by veil, heartened with each discovery."[3]

I once asked him if he should ever return to the earth, and he replied that his and Anna Kingsford's work here was not finished, and that at some future time they both would return for the purpose of continuing their work together. "So they two went until they came to Beth-lehem."[4] "Going on their way, they went and wept: scattering their seed."

"Sun-treader, I believe in God, and truth, and love; . . . Live thou for ever, and be to all what thou hast been to me!"[5]

SAML. HOPGOOD HART.

CROYDON, *July* 1913.

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[1] *Light*, 13th November 1897. [2] *The Soul and How it Found Me*, p. 14.
[3] Browning, *Sordello*. [4] Ruth i. 19.
[5] Browning, *Pauline*.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

Of all records which might have reached us across the gulfs of time, but have failed to do so, unquestionably the most precious would be those which contained in detail the history of the world's foremost Revelators and Saviours, showing the particulars of their characters, training, and careers in such wise as would render intelligible the manner in which, by heeding the divine call and living the divine life, they came to know the divine doctrine, and were able to minister to the world's redemption by supplying its supreme need—the need for a perfect system of thought and rule of life. In the presence of such records it would have been impossible to doubt the reality and accessibility of the world spiritual and celestial, of inspiration and revelation, or to have fallen into the disastrous misconceptions which in manifold cases have usurped the place of history, and, by ascribing to the Revelators the divinity which inspired them and their work, have ministered to the falsification and degradation of religion. It has been made the essential condition of the present record of a work which, whether by its derivation, its nature, or its destined results, is second to none of the kind in view, that it be so ordered as to preclude the possibility of the like or any other misconceptions.

The doctrine of the restoration of which this book is the record has already been for some time before the world, and found wide promulgation and high acceptance. But the work of the Revelator is of two kinds, being both doctrinal and experiential or evidential. And the world needs for its full conviction both classes of knowledge. It must have actual facts as well as abstract truth. This record of the former is, therefore, the necessary supplement and complement to the account already made public of the latter.

The fulness and frankness of this narrative necessarily exceed

those by which biographies are ordinarily characterised. As the history, not of a person only, but of a soul, and that a soul the work of whose latest earth-life was so ordered as to constitute it a demonstration such as has never before been vouchsafed to our planet, of the soul's nature, history, and powers, the rules whereby biographies are commonly regulated were wholly inapplicable and inadequate. To have observed them, as by having recourse to suppression or modification in respect of matters ordinarily deemed too intimate and delicate to be openly disclosed, would have been fatal to the purpose in view, and caused the chief life related to have been to such extent lived in vain, both as regards the liver of it and the world for whose sake it was lived.

The same justification is pleaded for the outspokenness of the narrative generally in regard to certain contemporaneous tendencies, schools, institutions, writings, and persons. Nothing would have been more pleasing to the writer than to exclude whatever might jar on individual susceptibilities. But the direction under which he has written allowed of no indulgence of his own preference in this respect. The judgments pronounced represent no merely human opinion. They were imparted from the spheres where all things mundane are fully known and infallibly estimated. And having been imparted for the general good, and not for the private information of their immediate recipients, the suppression of them, no matter how praiseworthy the motive, would have constituted an act of unfaithfulness both to the illuminating influences to whom they were due, and to the world for whose instruction and correction they were designed.

Conspicuous among the objects of these remarks is the well-known institution called the Theosophical Society and its promoters. The time will assuredly come when that movement will be accounted an important factor in the religious history of our age, and any light that can be thrown on its *origines* will be of no less value than would be such light on the *origines* of Christianity itself.

E. M.

London, *Michaelmas*, 1895.

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ANNA KINGSFORD

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

Annie Bonus—to call the subject of this memoir by her baptismal and paternal names—was born at Stratford, in Essex, September 16, 5 P.M.,[1] 1846. Her father, John Bonus, was a prosperous merchant and shipowner in the city of London, where his ancestors had resided for several generations, being—as there are grounds for believing—descended from a great Italian family which enjoyed distinction in the Middle Ages for the variety and excellence of their gifts ; for one of them, also named John Bonus, was the architect of the Vatican ; another, the founder of Venice ; a third, a cardinal of the Church, a man of strong mystical tendencies ; and a fourth, a noted alchemist and occultist. Her mother, whose maiden name was Schröder, was of both Irish and German descent. From her father she derived, together with a great capacity for work, a constitution so fragile that on her birth she was wrapped up and laid aside for dead ; and from her mother a vitality which enabled her to endure, and a strength of will which enabled her to dominate, an amount of illness, weakness, and suffering surpassing anything conceivable, save by those who had intimate knowledge of her life. But from neither parent, nor any known ancestor, did she inherit the faculties, tendencies, or characteristics manifested by her. These were entirely her own, and—as it is a main purpose of this history to show—were due, not to physical, but to spiritual heredity, that of her own

[1] In a copy of *The Life of Anna Kingsford* which belonged to Edward Maitland, and which came into the possession of the late Rev. J. G. Ouseley, the letters "P.M." were altered in ink to "A.M." It was supposed that the alteration had been made by Edward Maitland.—S. H. H

former selves. The youngest of twelve children, and born long after her immediate predecessor, she was without nursery companionship, and her loneliness was further aggravated by her inability, through ill health, to take part, save occasionally, in the studies and pastimes of other children. Thus isolated, her chief delight as a child was to lose herself in the ample gardens with which her homes, originally at Stratford, and subsequently at Blackheath, were surrounded. Here she would associate with the flowers on even terms, holding converse with them as sentient beings, and putting into their petals tiny notes addressed to the fairies with whom her fancy tenanted them, and with whom, in virtue of her own fairy-like form, rich golden hair, and deep-set hazel eyes, by turns eager and dreamy, she might well claim affinity. Indeed, in these early days she used to declare that she was really one of them, of fairy and not of human lineage, and to cherish a secret persuasion that only by adoption was she the child of her parents, her true home being in fairy-land. It was with descriptions of the beautiful landscapes and palaces, which seemed to be clear in her recollection, that her first verses were chiefly occupied. She could even recall, she believed, her last interview with the queen of that lovely country, the prayers with which she had sought permission to visit the earth, and the solemn warnings she had received of the suffering and toil she would undergo by assuming a human body, which in her case, she was assured, would greatly exceed those ordinarily allotted to mortals. But she had persisted in coming, being impelled by an overpowering impression of some great and necessary work, on behalf both of herself and of others, which she alone could perform, to be accomplished by her. And her coming had not separated her from her fellow-fairies, for they were wont to visit her in dreams ; and so real were they for her that, when taken for the first time to see a pantomime, the sight of the fairies in their airy costumes and floral abodes was the signal for her to declare aloud that they were her proper people, and she belonged to them, and to cry and struggle so vehemently to get to them that it was necessary to remove her from the theatre.

No less abnormal was her relations with her dolls. Their number was legion, and each was a personage in some drama, historical or imagined, being named and attired to suit the

character assigned it, she herself being the ready spokesman in the parts enacted by them, her faculty of improvisation being such that she was never at a loss. Whether her audience consisted of dolls or of living persons, it was equally her delight to sit and pour out in unbroken succession, and without pause, story after story, either remembered or invented at the moment, about fairies and princesses and knights and castles and dragons, and gods and goddesses, as if all mythology, fable, and romance were at her finger-ends. And to some extent they were so; for, having free run of her father's library, she had devoured various translations from the classics—notably the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid—and assimilated the contents of Lemprière and Froissart.

There was, however, this peculiarity about her excursions into literature of this kind, for which only long afterwards was she able to account—all that she read struck her as already familiar to her, so that she seemed to herself to be recovering old recollections rather than acquiring fresh knowledge.

The faculty of seership manifested itself at a very early age. Phantoms of the dead, and the states, physical, moral, and spiritual, of the living, were open to her view, and her previsions of impending death were always verified by the event. But she soon learnt the wisdom of keeping her own counsel in such matters; for not only did she suffer reproach as if accountable for the events she had foreseen, but such exhibitions of abnormal faculty entailed references to the family physician, with results at once disagreeable and injurious to her.

Her aptitudes for music, singing, drawing, and painting were such as to procure from her teachers earnest recommendations to a professional career. But the only result was a discontinuance of her lessons, through a fear lest she should be induced by her consciousness of ability to adopt the suggestion. But though these faculties were neglected, her native exquisiteness of touch and tone never left her, but remained to find manifestation in other directions.

Deprived of these outlets and repelled from association with the generality of folks by her sensitiveness to the incompatibility of their characters and ideals with her own, her great resource was writing. It was in verse chiefly that she at first sought at once relief from uncongenial associations and expression for the

ideas which crowded on her. And the quality of her poems, while still but a child, was such as to win for them admission into various magazines. Her first book was written at the age of thirteen. This was *Beatrice: a Tale of the Early Christians.* It was intended to be a magazine story in the *Churchman's Companion.* But the publisher, Mr Masters, thought it worthy to make a separate volume, and offered to bring it out in that form, and to give her a present for it, both of which proposals were accepted. "And I accordingly," she said, when recounting her early history to me but a week before her death, "received two guineas, for they knew I was but a child.[1] I afterwards wrote a quantity of poetry for the *Churchman's Companion,* which I do not consider as composed by myself, as it all came to me ready-made, and I had but to write it down." A small volume of her poems, *River-Reeds,* also published by Masters, had the same origin. Over and above their intrinsic merit, which is considerable, they are remarkable as unconscious imitations of various styles, especially of that of the "In Memoriam." The volume bears this touching dedication to the memory of her father,[2] who had been the first to recognise and believe in her, and to whom she was tenderly attached :—

"To you, our Father in Paradise, whom living, we did dearly love, your little daughter dedicates these."

The following is the last stanza of the poem, which explains the title :—

> 'Reeds in the river! Reeds in the river!
> O deep in my heart like the reeds in the river,
> My thoughts grow in darkness, far down out of sight,
> And over my life passes shadow and light,
> Like sunshine and cloud on the breast of the stream;
> But I sit by the banks of my river and dream,
> For day after day they grow silent and strong,
> The reeds of my Syrinx, the reeds of my song."

The following verses were found by me among her early papers, written in her own hand and bearing her signature. If not actually her own, the fact that they should have so powerfully attracted her as to be copied out by her indicates a consciousness of ideas and experiences altogether abnormal in one so young :—

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[1] *Beatrice* was published in 1863.—S. H. H.

[2] *River-Reeds* was published in 1866, her father having died in 1865.—S. H. H.

THE PENITENCE OF LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE

Alas ! I cannot pray,—my heart within
Burns with mad conflict, love, despair, and sin.
Only escapes a silent cry
From my soul's depth of agony,
Like a little cloud rising out of the sea,
Out of the restless surging sea,—
" O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

Alas ! I cannot weep,—I have no tears ;
They are all dried up with the woes of years ;
And only that one ceaseless cry
Through my heart echoes silently,
Like the evening bell sounding over the lea,
Over the sunless, pathless lea,—
" O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

Alas ! I cannot sleep,—my restless brain,
In fearful dreams, revives the past again ;
And so I wake, and wearied lie
Repeating still that voiceless cry,
Entreating, O God, in the darkness with Thee,
In the darkness alone with Thee,—
' O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

And so the morning finds me, and I rise
With heavy, aching heart and burning eyes,
Creep to my work with heavy feet,
And still within my soul repeat,—
Like a bird in a cage that pines to be free,
Sits alone and pines to be free,—
" O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

Remember me ! I cannot pray nor weep,
Night cannot bring me either rest or sleep,
But evermore with wakeful eyes,
My soul looks up to Thee and cries,
" Be merciful, Lord, as Thou usedst to be ;
Mercy belongeth unto Thee ;
O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

Strong of will, independent of judgment, bent on the meanings of things as against their appearances, heedless of persons where principles were concerned, and keenly resenting injustice and oppression, Annie Bonus was scarcely likely to be a *persona grata* with the authorities of the fashionable school at Brighton to which it was her lot to be sent for what in those days was called " finishing her education." Bent as they were on effecting the lopping and trimming considered necessary to fit girls for conventional society, they naturally confounded the cravings of a

large and highly vitalised nature for expansion and unfoldment with the wilfulness of a rebel against all the proprieties, and accordingly regarded her as one whose example could not fail to be detrimental to others. Hence it came that, while her talents were recognised, her character was mistaken, with the result of enhancing and confirming that disposition to revolt against conventional limitations with which she seemed to herself to have been born. Her curiosity respecting religious subjects was an especial cause of offence; and some of her severest school-impositions were incurred through her persistence in demanding from the clergyman who superintended that portion of the school curriculum explanations of the rationale of the doctrines inculcated. She could not be made to comprehend why the desire to understand, so laudable in respect of other subjects, should in the case of religion be accounted an impertinence and even a profanity. The first prizes for English composition, however, always fell to her, notwithstanding the presence in them of passages so widely at variance with the ruling standard, as will be seen from the following extract from a school essay on Ambition, which is worthy of reproduction here if only as a curious presage of her life and work :—

"But the earnest, high-seeking man is not satisfied with success, because success only inspires him with renewed ardour, confirms him in the confidence of his own powers, and reveals to him new fields for discovery or invention. He continues to work, not that he may promote his own glory, but that he may use to the glory of God the talents entrusted to his charge. The more such a man knows, the more he desires to know; not that he may be known—because this is Vanity—but to edify himself and to exalt God—for this is Greatness. The farther we climb up a mountain, the more we perceive of it; and that part which, when viewed from its base, appeared lost in clouds and mists, discovers itself clearly when we are half-way up, and we behold beyond it higher peaks still, of which, before, we saw nothing. Within the heart of the truly great is a still, persuasive voice saying continually, 'Higher! Higher!'

"For to be ambitious is not only to desire and hope for, but to aim at and to purpose. And day after day, year after year, the ambitious soul mounts higher and higher up that vast mountain whose top no mortal in this life has ever yet attained, and of which we shall never know whether there is any top; so huge and great is Wisdom; so unlimited and untried the human intellect. And even while man mounts and toils and struggles, higher and higher yet, there comes to him one day a bright angel, and carries him away to the Highest, Sublimest place of all, where all shall be known and understood—that is, God—and where at last there is peace."

On quitting school she rejoined her family at St Leonards, whither they had removed from Blackheath, and devoted herself to writing. The chief products of this period were her *Flower-Stories* and some others of an historical character, some of which, after passing through various magazines, were in 1875 published by Messrs. Parker under the title of *Rosamunda the Princess*, others being included in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, which was published after her death. Many of them were the products of sleep, even to their minutest details, those especially which were thus originated being characterised by a mysticism at once subtle, exquisite, and tender, and clearly such as to indicate their derivation direct from the soul itself rather than from a faculty merely intellective. Her power of retention in respect of the products of her dreams was already at this early period remarkable ; but it was only in after-years that she learnt its true nature, significance, and value. The testimonies received by her of the power of these stories to affect others were many and striking. "Before I knew you"—wrote one lady to her—"I took up your 'Flower-Stories' accidentally, and something sobbed in me so bitterly in response that I could not see to read for tears." Men were no less affected by them. One—the editor of a periodical, who sought permission to reproduce one of them—wrote : "These beautiful things sink into and find the inner life, as with the touch of Love itself." And the notable kabalist and mystic—whose recognition, friendship, and ripe wisdom proved an invaluable support in the work done in her subsequent collaboration with myself—the venerable Baron Spedalieri—on reading them after her death, thus wrote concerning these products of a girl's dreams :—

"Words fail to express the feelings I was seized with when I began to peruse these magical writings. It seemed to me that she was speaking to me with her so melodious a voice. What a poetical and prophetic genius ! What a mastery of style ! What a richness of language ! How graphic and grasping ! How beautiful and touching ! My delight was unbounded and well-nigh unutterable when I tasted—as a glutton does with a dainty—and pondered over the thoughtful and suggestive clusters of flowers—flowers of Wisdom. May her heavenly soul be blessed for the good and comfort she affords to a poor and disenchanted heart ! "

She did not regard these writings as representing the whole of her nature, but only its inner and central part, between which

and its outer and circumferential part she recognised not only a great interval as to space, but a great difference, amounting to positive disharmony, as to character; for, while in the former she found herself optimist, poet, and well-nigh prophet, in the latter she found herself pessimist, critic, and well-nigh cynic. She could understand that the very keenness of her perceptions of the ideal might minister to the bitterness of her disappointment with the actual, and dispose her to hold persons responsible for their failure to realise, or even to approach, her conceptions of a possible perfection; and also that her own defect of health and her lack of sympathetic appreciation might in some measure account for this tendency. But she was liable also to a feeling of positive antagonism, and even of resentment, amounting to a sense of being persecuted and hunted, which seemed to be inborn in her, so much was it a part of her nature, her inability to account for which ministered to the pessimistic views of existence which forced themselves on her, leading her to ascribe the disharmony thus manifested to a defect in the nature of existence itself. And the events were not few or far between which served to confirm the impression, either that the world was hopelessly evil or that she was the especial victim of a conspiracy to disgust her with it.

Among such events the following held a prominent place and long rankled in her recollections. She had offered to a publishing house of high repute a small volume containing the results of some illuminations on religious subjects which had highly delighted herself, and for which she anticipated a corresponding appreciation from others. After being retained for an excessive length of time, the MS. was returned to her, bearing evident marks of having been read and re-read, with a warm expression of admiration for its contents, and also of regret at the inability of the firm in question to undertake its publication consistently with regard to the feelings of its clients, whom it dared not offend. The commendation went far to compensate for any disappointment caused by the rejection. But shortly afterwards a book appeared, issued by the same firm, and bearing the name of a near relative of the firm, largely made up from her MS., as was made clear to a family conclave to whom she read out page after page of identical matter, proving beyond possibility of doubt the treacherous fraud which had been practised upon her,

and this by persons making high pretension to religion. Unhinged by the shock, she would listen to no proposition for seeking redress, but, in a passion of indignation, put this out of her power by forthwith destroying the MS., that the sight of it might not remind her of the suffering it had caused her. Life for her was always thus on the quick; and the necessity of acting in accordance, at all costs, was paramount.

The death of her father, which took place in 1865, was a profound grief to her; and while it made her her own mistress, so far as money was concerned—for she came at once into possession of an income of some £700,—it concurred with other circumstances to aggravate her pessimistic tendencies, leading her to seek in physical excitements relief from mental distresses. Recounting to me her history at this period, she frankly admitted her attraction by the doctrine which regards existence as an evil in itself, and every moment of pleasure as something gained in spite of it. At some of her doings in this frame of mind she looked back with amazement and even horror. "Why," she exclaimed, pursuing her confessions, "between my leaving school and being married I was for a time passionately fond of hunting, and, when not disabled by illness, would spend the day in the saddle. I not only loved the wild excitement of the gallop and the chase, but I delighted to be in at the death. I seemed to find a savage joy in seeing the dogs fasten on the fox and tear it to pieces. It was as if the beast of prey in me alone bore sway, and my moral nature was completely in abeyance. But suddenly one day, while riding home after a 'splendid run and finish,' as it is called, something in me asked me how I should like to be served so myself, and set me to looking at the matter from the point of view of the hunted creature, making me vividly to realise its wild terror and breathless distress all the time it is being pursued, and the ghastly horror of its capture and death. It was even less, I believe, my sense of pity than of justice that rebuked and changed me. What right have I, I asked myself, thus to ill-treat a creature simply because it has a form which differs from my own? Rather, if I am the superior, do its weakness and helplessness entitle it to my pity and protection than justify me in seeking my own gratification at its expense. And as for its lower position on the ladder of evolution, if there be evolution in one thing there must in another — if in the

physical, then in the moral—so that for a man to act thus is to renounce his moral gains and abdicate his moral superiority. Of course that was the end of my hunting, and thenceforth I and my steed took our gallops by ourselves; for, however much I may like a thing, I never can bring myself to do it while feeling it to be wrong. In fact, such a feeling would prevent my liking it."

An escapade into which she was led by her eagerness for something that might be called work consisted in an application to a local solicitor for a clerkship in his office. It was not pay that she wanted, she informed him, but occupation; and by what she knew of lawyer's writing, she thought hers would be suitable. He listened with mingled interest and amusement, and then, to her great delight, seated her at a desk and gave her some copying to do; but, as his next step was to call at her home and report the incident, her hopes in this direction were soon extinguished.

An attachment which sprang up between her and her cousin, Algernon Godfrey Kingsford, who held a post in the Civil Service, ultimately proved the solution of her difficulties. But the engagement was long and troublous, owing to the parental preference for a wealthy but elderly suitor who also presented himself. The marriage was consequently deferred until Annie became of age, and took place on the last day of 1867, the chief event of the interval having been a visit to Switzerland, with a party of which the bridegroom-elect was one. It was her first experience of mountain scenery, and the impression made on her sensitive and poetic nature was profound and lasting, unfolding in her the consciousness of potentialities hitherto unrevealed. She described the sensation of melancholy which exquisite scenery is apt to induce as amounting in her case to agony, and declared her conviction that it is really due to jealousy—jealousy of a beauty one longs to possess, and yet which is at once one's own and not one's own. She wanted so intensely, she said, to *be* all the beauty she saw, and to know that she was it. And her joy was unbounded when, in after-years, she found the mystery solved for her in a manner altogether harmonious to her feelings.

Her first introduction to "spiritualism" took place as told in the following narrative. She recounted the incident to me on

my first visit to her and her husband, but only in brief; but having the good fortune subsequently to make the acquaintance of the lady who enacted the part of medium on the occasion, I sought and obtained from her a copy of the record in her diary. This was Miss F. J. Theobald, a lady well known and highly esteemed in spiritualistic circles. And her narrative is interesting, not only as showing the impression made by Annie Bonus upon others, but also for its correspondence with some of the most remarkable of her own later independent experiences :—

" I was living at Hastings," writes Miss Theobald, " in November 1867, when one morning a stranger, who proved to be Miss Annie Bonus, called on me to request my signature to a petition for the protection of married women's property. Of course I gladly gave it, and also undertook to procure others. I was much interested in my young visitor—I do not think she was more than nineteen— with her bright, intelligent face, and the gentle, deep-set eyes which, as I knew so well, indicated the presence of clairvoyant powers, either latent or developed. I remember what a pleasure it was to me to converse with one who took so deep an interest in all kinds of subjects. I longed to find out whether she knew anything of spiritualism, and in order to do so I took up a copy of *Human Nature*, a spiritualistic periodical, which contained articles both on that subject and on another of which we had been speaking—Dress Reform; and I asked her to take and read the latter, but said nothing about spiritualism; but, as I hoped, the device succeeded beautifully. For the next morning she came running up to me as I sat on the parade, and sitting down by me, inquired eagerly, ' What does this spiritualism mean? Are you a spiritualist? ' ' Yes,' I said; ' we are all old spiritualists.' ' But,' she exclaimed, ' I do not believe in a future state! ' ' It is all the more necessary, then, for you to know what spiritualism is,' I answered; adding, ' But if you have no belief in a future life, how is it you take so much interest in trying as you do to better the condition of the world? Is it worth the trouble if death ends all things? ' She replied that she considered it a duty to do one's best for the future generations here, and then went on to tell me of her own singular experiences; of the visions she had all her life had, and how the doctors had declared they were due to over-excitement of the brain; and how she had, like many others, suffered much from physicians, and received good from none. And, in fact, at this very time she was but just recovering from a severe illness, during which all her lovely hair had been shaven off! ' But,' she said, ' I *know* it is no fancy. I am *sure* I see all these things; and it is *not* caused by illness.'

" It was during this winter that Annie Bonus—for I soon came to call her so, at her own desire—became Mrs Kingsford; but until the time of her marriage she frequently called upon me. One day she came just as I had received a message from my father, who had recently passed on. I read it to her, and was surprised to see how deeply it interested her. She listened with breathless attention, and

when I had ceased reading, exclaimed, 'How beautiful! Do you think if you took pencil again you would have a few words for me?' I most gladly complied, for I saw that her doubts were softened, and that she was in a receptive state of mind. This, of course, gave right conditions; and presently a message came purporting to be from her father. He said how sorry he was to have brought her up in such erroneous ideas, and urged her to investigate spiritualism, as it would bring evidence of the future state, and of his power to come to her and help her. This message came to her with conviction. I believe she at once accepted it as genuine. Her visits to me, which were frequent, were obliged to be *sub rosa*, because her family were greatly opposed to her coming to see a spiritualist, fearing its effect upon one whose experiences had been so peculiar and even alarming.

"Our first formal séance together was on November 30, 1867. Besides ourselves there were present Mrs De Morgan (the wife of the professor), who came by appointment, and Captain F. and his daughter, who came in unexpectedly. After a general message of admonition to cultivate communication, the following was written through me, addressed to Miss Bonus:—'My child, resist the materialistic teachings you have learned. There *is* a future, for I—your father—*live*. Seek earnestly;' and after an interval it was added, 'Avoid undevelopment by prayer to God. No other form.'

"I received several very interesting letters from Mrs Kingsford when she was living her married life at Lichfield, and very much regret having destroyed them; for they told of most interesting visions, and of evident cases of trance-condition; but, unhappily, not being understood by those about her, they were mistaken for fits, and she was placed again and again under the doctor's hands, and, as before, made to suffer cruelly.

"On January 24, 1869, being on a visit to her mother, Mrs Kingsford and a friend of hers came and sat with me for writing, and Mrs Kingsford herself held the pencil. For some time the writing was confused and indistinct, as if of some unaccustomed hand. Then, in answer to the question whether the spirit trying to write was a relative of Mrs Kingsford's, it was written distinctly, 'Yes, long ago. Anne Boylin.' At this we laughed, and Mrs Kingsford told us that they had reason to believe that Anne Boleyn was an ancestor of theirs. On questioning the spirit as to her state, she wrote: 'God is very good to me, and I am learning.' She then desired that the room be darkened, writing, as a reason, 'Because light consumeth atmosphere which contains the necessary influence. For this reason perfect absence of fyre is meetest.' She then continued: 'Conceive of me this,—that I died for a custommе.' Asked for explanation, she wrote the following in old French:—'Prejugée—c'est à vous que je parle. Prejugée,—mais j'etais coupable. Moi, seulement—comme toutes les femes gallantes. Je vous aime, parceque je vous vois. Comme moi, votre roy est loin de vous à present. Ayez soin, m'amour.'

"Then, after a pause, during which we expressed our dislike of what was written, the spirit continued:—'I died by sword. Il y en a qui souffre des choses plus terrible. Il y en a qui perrissent par des maux de cœur, plus dur que d'acier. J'aimais trop mon frère. C'est l'homme que est injuste, et non pas ce grand esprit qu'on

appelle Dieu.' No doubt by 'sword' she meant axe, but she was at a loss for English words, and took the first that answered to her idea. On being asked her purpose in coming, she wrote, 'Pour interêt.'"

The impression made on Mrs Kingsford's mind by this experience was that, supposing the writer to be really Anne Boleyn, her object was to warn her in respect of certain characteristics which she recognised herself as possessing in common with the hapless queen, and through yielding to which she had come to grief. As will duly appear, this experience had a remarkable sequel, imparting to it a value beyond what could have been conceived.

Her frankness respecting herself was a very marked characteristic. Full of the ideas which possessed her respecting a work in store, she had made it a special condition of her marriage that it should not fetter her in respect of any career to which she might be prompted. And when, in after-years, she happened, while I was with them, to come upon a packet of the letters which had passed between herself and her future husband, she was so struck with the insistency with which she had written on this point that she exclaimed while reading them, "What a disagreeable person I must have been to have written to A. in this way! They are full of declarations that my chief reason for marrying was to be independent and free. I only wonder that he took me."

As he had far too high an estimate of her powers and regard to her wishes to wish to restrict her, everything promised favourably for her future so far as their mutual relations were concerned. But it was soon made clear that her marriage was to be a marriage in little more than the name. They went to Brighton for their wedding-trip, only for her to be seized on the following day with an attack of asthma of so violent a nature as to endanger her life, and compel her return, so soon as she could be removed, to her mother's to be nursed through it. And there she remained, suffering constantly and severely, until the birth of her only child. This was a daughter, to whom—in indulgence of some early English prepossessions—she gave the name of Eadith, adding also her own maiden name, for which she entertained a high regard. During this interval her husband determined, to the great satisfaction of herself and family, to

enter the ministry, graduating for that purpose at Lichfield; and here, so soon as she was sufficiently recovered, they took up their abode for the time requisite.

The step proved to be of high importance for her future work; for she accompanied him assiduously in his studies, proving herself an admirable student, laborious, intelligent, exact, and thorough, and, while of invaluable assistance to him, making herself complete master of Anglican theology. But misfortune again overtook her, and she returned once more to her mother's house to be nursed through a long, painful, and dangerous illness of an internal nature, due, it was believed, to an accident, and involving severe surgical treatment, from the effects of which she never entirely recovered; for from that time, in addition to her constitutional liabilities, she was subject to acute accesses of neuralgia, nervous panics, and sudden losses of consciousness, which were the occasion of several dangerous falls.

None of these things, however, sufficed to impair her mental power, damp her ambition, or weaken either her sense of some great work to be done by her or her resolution to do it whenever it should be shown to her. Nor did they affect her faculty of spiritual receptivity. On the contrary, the character of this faculty seemed to be enhanced by being lifted to a more distinctly religious sphere, wherein glimpses were obtained of interpretations and correspondences hitherto unsuspected by her, one especial effect being to impress her with a keen aversion to the religious system in which she had been reared, for its hardness, coldness, and meagreness, and its utter unrelatedness to her own spiritual needs, intellectual or emotional.

She had already at this time a small circle of Catholic friends, through whom she obtained some knowledge of that communion, and she had learned to appreciate the atmosphere, at once devotional and artistic, that environed them, and its contrast with all that she knew of her own co-religionists. The attractive side of the conventual life had also been presented to her. But the determining cause was of an abnormal kind. It consisted in her receipt of nocturnal visitations, three in number, from an apparition purporting to be that of St Mary Magdalen, who announced herself as the patron of souls of her order, and bade her join the Roman communion as a step requisite for the work in store for her, the nature of which would in due time be communicated to

PORTRAIT OF ANNA KINGSFORD, ÆT. 23.

James Hyatt. *face p.* 15, *vol. i.*

her. This led to her seeking priestly counsel, when she was told that her experience, though of rare occurrence, was recognised by the Church as being orderly and regular, and as a mark of special grace and favour, and one not to be disregarded without incurring grave responsibility. Her private intimations were to the same purport, and no obstacle being raised, she at length took the step so strangely prompted, and on September 14, 1870, being the "Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross," was formally received under the names Mary Magdalen. Two years later, June 9, 1872, being the "Feast of the Sacred Heart," she was confirmed by Archbishop Manning, receiving the additional names of Maria Johanna. Of these, the former was chosen by the Archbishop, and the latter by herself, her reasons for the choice being her affection for her father and eldest brother, both of whom were named John, and her veneration for Joan of Arc, upon whom she was wont to look almost as a patron saint, as she told me on the occasion of an experience of an extraordinary character, to be related in its place, which occurred in 1877. In this way she came to bear the names of all the women mentioned in the Gospels as being by the Cross and at the Sepulchre. But this is not all that was strange and noteworthy about her names; for the time was to come when even her maiden and married names were to disclose themselves as invested with a profound significance. She described the apparition of the Magdalen as bearing a close resemblance to herself in feature, form, and colouring, so far as she could discern her through a veil which covered her head and shoulders. She had no theory at the time to account for the experience, but subsequent events pointed to conclusions of a very startling nature.

Thus was accomplished the second great step in what proved to be her education for the task which awaited her; for to her knowledge of Anglican theology she now added that of Catholic doctrine, by making of it as careful a study as of the former. It must be stated, however, in view of her subsequent unfoldments, that no question had as yet arisen for her as between the two presentments of Christianity, the ecclesiastical and the mystical. She accepted the Roman as against the Protestant, the Catholic as against the sectarian, the æsthetic and emotional as against the inartistic and formal; not the ecclesiastical and objective as against the spiritual and subjective. For of the

existence of the alternative presentation she had yet to become aware. Meanwhile she retained complete independence, both in mind and act, declining spiritual direction, and only as the impulse took her did she avail herself of the offices of the Church.

Her husband's first curacy was that of Atcham, near Shrewsbury, of which parish he subsequently, after sundry migrations, became vicar ; a picturesque and pleasant, but—as it proved for her—an insalubrious spot, lying low on the banks of the Severn, and liable to floods. Finding continuous residence there impracticable, and being impelled irresistibly to activities for which a country life afforded no scope, and resolute in her struggle against her physical disabilities, she undertook the risks and conduct of a London weekly magazine then seeking a purchaser, and accordingly became proprietor of *The Lady's Own Paper ; a Journal of Progress, Taste, and Art,* editing it herself, and dividing her time between London and her home. By this agency she sought to give expression to the ideas which crowded on her in regard to social reform, especially in matters directly affecting her own sex ; not, however, restricting the term to its personal aspect. For, while aiming immediately at the enlargement of the sphere assigned to women, she aimed rather at the promotion to what she conceived to be its due place in the control of society, of the principles of which woman is the especial representative, than at the promotion of women themselves. It was with a view to the former that she sought the latter. And she took delight in regarding the circumstance of her having been born under the influence of the constellation Libra, as an indication of the part she was to fulfil in restoring the due balance between the masculine and feminine principles of humanity. Once installed in her editorial chair, she soon obtained the recognition and aid of the foremost women of the day, the list of her contributors and sympathisers comprising the names of Emily Shirreff, Julia Wedgewood, Frances Power Cobbe, Sophia Jex Blake, Elizabeth Wolstenholme, Madam Bodichon, and others. The movement for the political enfranchisement of women—then in its early stage—found in her an ardent advocate, and many were her utterances, written and spoken, on its behalf, her appearances on the platform never failing to excite the utmost enthusiasm—as the journals of the day bear witness—by her charm of look and manner, her eloquence and logic, and, withal,

her intense femininenes. Never of her was it said that she "unsexed" herself on these occasions; but, on the contrary, she was recognised as a practical demonstration of a woman's ability to fulfil such functions without the smallest derogation of her womanhood, and that fact supplied the most potent of all arguments for her cause. Even members of Parliament resorted to her, not only for information and arguments, but for speeches, with which she readily supplied them, taking delight in attending the House to hear them delivered, but always regretting her inability to deliver them herself, she would have done it so much better!

The following extracts from *An Essay on the Admission of Women to the Parliamentary Franchise*, by Ninon Kingsford (Trübners, 1868), will serve to exhibit her position on this subject, and manner of dealing with it. Referring to the allegation that the majority of women themselves are indisposed to the franchise, she says:—

"And if it be so—which I very greatly doubt—why is it so? It is because men have narrowed the minds of women, by employing against them every species of tyranny that the law can be made to sanction or to wink at. If I take a bird out of a wood and cut its wings, what wonder that it cannot fly? And when, after a while, I let it go about the house, and it begins to understand that it cannot fly, what wonder that it ceases to attempt flying, and is content to hop about from room to room and from stair to stair? Well, my friends see the bird, and they say it is tame. It has lost the use of its wings, and so it goes on its legs, and is tolerably content. But one of my friends looking on—perhaps his name may be Mill—says, 'I think your pet would be happier if it could fly.'

"But it is not for the actual privilege of voting itself that I would so much plead, but for the benefit that the extension of the franchise to women would bring to the whole sex. It would give women a higher place in society; it would raise them in the estimation of men; it would lift them from the level of goods and chattels to the position they ought to occupy, of citizens and responsible beings. And to those men who cry out so loudly that women's inferior attainments and acquirements prove them inferior in capacity and intellect, I answer this: Who made them inferior, nature or custom, God or man? Who barred against women the doors of the colleges, the academies, the scientific societies, the associations, the institutions? Who deny to women every means of superior education and nobler training? Who push them back into the nursery and the kitchen, and tell them their 'duty' and their 'sphere' is there, and *there* only? Why, these men themselves, who, by and by, seeing that women grow up as they have trained them, stand up on platforms and say, 'See here: the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Are the women half so clever as we?'

"Ah, my good sirs! they must indeed be clever if they are to know, without being taught, what you take many long years to learn! . . ."

After contrasting the education afforded to the sexes respectively, and showing that, while everything is done to advance the boy, everything is done to repress the girl, she enlarges upon the aimlessness of a woman's life, her absolute want of anything to look forward to, saving only marriage. And—

"This aim frustrated, her only design crossed, she is thrown on her own resources for her enjoyment; and because these, through defective education, are shallow and superficial, . . . she stands, another Andromeda, bound to the rock on the sea-shore; the ocean lies before her, the heavens are above her head, but she has no power either to float over the deep waters of the one or to rise into the pure bright ether of the other; she stands, shackled by the chains of ignorance, a helpless prey to that terrible monster whose name is 'Ennui.' But to the educated man, what heights, what depths, are accessible! Like Perseus, he leaps from the edge of the high cliff into the higher fields of light over his head, or he floats and hovers over the clear, transparent face of the broad sea; for he is provided with the wings of the Immortals, and to him nothing is impossible. But oh! when will the world translate the allegory rightly, and act out its moral and its doctrine? When will Perseus come to deliver the fair Andromeda, to loosen her fetters, and to set her free? When, for her sake, will he slay the terrible monster who would devour her, combat for her against an army of priests and *soi-disant* lovers, and bear away his bride to be his spouse and queen on the far-off peaks of the Holy Hill?"

The tendency thus to express herself in terms derived from the Greek anthology is one of those characteristics which are worthy to be noted by the way as serving to confirm the solution ultimately afforded of the problem of her life and character; namely, that it was not acquired but innate, being due to unconscious recollection of previous existences. Another undesigned testimony to the same solution is afforded by the variety of the names adopted by her. That of Ninon, which was affixed to this brochure, was used by her for a considerable period, having been given her by her eldest brother on account of a resemblance he found between her and the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, and adopted by her in preference both to her own name and the more feminine appellation of "Nina" used by her husband, as better according, by reason of its more masculine termination, with the active and energetic side of her character and career. The

tendency thus to multiply her names was an unconscious expression of her sense of the multiplicity of the personalities she came to recognise as subsisting in herself.

Though sympathising to the last in the movement for the enfranchisement of women, she did not long continue to take an active part in it. The reasons for her withdrawal were manifold. One was her conviction that women would more successfully achieve their desired emancipation by demonstrating their capacity for serious work than by merely clamouring for freedom and power. And another was her strong disapproval of the spirit in which the movement was coming to be worked. This was the spirit which manifested itself not only in hostility to men as men, but to women as the wives and mothers of men. The last thing contemplated by her was an aggravation of the existing divisions and antagonisms between the sexes. And, so far from accepting the doctrine of the superiority of spinsterhood over wifehood, she regarded it as an assertion of the superiority of non-experience over experience as a means of education. But that which most of all she reprobated in this connection was the disposition which led women to despise womanhood itself as an inferior condition, and accordingly to cultivate the masculine at the expense of the feminine side of their nature. Her aim was to exalt, not persons, but principles ; not women, but womanhood. It was by magnifying their womanhood, and not by exchanging it for a factitious masculinity, that she would have her sex obtain its proper recognition.

Neither in the acquisition nor in the conduct of her magazine was she influenced by commercial ends. Her principles were everything, and her adherence to them proved fatal to the enterprise. It was not that those essentials of journalistic success, advertisements, were wanting. On the contrary, the supply was ample for such purpose. But, as proprietor, she insisted on editing her advertising as well as her literary columns, and rigidly excluded notices of any wares which failed to meet her approval. Preparations of meats, unhygienic articles of apparel, deleterious cosmetics—in fact, whatever involved death in the procuring or ministered to death in the using was banned and barred, regardless of monetary results. Her manager, alarmed at the prospect which he too surely foresaw, remonstrated earnestly but vainly. She was inflexible. And so it came that, after

a two years' trial and a loss of several hundred pounds, the incompatibility of the standard of journalistic morality which she proposed to herself with commercial success became too obvious to be disregarded, and the enterprise was abandoned. The experience gained, however, was regarded by her as more than compensating the outlay. It was another step in her education for whatever was before her. And her magazine had served at least one notable end, for in its columns had been sounded the first note of the crusade which has since been waged against the atrocities of the physiological laboratory. It was in the exercise of her functions as editor of *The Lady's Own Paper* that she became aware of the existence of vivisection. A paragraph on the subject elicited a sympathetic response from Miss Frances Power Cobbe ; and from that time forth the suppression of this " modern Inquisition " became the foremost aim of her life, as also of Miss Cobbe's. When she renounced her magazine she had already come to the determination to devote herself to the study of medicine, with a direct view to qualify herself for accomplishing the abolition of that which she regarded with a passionate horror as the foulest of practices, whether as regarded its nature or its principles. This and the question of diet were the two immediately impelling motives which determined her choice of a profession. Under her brother's tuition she had adopted the Pythagorean regimen of abstinence from flesh food, with such manifest advantage to herself, physically and mentally, as to lead her to see in it the only effectual means to the world's redemption, whether as regarded men themselves or the animals. Man, carnivorous and sustaining himself by slaughter and torture, was not for her man at all in any true sense of the term. Neither intellectually nor physically could he be at his best while thus nourished. These, then, were the four points of the charter for the establishment of which she now determined to obtain medical knowledge : purity of diet, compassion for the animals, the exaltation of womanhood, and mental and moral unfoldment through the purification of the organism.

There was one feature in her magazine which calls for more particular notice, partly as an illustration of her faculty of psychic insight and reflectiveness, and partly for its relation to her subsequent history. This was a story called *In my Lady's Chamber*, and purporting to be a " speculative romance touching a few

questions of the day." It was afterwards [1] published separately as by "Colossa," a signature chosen in token of her own unusual stature, but singularly inappropriate in view of her total lack of the other characteristic — massiveness—implied by the term.

In my Lady's Chamber represented a striking contrast between two opposite kinds of life, that of her own high poetic and prophetic aspirations, and that of which she caught glimpses and suggestions from the Bohemian element in the world artistic and journalistic with which she came into unavoidable contact. The impartiality with which she vividly drew both of these opposite pictures was such as to leave it an open question which of the two, the saintly or the prodigal, engaged her own sympathies. And it was not until I had become familiarised with her peculiar gift in virtue of which she could take on, as it were, and make her own, and reflect exactly persons, scenes, and conditions of which she had no experience, that I was able to comprehend her power of describing what was so widely removed from her own personal knowledge or cherished ideals. But, as I came to learn by manifold experiences, it was enough that there be some contact or link, however slight, with persons, circumstances, and conditions, for them to become transferred in their entirety to her imagination, and there impressed with such vividness as to enable her to reproduce them in full detail, as if experiences of her own, as faithfully and almost as mechanically as a mirror reflects the objects presented to it.

The following is the incident to which the story in question gave rise. It was the spring of 1873. She had commenced to study medicine, and was living at her new home, near Pontesbury, in Shropshire, of which parish her husband had lately become one of the three rectors, when she received a letter, signed "Anna Wilkes," from a lady at a distance, a stranger to her, saying that she—the writer—had read with profound interest and admiration the story above mentioned, and, after reading it, had received from the Holy Spirit a message for her which was to be delivered in person. Would Mrs Kingsford receive her, and when? After a little hesitation the permission desired was accorded, and an appointment made. The rest shall be told in Mrs Kingsford's own words :—

[1] In 1874.

"At the hour named I met her on the way while she was driving from the station, and was at once struck by her manner and appearance, and subsequently by her conversation, as much as I had been by her previous communication. She was tall, erect, distinguished-looking, with hair of iron-grey and strangely brilliant eyes. She told me that she had received a distinct message from the Holy Spirit, and had been so strongly impressed to come and deliver it to me in person that she could not refrain. Her message was to the effect that for five years to come I was to remain in retirement, continuing the studies in which I was engaged, whatever they might be, and the mode of life on which I had entered, suffering nothing and no one to draw me aside from them. And when these probationary and preparatory five years were passed, the Holy Spirit would drive me forth from my seclusion to teach and to preach, and that a great work would be given me to do. All this she uttered with a rapt and inspired expression, as though she had been some sibyl delivering an oracle. And when she had ended, seeing, no doubt, my look of surprise, she asked me if I thought her mad—a question to which I was at some loss to reply; for I had encountered nothing of the kind before, and was disposed to share the impression which all ordinary and worldly folk have always had concerning those who profess to be prophets. Having delivered her message, my prophetess kissed me on both cheeks and departed. And on subsequently reflecting upon my own experiences in receiving communications in dream and vision, and beholding apparitions, and also upon the singular accordance between the purport of the message and my own impression from childhood upwards, my sense of its strangeness became greatly diminished."

As will duly be recounted, this was not the only occasion on which this lady was employed as the bearer of a message to Mrs Kingsford from unseen sources, all the circumstances of the second occasion being within my own cognisance.

The story contained the following ballad, which is not only a good example of her facility for compositions of this kind, but prophetic of her own future work. She entitled it, "The Light that never was on Sea or Land." Here it may better be called—

SALEM'S SEA

"Prick fast, fair knight; the west is gray,
The east is dark and eerie;
No hope for him who rides this way,
If heart or spur be weary!"
"Fair Elle-maid, mine are spurs of steel;
My heart no peril jars,
If only on my face I feel
The holy light of stars;
If but athwart the gloom shall steal
The steadfast light of stars!"

" Ah, valiant sir ! round yonder heights
The windy thunders revel ;
The Forest of the Wandering Lights
Lies black along the level."
" No mountain storms, pale elf, I fear,
Nor lights upon the lea,
If only breaks upon my ear
The murmur of the sea ;
If but across the wild I hear
The Voice of Salem's Sea."

To dare the fearsome waste he flies
Ere scarce the words are spoken ;
Secure beneath his corselet lies
His chosen lady's token.
The mystic forest o'er him throws
The black colossal bars,
But high above them slowly grows
The glory of the stars ;
He greets their silver smile and knows
It is the light of stars.

Wild voices cry, strange faces glance
From tufted glen and hollow ;
Before him ghostly meteors dance,
Behind him shadows follow !
The boughs are live that touch his cheeks,
The grass that sweeps his knee,
The goblin bird of midnight shrieks
From every gnarlèd tree ;
But evermore sonorous speaks
The Voice of Salem's Sea !

Weird spectres round him wheel and dart,
But he nor turns nor tarries,
For still upon that knightly heart
His lady's gift he carries ;
No phantom bred of reedy mires
His eastward journey bars ;
He trusts alone the holier fires
Of Heaven's eternal stars ;
A sacred light his soul inspires
From yonder burning stars !

" I mind thee not, dim Wood," he sings,
" Thou World of Lights pretended ;
False fires, and tongues of vapid things
That die like lamps expended !
Vague babble of uncertain creeds,
Vain faiths that flit and flee ;
My heart one nobler warning heeds
From yonder sounding sea ;
No wandering voice my path impedes
To that eternal sea !

" Evöe ! through the darkness burns
A Light of Love supernal ;
Die, feeble tongues ! my spirit yearns
For harmonies eternal !
Evöe ! from yon purple space,
The storm no longer bars
That glory from my lifted face
That is the Light of Stars ;
So mighty is my Lady's grace,
So true the holy Stars ! "

The tale was prefaced and followed by some verses which, taken together with those already given, afford a striking token of her power of intense expression equally in the direction of melancholy, of tenderness, and of passion. For which reason, as well as for their intrinsic merit as poetry, they deserve a place in a biography designed especially to exhibit all the phases of a soul of rare capacity :—

A SONNET OF DEDICATION

This book is thine, my friend, and this thy song,
My service follows aye where rests my heart ;
Since heart and service then to thee belong,
Take also this, which of myself is part.

A sorry gift, beneath thy lightest thought—
Thy meanest thanks,—yet, worthless though it be,
One value hath it still, that it was wrought,
As is all else of mine, beloved, for thee !

My life hath no good thing that doth not take
Its brightness from the love which is my sun ;
For thee I sing or laugh, and for thy sake
From day to day whate'er I do is done !

Yet, though this be, and still like morning's glow
That one sweet thought turn all my grey to gold,
Thou dost not know my heart, nor canst thou know
As others do, to whom that heart is cold !

I am a dullard in thy presence, sweet,
I have no power to think when thou art near,
And from my trembling lips the words retreat,
Abashed and coy, when thou art by to hear !

Would I be witty to deserve thy grace ?
Would I be wise to win some praise from thee ?
'Tis all in vain—I look but in thy face,
And straightway love alone possesseth me !

Since, then, thy face my sight doth ever fill,
Thy fault it is this book is writ so ill !

A SONG OF LEAVE-TAKING

It is ended; the rapture is broken,
The moon of my passion is set;
I knew the farewell must be spoken,
I knew we must learn to forget.

No more shall the darkness deceive us,
With dreams that are tender and fleet;—
Alas that a waking so grievous
Should follow a slumber so sweet!

Must this be the end of our passion?
Ah, love! hold me once to your heart!
Kiss me once in the old tender fashion,
Mine now—and with sunrise we part.

We part; ah! the sweets that are ended,
Ah! the joys that are faded and fled,
With the fume of the lamplight expended,
And the breath of the rose that is dead!

Yet, sweet, though our ways lie asunder,
WE HAVE LOVED, and your soul has been mine;
Day may waken with tempest and thunder,
But the night that is past was divine.

Past! past! . . . Oh, my darling! stoop nearer,
Read the light of old times in mine eyes;
Never then were you fairer or dearer
Than now, in this moment of sighs!

Press close, let me see the love glitter
Once more in the face that was mine;
For the gold has grown ashen, and bitter
The cup that was sweeter than wine!

Past, past! So they languish and leave us
These passions that once were our breath,
And the perfumes of garlands is grievous,
And song dies,—and life is as death!

CHAPTER II

OUR FIRST ACQUAINTANCE

THERE appeared in the *Examiner*, in the summer of 1873, together with a notice of a tale of Mrs Kingsford's, one of a tale of mine, with which, on reading it, she found herself so much in sympathy that she wrote to me proposing an interchange of ideas. We were entirely unacquainted with each other at this time; for although there was a connection between her husband's family and my own, I had never met either him or her. Her letter bore date, "Hinton Hall, Pontesbury, Salop, July 25, 1873," and was signed "Ninon Kingsford." It bade me address her as Mrs Algernon Kingsford, and was accompanied by a copy of her tale, *In my Lady's Chamber*. The book of mine which had attracted her notice was *By-and-By: an Historical Romance of the Future*. Judged by the light of our subsequent history and work, this was a notable coincidence; for the book in question was a tale with a mystical import, representing an endeavour to think out the secret of the character of Jesus, with a view to the elucidation of the problem of Christianity, its hero's name being Christmas Carol. And its concluding sentence was, "May it be that by the life and death of Christmas Carol, more than one *Eastern Question* will be advanced towards its final solution." The coincidence consists in the circumstance that the result of the association thus initiated was precisely the solution in full of the greatest of all "Eastern Questions," the question of Christianity.

My response to her letter was a simple acquiescence. In a second letter, dated August 4, she described herself as "one of those strong-minded women who believe in Liberal politics and natural religion."

"I have been the editor," she said, "of a woman's paper, and have addressed public meetings from platforms. By adoption and profession I am a member of that most conservative of Churches, the

Roman Catholic, but by conviction I am rather a pantheist than anything else ; and my mode of life is that of a fruit-eater. In other words, I have a horror of flesh as food, and belong to the Vegetarian Society. At present I am studying medicine with the view of ultimately entering the profession,—not for the sake of practice, but for scientific purposes. I do not think you will glean many of my thoughts from the pages of the book I send you, for I have not dared to unfold much of my mind in that production, because—being connected with many societies and committees in London—I desired rather to feel my way among my coadjutors than rudely to wound their (too) sensitive natures. Much, you know, is permitted to men which to women is forbidden. For which reason I usually write under some assumed name. Pardon, as you read, the *many* shortcomings of the volume I send you, which you are pleased to dignify by the name of ' work.' Alas ! my ' work,' I fear me, would come under the ban of that pithy censure pronounced by the apologist of ' rare Ben Jonson,'— ' Ben's Plays are Works, but others' Works are Plays.' NINON JOHANNA KINGSFORD."

The following letter bore date ten days later :—

" I am glad that the opinion you have formed of my book is in so much favourable. You seem to be curious why I seek the study of medicine. I cannot better answer your question in this respect than by a quotation from your own work—words which, coinciding so singularly with my own conviction regarding the real basis of religion, first attracted me to you. They are these :—' The physical good of man must be the foundation of the moral. The grand mistake of the ancient world lay in its commencing at the wrong end. It inverted the pyramid. Placing religion first, it proceeded to morals, and then to physics. From the unknown they inferred the knowable.' [1]

" Now, I have already told you my peculiar ideas respecting diet. These ideas are, I am very well persuaded, the future creed of a nobler and gentler race. I laugh when I hear folks talk hopefully of the coming age, which will decide all the quarrels of the world by means of international arbitration ; and I have myself been scores of times invited to take part in ' Women's Peace Conventions ' and the like. These poor deluded creatures cannot see that universal peace is absolutely impossible to a carnivorous race ! If men feed like lions and tigers, they will, by the necessity of things, retain the nature of lions and tigers. By the way, will you permit me to notice a slight anomaly in your last book ? Objecting to the grant of the franchise to women, you say that they have no right to freedom because they cannot serve the country as *soldiers*. Elsewhere in the same volume you observe that the network of telegraphic wires covering the face of the globe could not have been preserved had not the people of your imaginary age *abolished war*. If, then, you suppose war to be abolished, where is the necessity for soldiers ? and in what consists the reason and justice of excluding women from freedom because they are useless as soldiers ?

" To return to my former explanation regarding physics. I want

[1] It may be well to remark that maturer thought by no means confirmed for either of us this view as thus expressed.—E. M.

to establish my theory about diet, and a few others belonging to the same category. Several physicians are on the same track, and all things appear to me to indicate that the real salvation of the human race lies in a return to its ancient obedience to Nature. This primitive condition is depicted in the Hebrew allegory about the Garden of Eden. Man has no carnivorous teeth. The whole formation of his internal organs plainly presupposes his subsistence on fruits, grains, and vegetables. He has the rudiment of the third intestine peculiar to the vegetable-eating creatures, and his saliva-producing glands are those of the same race. But he has degenerated it by his habits in regard to diet, and debased himself. Nevertheless, his moral instincts are still against the habit he has adopted. For what little child, what gentle woman, or even what noble man likes to see a sentient creature, full of health and life, immolated by knife or cord ? Much less who, save a butcher, would care to do the murder necessary (?) for a single civilised dinner ? I would like to force everyone who feeds on flesh to slay his or her own prey. I would like to oblige the fine lady to go and cut the throat of the innocent lamb or the pretty rabbit she wants to eat for her dinner. If she really had the nature she imitates, that would be a pleasant task to her. But she has it not ; because she is by nature a being of higher race than the tiger or vulture.

" I could bring forward endless proofs of my theory, proofs collected by dint of long and careful observation. And I *know* that in proportion as man abandons the diet of flesh and blood, and observes that of fruit and grain, his spirit becomes purer, higher, and diviner. So true is it that the Body makes the Soul." [1]

A letter written a few days later contained an invitation to the Shropshire parsonage ; but I was unable at that time to take advantage of it. She said in it :—

" I send you a tiny volume of verses, published some years ago. Read them with mercy, for they were all written before I was seventeen, and many when I was but a child of ten or eleven. My very first published production was a poem (?) in a religious magazine, when I was but nine years old. I was so overjoyed at seeing my own lucubrations in print that I went into my own room and cried there for hours with sheer delight and anticipation of I know not what future glories. Alas, alas ! how is the gold bedimmed and the laurel faded !

" We both like your ' Pilgrim and the Shrine ' immensely. A. (my husband) reads it aloud to me every evening while I sew, and we always have a discussion after the reading. I wish you could be present in spirit ! I have not yet finished the book, but my admiration of it grows with every line I hear. You have given expression to the thousand and one thoughts that have led me to stand where I now am. Not a single idea, not a solitary reverie of Herbert's is strange to me. I am familiar with every thought he entertains. The whole book is like a mirror to me."

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[1] This she subsequently recognised as true only in the limited sense that they act and react on each other, the soul being the real maker of the body, but able to make it only out of the materials supplied to it.—E. M.

The autumn brought a suspension of our correspondence. On its resumption I learnt that she had in the interval passed her preliminary examination at the Apothecary's Hall, and gone through a severe illness. Some remarks in her letter, though in accordance with the prevailing thought of the day, struck me as indicative of a no less unhealthy state of mind—an impression which was confirmed by the letter which succeeded, dated November 24, which ran thus :—

" Some things in your ' Pilgrim ' appear to me, if I may say it, a trifle too—poetic. For instance, your Herbert professes himself satisfied that ' God is Love.' For myself, I see everywhere in the universe inflexible, unchangeable Law ; but Love I fail to see, unless the Law involves it in its course. I see everywhere prevailing the Rule of the Strong. In the depths of the sea, in the remote wilderness, in the open air of heaven, the swift and the powerful gain the battle of life. The dove is torn by the hawk, the fawn is murdered by the tiger, the tiny goldfish is victimised by some voracious cannibal of the waters. I see everywhere slaughter, suffering, and terror ; and I score one to the theologians. For throughout Nature Life is continued by means of Death. Is not the God who made all this just the very God who would delight in the death of an innocent victim ? Is not the God who voluntarily surrounds Himself with carnage and misery just the very God whom the sight of Calvary's Cross would please ? Some years ago I wrote these words in an essay for a magazine : ' True religion is the infelt sense of harmony with the universe ! ' I find these words of mine absolutely repeated in an identical expression in your book. Flattering as it is to me to discover a thinker like yourself in accord with my definition, I must confess that I have lately moved from this standpoint of opinion. I do not find myself, when at my highest altitude of feeling, in harmony with the prevailing sentiment of Nature. If I were, I should not be a vegetarian. I should slay and eat, like the rest of my species. But, nevertheless, I know well that gentleness and horror of bloodshed characterise all noble and great dispositions, even though all these may not carry their ideas to a logical and practical issue as I do. How, then, reconcile this tenderness of soul with an admiration of Nature's dispensations ? Is not the morality of civilised man *alone* the morality of Nature ? Yet what a horrible inconsistency ! what a ludicrous anomaly ! For is not Nature the manifestation of God ? and how, then, is it possible for man, who is part of God, to be more moral than the whole of which he is a fraction ? How, in Christian phrase, can man be more just than his Maker ? "

Her next letter, which bears date December 4, took for text the following passage in one that I had sent her in the interval :—

" I suggest that—supposing the Supreme Cause to be intelligent and feeling in our sense—it is not unimaginable that He may totally disregard physical pain and death as of no consequence in themselves, and look solely to the evolution, through them, of the moral

nature. If the human conscience be the supremest result of the universe, and the sole end worth attaining, may it not be that such discipline as is inseparable from the idea of pain is essential to the production of that end ? "

Her reply consisted mainly of a protest against the ascetic notion of inflicting or encouraging physical disease or pain as a means to grace. It was chiefly notable for a passage which reads like a foreshadowing of the doctrine finally restored by us, and was as follows :—

" Once or twice I have fancied that the key to the secret of the universe might be found in the Transmigration theory of wise old Pythagoras. It has long been my serious and profound conviction that IF men have immortal spirits, so also have all living creatures. We cannot logically arrogate perpetuity of being to our own species. And it is just possible that the germ of the soul, existing, prehaps, rudimentarily in the lowest forms of vegetation, may gather strength to itself by passing upwards through numberless modes of being, until it culminates in man . . . and at length mounts into higher atmospheres, and departs to inhabit the ' many mansions ' of the Father among the starry spheres. But this, of course, is the merest conjecture, avowedly set forth to account for the fact of earthly suffering among men and other living creatures. I confess that observation and science appear to me rather to indicate that men and animals alike are soulless ; that consciousness perishes with the body ; and that, in fact, the spirit is no separate existence, but merely the manifestation of the vital forces. . . . As your son has a taste for medical study, it would be interesting and useful to him to investigate the influences of diet upon the system, and the relation of the human digestive organs to food. This is one of the most important items of the ' sublime science.' I mean to study it specially myself, and am going to Paris for this purpose next March. Women are admitted to the medical schools *there*. I am disappointed to think there is so small a chance of our meeting soon. I comfort myself with the knowledge, however, that we certainly shall meet *some time*."

The obstacle to our meeting arose from the great age and infirmity of my mother, with whom I was living at Brighton, and the necessity of my almost constant attendance on her, I being the only member of the family free for the task. A tiny *carte de visite*, however, served to give me some idea of the outward aspect of my correspondent, and in the month of January an opportunity offered of our meeting in London. It was but for a short time, and during a single afternoon ; but it was sufficient to convince me of the unusual character of the personality with which I had come into contact ;—unusual not only for its originality, freshness, and force, but also for its manifoldness

and contradictions. Tall, slender, and graceful in form, fair and exquisite in complexion, bright and sunny in expression, the hair long and golden, of the "Mary Magdalen" hue, but the brows and lashes dark, and the eyes deep-set and hazel, and by turns dreamy and penetrating; the mouth rich, full, and exquisitely formed; the brow broad, prominent, and sharply cut; the nose delicate, slightly curved, and just sufficiently prominent to give character to the face; and the dress somewhat fantastic, as became her looks,—Anna Kingsford seemed at first more fairy than human, and more child than woman—for though really twenty-seven, she appeared scarcely seventeen—and made expressly to be caressed, petted, and indulged, and by no means to be taken seriously; and the last characters to be assigned her were those of wife and mother, sufferer and student, while the bare idea of her studying medicine, or even taking a journey by herself, as she was then doing, shocked one by its incongruity.

These impressions, however, were considerably modified when she spoke, so musical, rich, sympathetic, and natural were the tones of her voice. And when, as was presently the case—for there was no barrier of strangeness to be overcome, so ready had been the mutual recognition—she warmed to her favourite themes, her whole being radiant with a spiritual light which seemed to flow as from a luminous fountain within, her utterances were in turn those of a savant, a sage, and a child, each part suiting her as well as if it were her one and only character. Never had I seen anyone so completely and intensely alive, or comprising so many diverse and incompatible personalities.

On my remarking on the number of the natures which seemed to belong to her, and to correspond with the number of the names by which already she had called herself, whether in her letters or in her books, and expressing curiosity as to *which* of all these personalities she really was—we were sitting and conversing in a picture gallery at the time—she frankly admitted that she was as much puzzled to find an answer to the question as anyone else could be, for she seemed to herself to be so many different persons, and to have so many different aptitudes and tendencies, that it was most difficult for her to decide either about her nature or her work; and the result had been the disastrous one of inducing her to do a great many things indifferently instead of some one thing well. She had it in her equally to be artist,

poet, orator, musician, singer, scholar, savant, preacher, apostle, reformer, and prophet. "And now," she went on, "I am completing my education by studying medicine. Not that I believe it will really be complete even when I have my diploma; for the subject is limitless, and really leads to other subjects. For all things are related." She further told me that, though she had ceased to take an active part in the "Women's Rights" movement, she was none the less in sympathy with it, as founded in essential justice, and justice was the ruling principle of her nature. Could she only do something to restore the just balance of the sexes, she would not have been born under Libra for nothing. Justice as between men and women, human and animal,—these were her foremost aims. For all injustice was cruelty, and cruelty was, for her, the one unpardonable sin. It was their cruelty that more than anything else made her own kind hateful to her. For she was not a lover of humanity if by that word be meant men and women. Her love was all for principles, not for persons. To my suggestion, in reference to her remark about women's rights, that one reason for men objecting to change the condition of women might be that they liked them so much as they are, she replied—

"I do not admit their preference as entitled to any weight in the matter. They do not consider whether we like them as they are, but follow their own likings and fulfil their own nature as they will. And we claim the right to do the same. Let us fulfil our natures and be our own utmost, and then it will be time to see whether or not they like us. As it is, we are so artificial that they do not know what womanhood really is in its proper development; and not only are we shams, we are dwarfs, cripples, and deformities, compared with what we might and ought to be. Ah! and the men lose too, and in a twofold way. They lose by having inferior women for their mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, and they lose by being stunted themselves. For one sex cannot be kept back without the other suffering."

"But your precise remedy, what is it exactly?" I asked.

"Equal rights and equal experiences."

"Considering that at present society requires of its women the innocence that comes of ignorance, and reserves for its men the virtue that comes of knowledge, would not your system bring about a complete subversion?"

"Even so, it is as much a need of ours as of yours to seek perfection through suffering, which is what experience means."

I found myself pledged at parting to visit the Shropshire parsonage at the earliest opportunity, and, besides improving my acquaintance with herself, make that of her husband, whom she warmly extolled, as well also of her little girl and four-footed pets, her guinea-pigs, who, it was easy to see, were a very important element in the family. In reviewing the situation I found myself conscious of a feeling that I had, somehow, contracted a responsibility of no ordinary kind towards her. For I foresaw that, while we should become great friends, there was that in her which rendered her peculiarly amenable to personal influences, notwithstanding her claim to independence of character. I felt, too, that thus far it was altogether uncertain how or to what extent her revolt against conventional ideas would find expression. Intensely feminine of aspect, fragile of frame, and delicate of constitution, she was evidently endowed with energy and talents sufficient to ensure conspicuous results. Of her possession of the other qualities essential to high achievement, patience, perseverance, discretion, and judgment, I was less confident. She struck me as one so liable to be possessed and mastered by her ideas, rather than to possess and master them, as to be in danger of losing sight of all collateral considerations.

CHAPTER III

SOME ACCOUNT OF MYSELF

The latter part of the following month, February 1874, found me paying my promised visit to the Shropshire parsonage. But before giving an account of that event, it is indispensable to the purpose of this history that I give such account of myself as will render the sequel intelligible, by exhibiting it as an orderly unfoldment of causes already in operation, and no sudden or capricious vicissitude. My position in regard to the history to be recounted is not that of the ordinary biographer, whose business it is to suppress himself as far as possible in favour of his subject. This relation is by its very nature at once a biography and an autobiography, and my position in regard to it is that of the witty Frenchman, who, when pressed to write his life, declined on the ground that he could not do so without writing the lives of other persons at the same time; but with the difference that I cannot write that other life which I have undertaken to write without in a large measure writing my own life also. And as it is essential to the purpose of this history that it be clearly understood what were the motives, aspirations, and mental standpoint of one who bore in it the part fulfilled by me, and as this is the place where such account may most fitly be rendered, I proceed to give it without further preface, confident that the last charge which can fairly be brought against me is that of egotism.[1]

The consciousness from an early age of having a mission in life, avowed by my new friend, had been mine also. Brought

[1] The following autobiographical sketch varies little, if at all, from that contained in my little book, *The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation*. For, having found clear and concise expression there, it seems to me unnecessary to seek other expression here; that book claims expressly to be but an epitome and instalment of this one.—E. M.

up in the strictest of evangelical sects,[1] I had even as a lad began to be revolted by the creed in which I was reared, and had very early come to regard its tenets, especially of total depravity and vicarious atonement, as a libel nothing short of blasphemous against both God and man, and to feel that no greater boon could be bestowed on the world than its emancipation from the bondage of a belief so degrading and so destructive of any lofty ideal. I had felt strongly that only in such measure as I might be the means of its abolition would my life be a success and a satisfaction to myself. It even seemed to me that my own credit was involved in the matter, and that in disproving such beliefs I should be vindicating my own character. For if God were evil, as those doctrines made Him, I could by no possibility be good, since I must have my derivation from Him. And I knew that, however weak and unwise I might be, I was not evil.

Then, too, my life, like hers, had been one of much isolation and meditation. I had felt myself a stranger even with my closest intimates. For I was always conscious of a difference which separated me from them, and of a side to which they could not have access. I had graduated at Cambridge with the design of taking orders; but only to find that I could not do so conscientiously, and to feel that to commit myself to any conditions incompatible with absolute freedom of thought and expression would be a treachery against both myself and my kind;—for it was for no merely personal end that I wanted to discover the truth. I longed to get away from all my surroundings in order, first, to think myself out of all that I had been taught, and so to make my mind as a clean sheet whereon to receive true impressions and at first hand; and, next, to think myself into a condition and to a level wherein I could see all things—myself, nature, and God—face to face, with vision undimmed and undistorted by beliefs which, being inherited only and traditional, instead of the result of conviction honestly arrived at, were factitious and unreal; no living outcome of my own growth and observation, but a veritable strait-waistcoat, stifling life and restraining development. And so it had come that—as

[1] Edward Maitland was born on the 27th October 1824 at Ipswich. He was the son of the Rev. Charles David Maitland, Perpetual Curate of St James' Chapel, Brighton.—S. H. H.

related in my first novel, *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*,[1] which was essentially autobiographical—I had eagerly fallen in with a proposal to join an expedition to the then newly discovered placers of California, an enterprise which, besides promising to gratify the love for adventure, physical as well as mental, which was strong in me, would postpone if not solve the difficulty of my position. It possessed, moreover, the high recommendation of taking me to the world of the fresh, unsophisticated West, instead of to that East which had been made almost hateful to me by its association with the tenets by which existence had been poisoned for me.

So, setting my face towards the sunset, I became one of the band of "Forty-niners" in California, and remained abroad in the continents and isles of the Pacific, from America passing to Australia, until the intended year of my absence had grown into nearly ten years, and I had experienced well-nigh every vicissitude and extreme which might serve to heighten the consciousness, toughen the fibre, and try the soul of man.[2] But throughout all, the idea of a mission remained with me, gathering force and consistency, until it was made clear to me that not destruction merely, but construction, not the exposure of error, but the demonstration of truth, was comprised in it. For I saw that it was possible to reduce religion to a series of first principles, necessary truths, and self-evident propositions, and that only in such measure as it was thus reduced and discerned was it really true and really believed;—in short, that faith and knowledge are identical. To accept a religion on the ground that one had been born in it, and apart from its appeal to the mind and moral conscience, and thus to make it dependent upon the accident of birth and parentage, was to resemble the African savage who, for the same reason, worships Mumbo Jumbo. How, moreover—I asked myself—could a religion which was not in accord with first principles represent a God, who, to be God, must Himself be the first of, and must comprise, all principles; must account logically for all the facts of consciousness, be it unfolded as far

[1] This book was published in 1868 (*Light*, 1893, p. 103).—S. H. H.

[2] During this period Edward Maitland filled the posts of aide-de-camp to his relative, the then Governor-General of Australia, and of Commissioner of Crown Lands and Justice of the Peace of New South Wales (*Light*, 1893, p. 103).—S. H. H.

as it may ? Granting that, as the poet says, " an honest man's the noblest work of God," it was for me no less true that " an honest God's the noblest work of man." And it was precisely such a being that I longed to elaborate out of, or discover in, my own consciousness, confident that the achievement meant the solution of all problems, the rectification of all difficulties, the satisfaction of all aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. Following such trains of thought, I arrived at the assurance that I had within my own consciousness both the truth itself and the verification of the truth, and that it remained only to find these.

Returning to England in 1857, and, after an interval, devoting myself to literature, all that I wrote, whether essay or fiction, represented the endeavour by probing the consciousness to the utmost in every direction to discover a central, radiant, and indefeasible point from which all things could be deduced, and on which, as a pivot, they must depend and revolve. I read largely, and went much among people, always in search of aid in my quest ; but only with the result of finding that neither from books nor from persons could I even begin to get what I sought, but only from thought.

Meanwhile everything seemed ordered with a view to the end ultimately attained. For, so far from having left behind me for ever the vicissitudes, and struggles, and trials, and ordeals in which the wildernesses of the western and southern worlds had been so fruitful, I was found of them in the old world to which I had returned ; and this in number, kind, and degree, such as to make it appear as if what I had borne before had been inflicted expressly for the purpose of enabling me to bear what was put upon me now. And it was only when I had learnt by experience that the very capacity for thought is enhanced by feeling no less than by thinking, that the " ministry of pain " found its explanation. For the feeling required of me proved to be that of the inner, not merely of the outer man, of the soul, not merely of the body ; and the faculty, to be the intuition, and not merely the intellect. Hence I was made to learn by experience, long before the fact was formulated for me in words, that only " by the bruising of the outer, the inner is set free," and " man is alive only so far as he has felt."

Everything seemed contrived expressly in order to force me in this inward direction. Even in my literary work, nothing of

the "trade" element was permitted to intrude. I could not write except when writing to or from my own centre. Faculty itself was shut off if turned to any other purpose. Everything I wrote must minister to and represent a step in my own unfoldment.

I can confidently affirm that the only books which really helped me were, with scarcely an exception, those which I wrote myself. Of the exceptions the chief was Emerson. His essays had been my *vade mecum* in all my world-wide wanderings. And there were three sentences of his which, to use his own phrase, "found" me as no others had done. They were these: "The talent is the call;" "I the imperfect adore my own perfect;" and, "Beware when God lets loose a thinker on the earth." Like Emerson himself, I had yet to learn that man's own perfect is God, and self-culture is God-culture, provided the self be the inmost self. The two other books which most helped me were Bailey's *Festus* and Carlyle's *Hero-Worship*. And I owed something to Abraham Tucker's *Light of Nature*. By which it will be seen that my affinity was always for the prophets rather than the priests of literature; for the intuitionalists rather than the externalists.

Gradually two leading ideas took definite form in my mind, which, however, proved to be but two aspects or applications of one and the same idea. And that idea proved to be the keynote of all that I was seeking after. For it finally solved the problems of existence, of religion, of the Bible, of Being itself. Hence the necessity of this reference to it.

This idea was that of a duality subsisting in every unity, such as I had nowhere read or heard of. I was, of course, aware that the theological doctrine of the Trinity involved a Duality. But not of a kind to find response in my mind. And being unable to assimilate is as it stood, I ignored it: putting it aside until it should present itself to me in an aspect in which it was intelligible. I felt, however vaguely, that the Duality I sought was in the Bible, though it had been missed by the official expositors of that book. And the conviction that it was in some way connected with my life-work was so strong that I constructed for the covers of my two first books a monogram symbolical of Genesis i. 27. And I looked to the unfoldment of what I felt to be the secret significance of that utterance for the explication of

all the mysteries the solution of which engrossed me. The thought did not seem to originate in any of my experiences, but rather to be part of my original stock of innate ideas, supposing that there are such ideas, and to derive confirmation and explanation from my experiences.

Those experiences were in this wise. It had been my privilege to have the friendship of several women of a type so noble that to know them was at once an education and a religion ; women whose perfection of character had served more than anything else to make me believe in God, when all other grounds had failed. I could in no wise account for them on the hypothesis of a fortuitous concourse of unintelligent atoms. And not only did I find that the higher the type the more richly they were endowed with precisely the faculty of which I myself was conscious as distinguishing me from my fellows ; I found also that I was unable to recognise any woman as of a high type as woman save in so far as she was possessed of it. I had failed to find any who possessed the knowledge I craved, and who were thereby able to help me in my thought. They helped me nevertheless, but it was by *being* what they were, rather than by *knowing* and *doing*, be they admirable as they might in these respects. I recognised in them that which supplemented and conplemented my mental self in such wise as to suggest unbounded possibilities of results to accrue from the intimate association of two minds thus attuned to each other, and duly unfolded by thought and study. It needed, it seemed to me, but the reverberation and intensification of thought, induced by the apposition of two minds thus related, for the production of the divine child Truth in the very highest spheres of thought. So that the results would by no means be restricted to the mere sum of the associated capacities of the two minds themselves. And in view of such high possibilities I found myself appropriating and applying the ejaculation which Virgil puts into the mouth of Anna when urging the union of her sister Dido with Æneas—

> " Quæ surgere regna
> Conjugio tali ! "

and I felt with Tennyson that

> " They two together well might move the world."

So boundless seemed to me the kingdoms of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty which would spring from such conjunction.

It goes without saying that such relationship was contemplated by me only as the accompaniment of a happy re-marriage. [For I had married in Australia [1] only to be widowered after a year's wedlock.] But such a prospect was so long withheld as to make me dubious of its realisation. Nevertheless, some inner voice was ever saying, "Wait; wait. Everything comes to him who waits, provided only he do so in faith and patience, looking to the highest." But that I did wait, and accordingly kept myself free for what ultimately was assigned to me, was due far less to the expectation of finding that for which I waited, than to the vivid consciousness which I had of the bitterness that would come of finding it, only to be withheld from it through a previous disposal of myself in some other and incompatible quarter. This was an impression which served largely to keep my life as free as I desired my thought to be. But that the as yet undisclosed arbiters of my destiny deemed it insufficient as a deterrent, appeared from their reinforcement of it in a manner which effectually debarred me from marriage save on the condition, impossible to me, of a mercenary alliance. This was a reversal of fortune through a succession of losses so serious as to be the cause of reducing my means to the minimum compatible with existence at all in my own station, which soon afterwards happened. That there were yet further reasons for this imposition on me of the rule of poverty, arising out of the nature of the work required of me, was in due time made manifest, and also what those reasons were. They need not be specified here, excepting only this one. It made impossible the ascription to my destined colleague of mercenary motives for her association with me. In this I came to recognise a delicate providence for which I felt I could not be too thankful. In the meantime, even while smarting severely from this dispensation, and others yet more bitter which were heaped on me for no apparent cause or fault of my own that I could discern, the thought that most of all served to sustain me under what I felt would have utterly broken down in heart or head, or in both of these organs, any other person whatever of whom I had knowledge,—that thought

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[1] At Sydney, New South Wales (*Light*, 16th October 1897).—S. H. H.

was the surmise or suspicion that all these things, hard to bear as they were, and undeserved as they seemed, might prove to be blessings in disguise, in ministering to the realisation of the controlling ambition of my life by educating me for it ; and that according to the manner in which I bore them might be the result.

There is yet one more personal disclosure essential to this part of my relation. It concerns my own mental standpoint at the time at which my narrative has arrived. Bent as I was on penetrating the secret of things at first hand, and by means of a thought absolutely free, I was never for a moment disposed to turn, as my so-called free-thinking contemporaries one and all had turned, a scornful back upon whatever related to or savoured of the current religion. Scripture and dogma were not for me necessarily either false or inscrutable because their official exponents had presented them in an aspect which outraged my reason and revolted my conscience. I felt bound—if only in justice to them and myself—at least to find out what they did mean before finally discarding them. And in this act of justice I was strangely sustained by a sense of the possibility that the truth, if any, contained in them was no other than that of which I was in search. This is to say, that in all my investigations I kept before me the idea that, if I could discern the actual nature of existence and the intended sense of the Bible and Christianity, independently of each other, they might prove on comparison to be identical ; in which case the latter would really represent a true revelation. Meanwhile, I found myself constrained to believe, as an axiomatic proposition, that the higher and nobler the conception I framed in my imagination of the nature of existence, and the more in accordance with my ideas of what, to be perfect, the constitution of the universe ought to be, the nearer I should come to the actual truth.

Similarly with religion. For a religion to be true, it must, I felt absolutely assured, be ideally perfect after the most perfect ideal that we can frame. This is to say, that not only must it be in itself such as to satisfy both head and heart, mind and moral conscience, spirit and soul ; it must also be perfectly simple, obviously reasonable, coherent, self-evident, founded in the nature of things, incapable—when once comprehended—of being conceived of as otherwise, absolutely equitable, eternally true,

and recognisable as being all these, invariable in operation, independent of all accidents of time, place, persons, and events, and comparable to the demonstration of a mathematical problem in that it needs no testimony or authority beyond those of the mind ; and requiring for its efficacious observance nothing that is extraneous or inaccessible to the subject-individual, but within his ability to recognise and fulfil, provided only that he so will. It must also be such as to enable him by the observance of it to turn his existence to the highest possible account imaginable by him, be his imagination as developed as it may : and all this as independently of any being other than himself, as if he were the sole personal entity in the universe, and were himself the universe. That is to say, the means of man's perfectionment must inhere in his own system, and he must be competent of himself effectually to apply them. It is further necessary, because equitable, that he be allowed sufficient time and opportunity for the discovery, understanding, and application of such means.

Such are the terms and conditions of an ideally perfect religion, as I conceived of them. It is a definition which excludes well-nigh, if not quite, all the characteristics ordinarily regarded as appertaining to religion, and notably to that of Christendom. For in excluding everything extraneous to the actual subject-individual, and requiring religion to be self-evident and necessarily true, it excludes as superfluous and irrelevant, history, tradition, authority, revelation as ordinarily conceived of, ecclesiastical ordinance, priestly ministration, mediatorial function, vicarious satisfaction, and even the operation of Deity as subsisting without and apart from the man, all of which are essential elements in the accepted conception of religion. Nevertheless, profound as was my distrust of the faithfulness of the orthodox presentation, I could not reconcile myself to a renunciation of the originals on which that presentation was founded, until I had satisfied myself that I had fathomed their intended and real meaning.

I had, moreover, very early conceived personal affection for Jesus as a man, so strong as to serve as a deterrent both from abandoning the faith founded on him, and from accepting it as it is as worthy of him.

Such was my standpoint, intellectual and religious, at the period in question. The time came when it found full justifica-

tion, our results being such as to verify it in every one of its manifold aspects. And not this only. The doctrine which had so mysteriously evolved itself out of my consciousness to attain by slow degrees the position of a controlling influence in my life, the doctrine, namely, of a Duality subsisting in the Original Unity of Underived Being, and as inhering therefore in every unit of derived being, this doctrine proved to be the key to the mysteries both of Creation and of Redemption, as propounded in the Bible and manifested in the Christ ; the key also to the nature of man, disclosing the facts both of his possession of divine potentialities as his birthright, and his endowment with the faculty whereby to discern and to realise them. And while it proved constructive in respect of Divine Truth, it proved destructive in respect of the falsification of that truth which had passed for orthodoxy, by disclosing the source, the motive, the method, and the agents of that falsification.

But these things were still in the future. At the time with which we are now concerned, I had commenced a book to represent the standpoint just described, *The Keys of the Creeds*. The first and initial draft of that book was written under the sympathetic eye of one of the order of noble women to which reference has been made, and owed much to the enhancement of faculty derived by me from such conjunction of minds. The second and final draft was written under like relationship with another member of the self-same order, even she who proved to be my destined collaborator in the work of which this book recounts the story, and to whom I must now return.

CHAPTER IV

MUTUAL RECOGNITION

THE welcome accorded to me by both husband and wife on my arrival at the parsonage was more than cordial; it was eager, as if they had been already impressed with a sense of results to follow from my visit no less desirable than important. And while I had no difficulty in recognising in him the "Algie" whose praises had been eloquently recited to me, a single glance at her sufficed to assure me that, as regarded externals, so far from overrating her on our previous meeting in London, I had scarcely done her justice. For the tall, slender figure, surmounted by a face, brow, and wealth of flowing golden hair, which a goddess might have envied, and the Something radiating from within of which her beauty seemed to be at once the expression and the veil, made of her, as she stood beside the hearth to receive me, a picture differing from and surpassing any I had before beheld, the youthfulness of her aspect being such as to render incredible the idea that the little girl of five who stood near her could call her "Mother." While more impossible and monstrous than ever seemed to me the career on which she was bent, with the hospital-ward, the dissecting-room, and the medical student for its accessories.

I was at once made free of her particular sanctum, wherein were gathered the tokens of her manifold activity. Everything that I saw there harmonised with the impression produced by herself. It was evidently not mere talent that she possessed. Talent is but cleverness, which shows itself in overcoming difficulties. It was genius—that divine faculty which knows no difficulties, for it means clear, direct vision. And hers was a genius at once exquisite and many-sided. Every product of it was as if her whole self had been put into it, and this a self which knew no limitations. But now all other pursuits had been laid

aside for science, and her work-table was covered with the insignia of her new engrossment.

Once assured of her auditor's sympathy and appreciation, her self-revelations were unrestrained. And it soon became clear to me that one at least of the functions I was expected to fulfil was that of interpreter; she herself being both the propounder and the subject of the enigma to be solved, the Sphinx for whose benefit I was to enact the part of Œdipus. But, as the event proved, it was only when by her aid I had at length mastered the problem of the Sphinx that I was able to answer the riddle of herself. For the two were one, and belonged to the category of those long-lost but supreme knowledges for the recovery of which—as it proved — our association had been brought about.

She was enlarging one day on this frequent theme, having, as was her wont, her pet rodent, a guinea-pig, on her lap, as if in emulation of Minerva and her owl, when she abruptly interrupted her exposition and exclaimed—

"You will think me very fond of talking about myself, and I suppose I am, as someone once said that I was one of those persons who would sooner talk against themselves than not talk of themselves. But I do not think it is from vanity in my case, though it is quite true that I find myself much the most interesting person I know. But it is because I am such a puzzle to myself, and I want to be explained. I want to know why I am so different from everybody else that I ever knew or read of, and especially how it is that I am so many and such different kinds of people, and which of them all I really am or ought to be. For the many *me's* in me are not even in agreement among themselves; but some of them actually hate each other, and some are as bad as others are good. So that, when you say that I remind you of the 'passionate perfection' which the Poet-Laureate calls King Arthur, I would have you know that, though I may be passionate, I am anything but perfect; and nothing would irritate me more than to be considered so, as I should be expected to pose accordingly, and I cannot pose. I am nothing if not spontaneous. The only 'passionate perfection' of which I am capable consists in being in love with certain ideals, and not at all in having realised them in myself. To see and to love an ideal is one thing; to *be* it is another. That is the difference

between the Magdalen and the Christ. I do not suppose that, if I had realised my ideal in myself, I should find this world the hell that it is to me, or consent to remain in it unless, indeed, it were for the sake of doing something to redeem it, out of love for it. But there is just my difficulty. I do not love men and women. I dislike them too much to care to do them any good. They seem to be my natural enemies. It is not for them that I am taking up medicine and science, not to cure their ailments; but for the animals and for knowledge generally. I want to rescue the animals from cruelty and injustice, which are for me the worst, if not the only sins. And I can't love both the animals and those who systematically ill-treat them. Can I, Rufus dear?" she exclaimed to her guinea-pig, and kissing it tenderly, as if to make some amends for the wrongs endured by its fellows at human hands.

All her life she cherished a warm affection for those little creatures, and carried one with her wherever she went. It seemed to me that there was some spiritual need in herself which craved the exercise of the feelings thus evoked. For, remarkable as was the development of her nature in some directions, there were evidently others in which she was still in the child-stage. And that she was not unaware of the fact was evidenced by a remark she made to me a little later, when I had actually adopted her mode of diet. "I was reading your story, *By-and-By*," she told me, "and I was in such a rage with your heroine, Nannie, for her likeness to one of my selves, that I flung the book to the other end of the room. And then, after sitting and thinking for some time, I went and picked it up, and said to myself of the author, 'That man shall become a vegetarian!'"

Her self-revelations betrayed no mark of a design to impress her auditor. They were far too spontaneous for that. No confessor could have been more impersonal or impalpable for his penitent. Clearly it was not the man that she sought, but her own answering image in the mirror of his mind. On himself she bestowed no more heed than she would on her looking-glass. A self-seeker would have been mortified beyond measure by her superb indifference. And she owned that she never looked at people sufficiently to know them again, and was often giving offence thereby. These and many other traits were a frequent source of perplexity and subject of study to me, until at length

the solution came which made all clear by exhibiting them as survivals of tendencies encouraged in previous lives.

The following is another belonging to the same category. From a child she had felt like a hunted soul against whom every hand was turned, and that, do what she might, it would surely be construed to her disadvantage. Suspicion and distrust were ingrained in her, and nothing but her intense ambition for high achievement withheld her from seeking refuge either in a convent or in suicide. Of death she had no fear ; for, somehow, it seemed familiar to her, and as if she were accustomed to it, and knew by experience that it was nothing to be afraid of. She had no theory to account for these peculiarities, having never been able to convince herself of the soul's reality and persistence, though intellectually attracted by the Pythagorean doctrine of pre-existence and transmigration.

Among the grounds of her pessimism was the fate which forbade her ever to remain long enough in any place to feel that she had a home. As if her own unrestfulness of spirit were insufficient to drive her forth, it was supplemented by her bodily liabilities. Comparing herself to the Io of Greek fable, she regarded her asthma as her gadfly, from which she was ever seeking to escape by change of place. I learnt that, in her excesses of suffering from this malady, she was forced sometimes to quit her home at daybreak, after keeping the household up all night, and drive to the nearest town in order to escape the suffocation induced by the proximity of foliage. Indeed, it was only in a large city that she was safe from it. And now that the medical authorities had seen fit to close their schools against women students, her design of seeking a diploma in London was frustrated. She could not go and live there without an occupation such as that would have been. So that in a few weeks she would be driven from home by her asthma, which always recurred with the spring, without a place to go to or work to occupy her ; unless, indeed, she went abroad to some country where women were admitted to medical degrees. The nearest such country was France, and as a large city Paris would no doubt agree with her, but her husband would not consent to her going thither unprotected. He could not absent himself from his duties to accompany her. They had no relative or friend able to share the care of her with him in the event of its being possible for

him to absent himself for a part of the time. And they knew of no one in Paris to whom she could go. Could I tell them of some family residing there with whom she could make a home? Surely among my large acquaintance I knew of some suitable people? The matter was pressing, not only on account of the approach of the season when she would be compelled to fly the countryside, but also on account of the imminence of the academical year at the University of Paris, to miss the commencement of which would be to throw her back for another twelve months.

The ordinary obstacle to the separation involved in such a prospect, the husband's objection to part from his wife, was not, it appeared, operative in their case. Her frequent illnesses and enforced absences had served to wean him from the need of her constant companionship. He had relieved her of all household duties by taking them upon himself, and intimated his contentment with relations fraternal merely, declaring that he desired only that she be happy in her own way, and follow what career she preferred, as by the terms of their engagement, as well also as by her endowments and aspirations, he considered her entitled to do. Even their possession of a child was no obstacle, the result of all the mother's attempts to educate it herself having been to make it abundantly clear that it would be better for them both to commit her to the charge of a governess, owing to the incompatibility of their temperaments. This was a great additional disappointment to the mother, who had cherished high hopes of training her child after her own ideals. Recognising in all these crosses the hand of a destiny as yet inscrutable, she said to me tearfully, "You see I am not allowed to be as other women. I am compelled practically to be a wife without a husband, and a mother without a child, and to have a home in which I cannot dwell."

Thus the one difficulty in the way of her following the career indicated to her was the want of a suitable protector. And this was a difficulty the solution of which, until it came, seemed impossible, even with the best will of all concerned; a solution which, when it came, seemed the most impossible of all solutions; but which, after it had come, was for those who bore part in it the one inevitable, because the clearly destined, solution. But for the present there was nothing to be done but to

wait for it, hoping that the old adage, *Solvitur ambulando*, would find timely vindication. If only as an intellectual problem, the situation engaged my profound interest. But it was more than this. It enlisted my warm sympathies on behalf of the actors themselves in the strange drama in the process of unfoldment. And I could not but consider that, if indeed the gods had destined her for some high mission requiring for her freedom of action in combination with the aid and protection of a husband, in him they had provided one exceptionally qualified for the office.

Meanwhile her self-revelations continued, being—as already intimated—evidently prompted at least as much by the desire to obtain some explanation of the mystery of herself as to elicit answering confidences from me. And they became with each disclosure more and more striking, until it was impossible for me to withstand the conviction that she was possessed of a faculty which, while identical in kind with that of which I had been conscious in myself as distinguishing me from others, far transcended it in degree, enabling her to attain to full and direct perception of conclusions at which I had arrived only after long and laborious quest. It was as if, while I had to mount the ladder of my thought to reach the light of my own inmost and highest, myself taking the initiative, in her case the light descended upon her of its own accord, without effort or even desire on her part. And notwithstanding the difference of method, the results were the same. We saw truth alike.

It proved to be the same with our respective aims in life. As I was bent on the construction of a system of thought at once scientific, philosophic, moral, and religious, and recognisable by the understanding as indubitably true, by reason of its being founded in first principles, she was bent on the construction of a rule of life equally obvious and binding, and recognisable by the sentiments as alone according with them, its basis being that sense of perfect justice which springs from perfect sympathy.

By which it will be seen that, while it was her aim to establish a perfect practice, which might or might not consist with a perfect doctrine, it was my aim to establish a perfect doctrine which would inevitably issue in a perfect practice, by at once defining it and supplying an all-compelling motive for its observance.

These, as we at once recognised, were the two indispensable

halves of one perfect whole. But we had yet to learn the nature and sense of the compelling motive for its enforcement.

This was a deficiency which was ultimately supplied by the knowledges we were enabled to acquire of the constitution of the nature of existence and man's permanence as an individual. And that we were able to acquire such knowledges, and this in a manner, and degree, and with a certitude transcending all that at this time we could anticipate or imagine, proved to be due to our attitude in regard to one of the subjects which especially occupied us during my visit.

This was the subject of vivisection, of which I now heard for the first time. That savages, sorcerers, brigands, tyrants, religious fanatics, and corrupt priesthoods had always been wont to make torture their gain or their pastime I was well aware, and believed that evolution would sweep them and their practices away in its course. But the discovery now first made to me that identical barbarities are systematically perpetrated by the leaders of modern science on the pretext of benefiting humanity, in an age which claims to represent the summit of such evolution as has yet been accomplished ; and that, after all its boasts, the best that science can do for the world is to convert it into a hell and its population into fiends, by the deliberate renunciation of the distinctive sentiments of humanity,—this was a discovery which filled me with unspeakable horror and amazement, and effectually extinguished any particle of dilettanteism that might have lurked in my system, compelling me to regard as of the utmost urgency all, and more than all, that I had hitherto contemplated doing deliberately. Hitherto I had rejected Materialism on grounds intellectual only. It failed to account for the facts of consciousness, and even for consciousness itself. But now I was revolted by it on grounds moral also. For I saw that vivisection was no accident of it, but its logical and inevitable outcome. It meant the exclusive worship of the body, and that one's own body, at the cost of unspeakable torment to all others by the sacrifice of whom some advantage might possibly be derived for oneself, involving the systematic organisation of wholesale, protracted, uncompensatable torture, for ends purely selfish. Vivisection meant the demonisation of the race ; the reconstitution of human society on the ethics of hell ; the peopling of the earth with fiends instead of with beings really human.

It was the character of the mankind of the future that was at stake. Appalled at the sight of the abyss thus disclosed to me, I found my cherished love of the ideal indefinitely reinforced by the detestation now kindled in me for the actual, and under these two opposite, yet identical, influences I resolved to make the abolition of vivisection, and the system represented by it, thenceforth the leading aim of my life and work. And that I was able to do this without any abandonment of my previous standpoint, was because I recognised in vivisection but an extension to the plane of science of the tenet which had so inexpressibly revolted me on the plane of religion, that of vicarious atonement; —the principle of seeking one's own salvation by the sacrifice of another, and that the innocent.

I had already been favourably disposed to give practical heed to the arguments put before me on behalf of the vegetarian regimen. But the further consideration that only as an abstainer from flesh-food could I with entire consistency contend against vivisection, was a potent factor in my decision. True, the distinction between death and torture was a broad one. But the statistics I now for the first time perused, of the slaughter-house and the cattle-traffic, showed beyond question that torture, and this prolonged and severe, is involved in the use of animals for food as well as for science. And over and above this was the instinctive perception of the probability that neither would they who had them killed, whether for food, for sport, or for clothing, be allowed the privilege of rescuing them from the hands of the physiologist; nor would the animals be allowed to accept their deliverance at the hands of those who thus used them. They who would save others, we felt, must first make sacrifice in themselves. And in presence of the joy of working to effect such salvation, sacrifice would cease to be sacrifice.

We were both under the impression at this time that the world had but to be informed of the facts of the case as regards the practices of the physiological laboratories, to rise in overwhelming indignation against them. But we had to learn by bitter experience how inveterate is the world's prevailing selfishness; how great its blindness to the real meaning of humanity; how tremendous the power of falsehood, especially when uttered by a dominant caste resolutely bent on subordinating all other considerations to its own aggrandisement.

My adoption of my new friend's most cherished views served greatly to enhance and consolidate the sympathy already subsisting between us; and she made no attempt to conceal her delight in having made a convert of one whom she believed to be both willing and able to take an active part in her proposed crusade. It was clear that even though, as she had said, she did not love men and women, she ardently loved that which men and women are either in the making or in the marring, in that her enthusiasm was for Humanity. But there was between us yet another point of contact and union, and one transcending even those already intimated, which proved to be the real cause for our being brought into relation with each other, and for the association to which we were destined. As a fourfold being, man consists of the physical, the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual, of which the last is the inmost and highest. Only when this is attained does he reach and fulfil his true essential self. It is the heaven within in which all real marriages are made. That is no true union in which the spiritual centres of the parties to the contract do not coincide. It was the discovery that we were in perfect sympathy on this plane also that crowned the rising edifice. It was made in this wise.

The moment of contact between us was as critical for myself as for her; with the difference that for me the crisis was intellectual. The book on which I was engaged—*The Keys of the Creeds*, already named—brought my thought up to the extreme limits of a thought merely intellectual, to transcend which it would be necessary to penetrate the barrier between the worlds of sense and of spirit, supposing the latter to have any existence. For I had reached the conclusion that the phenomenal world cannot disclose its own secret. To find this, man must seek in that substantial world which lies within himself, since all that is real is within the man. From which it followed that if there is no within, or if that within be inaccessible, either there is no reality, or man has no organon of knowledge and is by constitution agnostic. Thus the question for me was, first, Is there a Beyond as regards the sensible world? and next, if there be, by what means—if any—is it accessible? Now that I was doubly pledged against materialism, my grounds of objection being both intellectual and moral, these questions became of more importance to me than ever, being practical as well as theoretical.

My visit, which had lasted nearly a fortnight, was drawing to a close, and we were discussing the question of there being an inner and philosophical sense to Scripture and Dogma, which, if ascertained, would remove religion from its basis of authority and tradition, and establish it on the understanding. The question was prompted by the various Catholic symbols with which she had decorated her study, the chief of which was an image of the Virgin robed in sky-blue and holding a child in her bosom. Unable myself to accept the orthodox version of the legend, or to credit her with really accepting it, I suggested the possibility of its being a parable, the meaning of which, if only it could be discerned, might be altogether simple and obvious ; in fact, some necessary and self-evident truth founded in the nature of existence. She admitted that she certainly did not accept it in the ordinary physical sense, but rather supposed that it veiled some spiritual truth. We held some further conversation respecting the possible presence in Scripture of an inner sense such as my book suggested, and which the Church had withheld, and the nature of the faculty requisite for discerning it, and the probability that, if there were such a sense and faculty, it was from the standpoint of these, and not that of the intellect and sense-nature, that the Bible was written. And then, as if just recollecting something which had escaped her memory, and might have relation to the subject of our conversation, she rose and fetched a manuscript of her own writing, asking me to read it, and tell her frankly what I thought of it. Having read and re-read it, I inquired how and where she had got it, to which she replied by asking my opinion of it. I answered with emphasis, that if there were such a thing as divine revelation, I knew of nothing that came nearer to my ideal of what it ought to be. It was exactly what the world was perishing for want of—a reasonable faith. She then told me that it had come to her in sleep, but whence or how she did not know ; nor could she say whether she had seen it or heard it, but only that it had come suddenly into her mind without her having ever heard or thought of such teaching before. It was an exposition of the story of the Fall, exhibiting it as a parable having a significance purely spiritual, wholly reasonable, and of universal application, physical persons, things, and events described in it disappearing in favour of principles, processes, and states appertaining to the soul ; no

mere local history, therefore, but an eternal verity. The experience, she went on to tell me, was far from being exceptional; she had received many things which had greatly struck and pleased her in the same way, and sometimes while in the waking state in a sort of day-dream.

This discovery of the sympathy subsisting between us on the spiritual plane was also the discovery of the mind which my own had so long craved as its supplement, complement, and indispensable mate. True, it was made under conditions widely varying from those under which I had contemplated it. For, while I was a free man, she was not a free woman. Nevertheless, my satisfaction was profound, and I trusted confidently to the Providence which had brought it about to contrive the means for accomplishing its due fruition. She, on her part, was no less gratified by my recognition of her faculty and its products. I was her first and only confidant in the matter, and it was with no small apprehension that she had imparted her secret to me; for she knew that by any other of her acquaintance her revelations would have been stigmatised as folly and her faculty as insanity.

I took my leave, and returned home pledged in mind, heart, and soul, as well as in word, to minister to my utmost to the fulfilment of her nature as that of one whose capacity for high and useful endeavour transcended that of any character whom I had ever known, read of, or imagined; yet, nevertheless, of one who, for lack of such ministration, was as surely destined to disaster and wreck as a ship set adrift on the ocean without rudder, compass, or helmsman. So strong was my sense of her need of assistance to enable her to possess and master her ideas instead of being possessed and mastered by them.

CHAPTER V

TO END OF 1875

A FEW weeks later brought me a letter from A. to tell me that the time had come for his wife to go to Paris, and as he could not possibly quit his duties to accompany her, he should take it as a great kindness if I would do so ; for, in default of my compliance, she would be forced to renounce her proposed career, and the disappointment would be more than she could bear, so entirely had she set her heart on it. He added that no one had ever seemed to understand her so well as I did, and the expedition would not occupy more than a few days, the purpose being the preliminary one of enrolment.

Happily my mother's state was such as to admit of my leaving her for the time proposed, and accordingly, in the month of April, we repaired to Paris, whence—after a few days' sojourn—we returned to England, my charge having become a regularly enrolled student of the University of Paris, and holding a permit from the Minister of Public Education accepting the examination already passed by her in London in lieu of the usual entrance examination at Paris. This left her free to study where she pleased until the commencement of the academic year in the following autumn, when it would be necessary to return to Paris for a residence of at least two months. As neither her husband nor I could expect to be able to be absent for such a period, and we had failed to find a suitable domicile where she would be independent of such guardianship, there was still serious cause for apprehension lest after all her project prove impracticable.

The toil and trouble requisite to accomplish so much had been so great as would inevitably have deterred anyone less fixed in intent from proceeding further with it. Not only was there an infinity of routine to be gone through to obtain the ministerial permit, but the conditions for the admission of women students

were still unsettled, and it was in the power of individual officials hostile to their admission to exclude them at will. These, however, one and all, relaxed their opposition when confronted by her, and yielded to the charm of her personality, becoming her devoted servitors, greatly to her amusement and satisfaction. She already spoke French with fluency and accuracy, a circumstance of no small weight with people so sensitive as the French on the score of their language. The courage, perseverance, and resourcefulness with which she faced and overcame obstacles which would have daunted anyone of weaker will or meaner purpose were altogether admirable; and it was clear that she was sustained no less by her high sense of the cause she had at heart than by confidence in her own powers.

Meanwhile I did not fail to be struck by the coincidence of such an arrangement as I had thus become a party to, with the situation I had assigned to the hero of my tale, *Higher Law*, which now bid fair to be in a high degree prophetic. For he also had been made the companion escort of the heroine on her voyage from Mexico to Europe, by the act of her own husband. This, however, proved to be one of numerous instances in which my novels, one and all, were prophetic of events to occur either to myself or in the general world, suggesting the idea that we may have in us some intelligent principle which knows in advance our future course, and can give us intimations thereof.

On returning to England she at once set to work on her subjects for the autumn term at Paris, dividing the time between her home and London. For, although the schools were closed against her sex, she could still obtain private tuition. The death of my mother, which took place in the summer of this year, set me free to leave Brighton and go into chambers in London, where I was in a position to be of service to my charge, and to follow the lines of study in which we were mutually interested. And so it came that, when the time arrived for her to return to Paris for the autumn term, there was no impediment to my resuming my office of escort, or remaining abroad so long as might be requisite. Her plan was still to find some suitable family with which to reside, and to have her little girl brought over by her governess. But as no feasible arrangement offered, and there was a prospect of her being able to return home by Christmas, the idea was abandoned for this occasion in favour of an *appartement* in the

Rue Jacob, a situation convenient for the schools, which I shared with her, any difficulty on the score of our relationship being obviated by the proprietress's ready assumption that we were uncle and niece, in view of which we saw no reason for according more precise information.

Here she settled down to prepare for her first *examen*, under the tuition of a professor highly commended by one of his pupils, an Englishwoman, Mrs L——, also a student of medicine, whose friendship proved of much service to her. I meanwhile occupied myself with the completion of my book, *The Keys of the Creeds*, already mentioned, in the progress of which she took a lively interest, as also did I in her work. In fact, the collaboration for the purpose of which it proved that our association had been brought about may be said to have had its commencement at this time, although at present it was purely educational and preparatory. For while she followed and aided the course of my studies in the sphere of religion, I followed hers in that of science, and this to the great advantage of both of us. Because, as she enabled me, by means of her more particular knowledge at once of science and of Catholic doctrine, to attain to a fulness of exposition otherwise beyond my power, I enabled her by dint of logical processes to detect the philosophical fallacies enunciated by her professor. For he, Dr De L——, who was a thorough-going materialist, was yet a man of great talent, and an adept in the elaboration of specious arguments, and his philosophy was of a character to foster that pessimistic element in her system which I was resolute to eradicate. Her ability to appreciate and make her own the arguments suggested by me, and her success in withstanding him, were such as to give me strong hope of achieving her complete emancipation from doctrines which I regarded not only as false, but as morbid ; and he, on his part, was not a little surprised to find in his girlish-looking pupil something more than a match for himself in the profounder regions of philosophic thought.

Meanwhile my growing appreciation of her mental abilities was accompanied by a corresponding recognition of her physical disabilities ; for it was soon made evident that, while on one plane of her nature she was the most independent of persons, on another she was the most dependent. And her accesses of weakness were accompanied by an intensity of suffering which far

exceeded any before witnessed by me, making life an ordeal which it required a marvellous fortitude to endure. Convinced as I was that she was called to a lofty mission, I wondered at the Providence which had assigned her an organism apparently so inadequate for its accomplishment.

One of the most alarming of her limitations was her liability to sudden seizures, epileptiform in character, involving total loss of consciousness and collapse of power. The first of these, which occurred soon after our arrival in Paris, served vividly to impress me with a sense of the anxious nature of the charge I had undertaken, and of her husband's wisdom in refusing his consent to her going unattended or living by herself, though he had not specified the exact reason. Desiring one day to make a microscopic examination of the blood, she had procured a drop by pricking her finger. Having completed her inspection, she handed the instrument to me, and then, in an instant, and without any premonitory symptom, while crossing the room, she dropped heavily on the floor totally insensible, and to all appearance dead, the heart's action having entirely ceased, while the lips were white with the whiteness of death. Only the strong faith that I had in her destined mission, and my consequent conviction of the moral impossibility of her dying then and thus, withheld me from believing her to be dead. My confidence was justified by the event. After a few minutes spent in restoring circulation by friction, she recovered consciousness and force, and, after a short spell of intense headache, lost all traces of the seizure. Such attacks were not infrequent, but I was unable to detect any diminution of faculty as arising from them. Meanwhile it was made very clear to me that among the offices required of me in relation to her were those of physician and nurse.

Another liability which made great demands on my time arose rather from the defective state of Parisian civilisation than from any weakness of her own. This was her liability to be rudely accosted and followed whenever she set foot unattended in the streets, and this notwithstanding the quietness of her dress, her concealment of her face and hair, and the rapidity of her pace. She could not go out alone without being forced to take refuge, indignant and terror-stricken, in some shop, or to hail a *fiacre*, and return home in a state of nervous trepidation, which incapaci-

tated her for work for the rest of the day. The only counsel her fellow-women students, to whom she appealed, could tender was, that she must learn to take such things as a matter of course and not to mind them. But as she was made of different stuff from them, and this did not accord either with her ideas or mine, we no sooner discovered the fact than I made a point of accompanying her wherever she went, taking a book to read while waiting in the street for her when at her lectures, in which manner I spent from first to last same hundreds of hours.

Notwithstanding the serious inroads made on her time and strength by all these liabilities, she worked to such excellent purpose as to pass her *examen* with the highest credit and rouse her professor's enthusiasm to the utmost pitch. A specialist himself of unapplied science, which he regarded as a far higher pursuit than medicine, he coveted her collaboration in his own line of work. "A man's brain with a woman's intuition, such as she possessed," he emphatically declared, "was exactly what science required, but had never found; and to devote a faculty such as hers to medicine would be to waste it. Anyone was good enough to be a doctor; and, for his part, he despised a vocation which consisted, as did that of medicine, in taking money from people for prescribing to them drugs which at best could but amuse them." Flattering as was such recognition from a man of his attainments, his exhortations fell on deaf ears. The last thing to be imparted to him was her real motive in studying medicine; and he had to be content with the diplomatic reply that it would be time enough to choose her line of work when she had obtained her degree. Meanwhile we did not fail to note the curious incoherency of his system, as indicated by his recognition of the need of the woman's intuition to supplement the man's intellect, as the condition of a perfect organon of knowledge. Clearly, it seemed to us, the man was not really a materialist, even though he believed himself to be one. For, whatever might be the nature of that faculty — and this we ourselves had yet to learn—no one would credit matter with the possession of it.

Her *examen* passed, her professor procured for her a ministerial permit in virtue of which she would be able to pursue her studies at home until the following autumn; and accordingly, after spending Christmas at the parsonage, we returned to London,

where she studied physiology at the school recently opened in Henrietta Street for women students of medicine, attended classes in botany at the Regent's Park School, and took private lessons in the other subjects required. It was in the course of this spring that she gave me the first indication of her possession of clairvoyant powers. She called upon me while suffering from an attack of incoercible sickness, which had lasted for several days, and, at my suggestion, took a few drops of chloroform on a lump of sugar. A few seconds afterwards she passed into the somnambulistic state, and, becoming lucid, exclaimed, "Oh, how curious! I can see all my inside, and what it is that is making me ill. Just below the stomach, between the pylorus and the duodenum, there is a small abscess filled with black matter, caused by some metallic substance which I have swallowed in my food, and which has lodged there." On the influence of the drug passing off—which it did very shortly—I told her what she had said, but only to find her quite unaware of it, and regarding the utterance as a delirious fancy. The event, however, proved the accuracy of her diagnosis; for in an unusually severe spasm which presently followed, a quantity of black matter was ejected as from a newly burst abscess, the seat of which seemed to her to be exactly where she had located it; and in the *ejecta* was a small piece of jagged metal, such as might have come out of some tinned vegetables of which she had partaken. And with this the attack ceased.

In the autumn she returned to Paris, together with her husband and child, and took up her residence with a family of Irish ladies, named Dawson, in the Rue Vaugirard, a situation convenient for the schools. Her history for the ensuing period will be best told in her letters to me. They well illustrate the girlish and vivacious side of her character, the contrast of which with her graver side was always a perplexity to those who knew her, but not the mystery of her complex nature. This was the side on which she delighted to be treated as a child and called by endearing diminutives. Not that the girl in her predominated to the exclusion of the boy. She was almost as much boy as girl, and her relations with her male intimates were best described by the word "chum" for their frankness and openness. These qualities altogether relieved the situation of elements which might otherwise have been embarrassing by placing all parties at ease:—

"PARIS, *November* 1, 1875.

"Mrs L. tells me *very bad* news about the women students' dislike of poor me. I cannot go into details now, but she spoke to me about the matter very warmly, and said that the women had told her, one and all, that they were determined to oppose me on the ground that I was young, *beautiful* (*sic*, I assure you), and well-dressed, and they would not stand me. They are prepared to go any lengths, Mrs L. says, in their resistance. I don't know what I shall do in the teeth of all this opposition. Her advice is: 'Shun the women as much as possible, and do not attempt to consort with them. Go into no *pavillon* for dissecting where they are, choose a hospital where there are only men'; and if the men speak to me, she says they must not get any answer from me, even at the peril of rudeness on my part. She has quite terrified me. It appears that, after the day on which I went into the dissecting *pavillon* to see Mrs L., the students, both male and female, were greatly exercised about me, and have never forgotten the incident. The women resented my looks, and the men openly declared that if I came among them as a student they would make love to me. Mrs L. was greatly shocked, and determined to warn me if I came back to Paris. Otherwise, she says, she would have held her peace. Much more she told me, but I must reserve it for another letter. You may guess from the little I have recounted how vexed I am."

It is fair to the women students at Paris to state that those in London had behaved very much in the same manner when she was working with them. Only, to the objections above made they added this one, that, having a husband, and sufficient to live upon, she had no business to enter into competition with them by following the profession of medicine. She did not, however, let their conduct to her affect her estimate of the capacities and rights of her sex, but only derived from it an additional argument for their emancipation, by ascribing it to the manner in which they had been dealt with by men, remarking that, "if we are mean and petty and spiteful, it is because we have been made so by the position which the men have forced upon us. Made slaves and toys, we cannot be expected to have the virtues of free and responsible beings."

The following letter recounts her first experience as a hospital student:—

"*November* 9, 1875.

"I wish I could write in a happier strain. Things are not going well with me. My *chef* at the *Charité* strongly disapproves of women students, and took this means of showing it. About 100 men (no women except myself) went round the wards to-day, and when we were all assembled before him to have our names written down, he called and named all the students except me, and then closed the book. I stood forward upon this, and said quite quietly,

'Et moi aussi, monsieur.' He turned on me sharply, and cried, 'Vous! Vous n'êtes ni homme ni femme; je ne veux pas inscrire votre nom!' I stood silent in the midst of a dead silence. He turned his back, and one of the students instantly approached me, and said, speaking in English, 'Follow us, mademoiselle, wherever he leads us. He will call your name to-morrow.' I thanked him, and did all the wards bravely, and afterwards went into the theatre, and saw my first operation. It did not affect me in the least, even when the man shrieked, for I was fortified by the professor's animosity, and I saw his eye upon me. So I plucked up courage to look on coolly and intently all the time."

"*November* 24, 1875.

"Here is a pretty story for you. There is in one of our wards a little deaf and dumb boy about ten years old, suffering—poor child—for the sins of his parents, with abscess in the scapulo-humeral articulation. He is an intelligent child, and talks to the students on his fingers. Yesterday he complained in this manner of the bad smell arising from the wound in his shoulder, which is dressed with an ointment not too fragrant. I therefore conceived the idea of buying him a large bouquet of violets, and got him one last night at a flower-shop. This morning I arrived at the hospital very early. before G. (*the chef*) appeared, and gave my violets to the boy. He was greatly pleased, and hugged them close up to his breast. Then I went back to the *salle* to wait with the other students for G. After the 'call' was over we went our usual rounds with him. When we came to the bed where the deaf and dumb child was, there he sat up on his pillow with the violets in his hand, smiling. G. looked round, and asked rather sharply, 'Who gave him these violets?' I was dreadfully frightened, for I thought he was going to be angry about it. One of the students answered, 'C'est Madame Kingsford, monsieur.' 'So!' said G. 'She is a woman after all. Only a woman would have thought of doing such a thing as that. Not one of you, messieurs, would have brought flowers to a sick child in the wards.' Think of that! I have actually won him over by that simple little affair of a nosegay!

"But that is not all. *My* student was by my side when this happened. I took the occasion to carry out your advice,[1] and I said, 'You see, Monsieur C.' (the name of the man who had answered G.) 'gave me my proper rank. *You* call me mademoiselle.' He answered, 'He thinks you are married.' 'He thinks right,' said I. But he did not seem to understand me, for the next thing he said was, 'Are you not here with your father and mother?' 'No, monsieur,' said I; 'I am here with my husband and child.' He said nothing at all, and we went on our rounds. While we were in the second ward he touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Goodbye, madame; I am going.' He held out his hand, and I took it, and he went. It is a most unusual thing for a student to leave a ward in this way before the visit is over, and I really begin to think he is a

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[1] She had written to consult me respecting this youth's attentions, which were evidently paid under the impression that she was unmarried.—E. M.

susceptible young man. However, it's done now, and I dare say he will be all right to-morrow.

. . . . . .

"I have been working hard all the week, and have made no end of notes. At Mrs L.'s, this afternoon, our professor astonished me. I had done all the fractures and luxations in six days, with drawings of each, and a *résumé* of the osseous tissue and Havers' canals. When the professor saw all these he was unmeasured in his praise. He said he had never seen such good work; it was excellent and most carefully resumed. 'When will you show me such work as this?' he asked Mrs L., showing her the notes. 'Here have I been teaching you incessantly for three years, and you have never done a single page to compare with one of these. In your hands a pencil is as useless as a piece of stick. Here are all the three hundred pages of Robin and Follin on the fractures of the femur and tibia condensed into half a dozen, and you have not made a single note, nor read half what she has in three times the time.' And so on; but I shall not quote any more, because it sounds egotistical, and would be useless. I tell you so much only to show the professor's regardlessness both of Mrs L.'s feelings and of mine. I am *extremely sorry*, because Mrs L. is a very good friend to me, and has helped me in many ways. But it is not in womanhood to sit by and hear another woman praised in such a manner and odious comparisons made. I hope she will be generous enough to forget and forgive all this. But it happens most unfortunately, for she had just before been telling me of an attempt Miss B. has been making to set the students against me, and how she (Mrs L.) had interfered and fought my battle, saying that I was the most earnest of the women students, and not 'wild' in my behaviour.

"*Wednesday*.—I am just back from the hospital. *My* student was not there! When the call was made the *chef* stopped at his name, and no one answered. A friend of his came forward and said he was ill. The *chef* said no more, but scratched his name out. Do you think this can *possibly* be *my* fault? It seems ridiculous in such a little time. I only went to the hospital on the 9th, and now it is the 24th. But these French are so funny. . . . I have to be off at 7.30 every morning."

"*December* 7, 1875.

"I have another adventure to relate to you about my hospital. You must know that G., my *chef*, has just invented a new apparatus for extension and counter-extension of the thigh in fractures of the femur, the object in view being the attainment of consolidation, without the shortening of the limb, which is invariably the result of this fracture with all the *appareils* yet constructed. Now, G.'s new arrangement is rigged up in one of the men's wards for the benefit of a patient who is suffering from the fracture in question, and it is the very first time the apparatus has been put together. When, in the course of our rounds yesterday, we came to this patient, G. examined the machine very carefully, and then, turning to the students, and addressing us all, he said in a loud voice, 'Is there anyone among you, messieurs, who is able to make me a drawing of this apparatus? I want to be able to reconstruct it at a future

time, and for that purpose I want a drawing of it, and of its adaptation to the limb.'

"Nobody answered; but one of the students came to me and said, 'We saw your notes the other day, and the drawings in them of the fractures. Since you draw so beautifully, tell G. you will do what he wants. None of us can.' I did not like to make the offer; but presently, as we passed on, three other students got round me, and one gave me a pencil and another a knife, and another a sheet of paper, and all pressed me to make the drawing. 'Do it while we are in the theatre,' they said. 'You won't care for the operation to-day; it's only a case of fistula. Come up here when everybody is out of the ward and make the drawing.'

"Well, they pressed me so earnestly, and I was so anxious to keep up G.'s good opinion of me, that I consented. So after the visit was over, and everybody had gone into the theatre, I came back into the ward, much to the amazement of the patients, and sat down in front of the apparatus and drew it. My drawing took me just an hour; and when it was finished I took it down to the little private door by which G. goes into the theatre. The operation was just over as I reached the place, and G. was in the act of washing his hands. Several of the students who knew what I had been doing made a rush, directly I opened the door, to see the drawing, and this disturbance attracted G.'s attention. He came up to me through the knot of students, and I handed him the sketch, saying, 'It is the new apparatus you wished to have drawn, monsieur.' He looked quite astonished and delighted. 'Comment, madame,' said he, 'c'est vous qui avez fait cela! Vous dessinez de ce façon la!' He held the drawing up to show it to the doctors and surgeons who were with him. 'If I were in your place,' said he heartily, 'I should go in for art, not for medicine. A young lady who can draw like this, all in an hour, without any help, to be a medical student!' Then he asked me if I had ever drawn any anatomical subjects. I said, 'Yes, the bones,' and so on. Would I make a few drawings for him? He had a curious fracture of the *péroné* he wanted sketched for a book he was writing. So I promised; but by this time I was red as a peony, for on operation days the hospital is thronged, and there were about two hundred students present, G. being a very celebrated operator and sub-dean of the *Faculté*. He then shook hands with me, and so did many of the surgeons with him, and I slipped out as soon as I could, feeling horribly bashful."

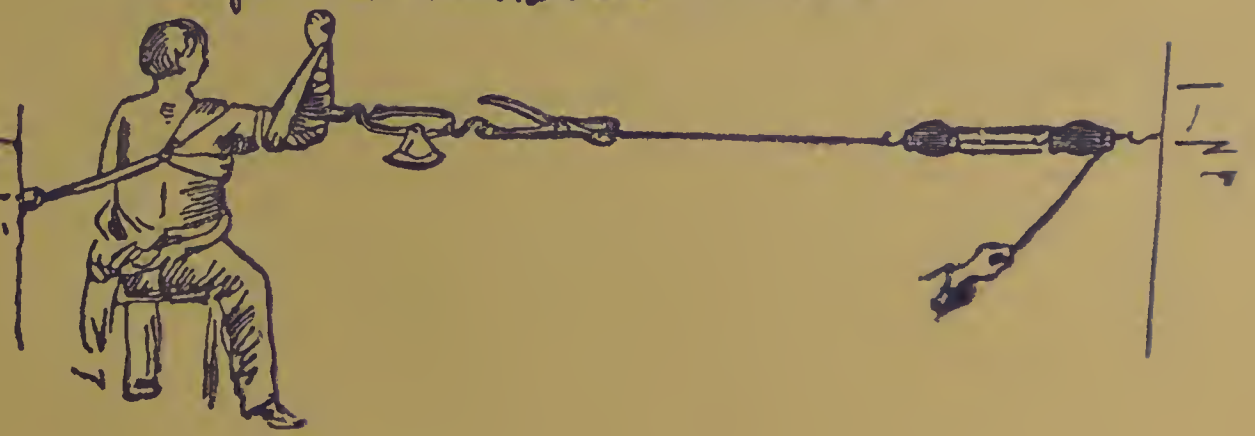
The accompanying are fascimiles of her note-books on pathology and botany, which were written throughout in blue ink and red, and for page after page, volume after volume, showed the same perfection of form and accuracy, neither mind nor hand nor eye ever faltering, nor any erasure, omission, or correction ever occurring, nor any fault in the French.

The foregoing letter closes the record for that year, but the following verses, which were among its products, seem to me worth preserving. They were written at Hastings while visiting

Méthodes de Force

Les diverses manœuvres de cette méthode comprennent, A. Contre-extension. B. Extension. C. Coaptation.
Quelquefois les liens contre-extenseurs sont confiés à des aides, mais il vaut mieux les attacher à un point fixe, comme un crochet, un anneau scellé dans le mur. On évite alors les oscillations.
Pour l'extension on se sert d'ordinaire d'une bande de toile ou de flanelle mouillée, afin d'éviter le glissement.
On emploie 8 ou 10 aides, quand on s'en sert.
La mouffle est l'instrument le plus employé et le plus utile pour la réduction des luxations.

Mouffle

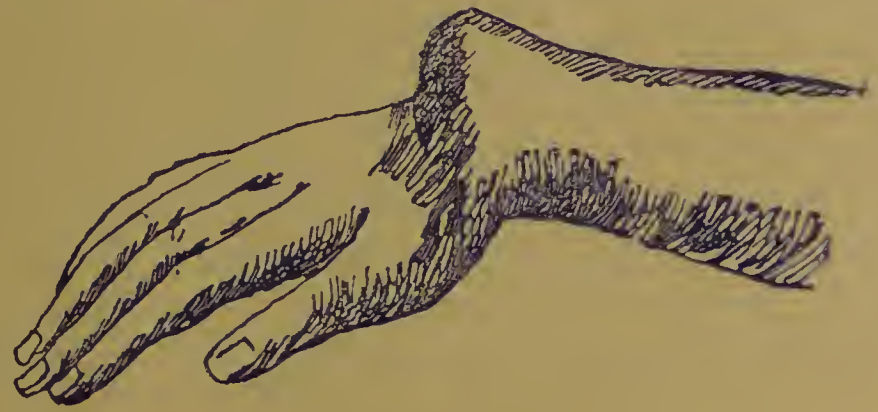


James Hyatt.

between pp. 64–65, vol. i.

Luxation en Avant

Une ouverture faite comme pour la lux: en arrière, donne le même résultat.



La luxation du poignet, et surtout la lux: en arrière, a été longtemps confondue avec la fracture de l'extrém: inférieure du radius, mais la déformation est beaucoup plus considérable lorsqu'il s'agit d'une luxation, et les saillies anormales représentent la forme connue des surfaces articulaires.

Pronostic

N'a pas de gravité, la réduction s'obtient facilement.

James Hyatt.

between pp. 64–65, vol. i.

Renoncées

H. Niger.

Fruit polysperme déhiscent. Pétales pleins

Hellebore Noir. Helleborus Niger (X^mas rose)

Tige souterraine verticale et tronquée. Souche noirâtre. Cette plante fleurit en hiver C'est la Rose de Noël. (racine.)

Aconit. Aconitum Napellus (Monkshood.)

James Hyatt.

between pp. 64–65, vol. i.

A Napellus.

Calice et corolle irréguliers. La corolle est représentée par 8 pétales; dont 2 ont un onglet allongé, et un limbe en capuchon. L'extremité souterraine de la tige est un tubércule napiforme. (navet)
Les feuilles sont alternes et palmatiséquées. On en tire de la racine.
Aconit. Ferox Aconitum Ferox.
Anémone Pulsatilla
Clematis Vitalba (Traveller's joy.)

James Hyatt.

between pp. 64–65, vol. i.

her mother on the way to Paris, their inspiring idea being a remark of mine made under the following circumstances :—A succession of money losses had culminated in one so serious as gravely to compromise my independence, and I had written to her saying that it seemed as if the fates were adverse to our schemes of life and work, and were bent on forcing me either into writing or marrying for money, neither of which courses would comport with our cherished aspirations and anticipations. Poet as she was, and ever ready to translate ideas to their intensest plane, the remark suggested a situation which found expression in the following strain—

VALE !

Here, by the sea, which must part us, I stand,
  Looking the last of my love in your face,
Feeling the touch of your hand on my hand,
  Only, alas ! for so little a space ;
Hope on my lips, dear, but fear in my heart,
Lest not for a time but for ever we part.

Sad that the sweetest of blessings on earth—
  Love and love's kiss—should be governed by gold ;
Sad that a thing of so holy a birth,
  Like gross things and base, should be bought and sold !
But gold is the master and measure of man,
Leave to live must be bought first—love, if it can !

If it can !—to us is the leave denied,
  For the Fates are bitter against us, sweet ;
I am bound by duty, and you by pride,
  And the way is darkened before our feet.
There is none can comfort, for none must know,
We kiss in the silence, and turn, and go !

I had thought (O fool !) that *this* love should last,
  Since no man forbade it, and you were free ;
But its dead are dead, and its past is past—
  Let us bury them here in the winter sea !
For the smiles must vanish, the tears remain,
When Fate is cruel and prayers are vain.

So it was ever, and so it is still,
  For the gods are jealous of too much joy.
And Time, the Destroyer, who works their will,
  Has broken our love like a broken toy ;
Heedless and heartless, he sings as he flies,
" Old loves must perish—new loves shall arise ! "

Ah ! is it thus ? Must the woman whose gold
  Buys you, buy also the love in your heart ?
Is it all past like a tale that is told ?
  Will you forget me so soon as we part ?
Kiss the strange lips, dear, and court the strange face,
Losing old joys in the newer embrace.

I weep : I fain would be gay, if I could ;
  But my words are sad, for my love is true,
And every throbbing pulse of my blood
  Is a heart that beats and that burns for you !
No other will love you so much as I—
Forgive me, forget me ; good-bye, good-bye !

Being curious to test the claims of phrenology, and its ability to interpret her to herself, she had paid a visit with me to the noted proficient in that science, Professor Fowler. As he knew nothing of her save by what he saw in the interview, and held no conversation with her by which to obtain an insight, the result struck us as a marvellous proof both of the reality of the science and of the professor's skill in it. The following is her own account of his report, to the fidelity of which I can bear witness :—

"PROFESSOR FOWLER'S ACCOUNT OF MY CHARACTER

"*March* 1875.

" ' Yours,' said he, ' is a mind of a very high type. Your nature is very intense. You are capable of very deep suffering and of very acute delight. But for this intensity of nature, I see no reason why you should not be a " well " woman.

" ' Some people are vain ;—you have not a particle of vanity, but you are extremely proud. People who are vain are affected by what others think of them, and are uneasy if not spoken well of. *You* don't care a pin what people think of you, or how you offend their tastes. Sometimes you get flattered ; then you say, " Very well, this person has discernment." Sometimes you get blamed ; then you don't care ; you only pity that person for his ignorance, and despise him, perhaps.

" ' It would be impossible for you to be a hypocrite. You are very frank and candid. There is no falseness in your nature. If you like a person you tell him so, and show that you are glad to see him ; but if you dislike anyone you are equally frank in your dislike, and never put a constraint on yourself to be polite. When you don't wish to see people you let them know it.

" ' You have great powers of adaptation. This you owe partly to your pride. You can be equally at home with the lowest and the highest in the land. You are always ready to wait on yourself or to do the meanest services, because you do not think them mean. But you could take your place in a palace with a queen, and be as

queenly as she. You love being in authority. You like to give your orders, and see them obeyed. You like to bear rule. If you were placed in a position of responsibility, you would never shrink from your work; but the greater the responsibility became, and the more onerous its burden, the greater the pride you would have in it. You would carry anything through which you once undertook, for your courage is great.

" ' You are a most independent lady; you care nothing for customs, fashions, or conventionalities. Nevertheless, although liberal in most things, in some you are conservative.

" ' You are a child of Nature. You love Nature, and seek her everywhere. You love everything beautiful—beauty of person, beauty of scenery, beauty in art. You would have made a good artist. If you were to turn your attention to art, you would produce excellent drawings. Art attracts you much, but Nature more. You are not afraid of sights and sounds that would appal others. If there is a thunderstorm, you like to be out in it; or if there were to be an earthquake, you would like to be in the midst of its horrors. You like the tremendous.

" ' You have very great literary powers and capabilities. You ought to be a writer—your talents are so great in that direction. You have great descriptive powers, and in works of descriptive character you would excel; your adjectives might have a tendency to become redundant, for you describe everything powerfully. You have great benevolence: it dominates all your character. You love animals, and cannot bear to be without pets. If you had a horse, you would make a friend of it.

" ' If you were religious, you would be so in order to be good. Some people are religious for fear of hell or for desire of heaven, some because they have a feeling of reverence or adoration for God or their Saviour. These motives do not weigh with you. All you ask is, " Can I make myself better or useful by means of religion ? "

" ' You have a fair appetite, but the organ of destructiveness is hardly large enough.

" ' You are greedy of knowledge on all subjects. No matter what sort of knowledge comes to hand—you are not particular—you want to know everything. You make no reservations; you are fond of learning. Your powers of observation are very great. You have the faculty of " taking in " a subject very rapidly and correctly. Suppose you were witnessing a demonstration in chemistry, for instance, or any similar experiment, you would not need to see it done or have it explained twice; you would grasp it and understand it all at once. Perhaps you might not have the skill or dexterity to do it yourself, but you would thoroughly well comprehend it mentally. You have great powers of analysis.

" ' You are a critic. Whatever esteem you may have for your friends, or whatever love, you are never blind to their faults. You are keenly sensible of anything that is weak, ludicrous, or bad in others, even in those you most love. Thus you are slow to give your friendship; but when once it is given, it is not easily shaken. You are of a constant nature. If you had a husband, you would be slow to make him such; but when once your love was won, it would be given wholly. But the difficulty would be *for you to find a mate.*

" ' Naturally you are generous and free with your money. If ever economical, it is owing to circumstances, not to taste. You are orderly. But your order does not manifest itself in the usual way—as with regard to tidiness of dress and rooms; it shows itself in the arrangement of ideas.

" ' You are no arithmetician. The simplest calculation of figures presents insuperable difficulties to you. You write, read, and understand foreign languages better than you can speak them. Your pen —even in your own tongue—serves you better than speech. You will write a book better than you will speak on the platform.

" ' It is not enough for you to *be*, you always want to be *doing* as well. London is the place for you, and all great centres. You like to be here (pointing to the window); you like to observe men and manners. Wherever anything is being done or carried forward, there you like to be in the midst of it, taking part in it. Because you observe men and ideas so much, you have but little faculty for observing and remembering localities; but for all that you hear and read your memory is very good.

" ' You have the patriotic sentiment. You are proud of your country and of your race. You are a child of love. You can't get on without love, and you have had it lavished on you. As a child, you must have had a kiss every fifteen minutes.

" ' Justice has great weight with you. You resent injustice keenly, not for yourself individually, but for the aggregate. People may talk against you, and you care very little how unjust they are, but let them touch your friends, and you are roused at once. You always defend your friends, and are apt to value them too highly and to idealise them very much. There is nobody else like your friends—nobody to compare with them, in your opinion. You have combativeness, and are fond of argument. You have hope, and anticipate largely. You look on the bright side of things. You are cautious, too. If you are packing up to go away from home, you will take with you three times what you need, saying to yourself, " I may have to stay away longer than I think." You have wit. You don't try to be witty, but you can't help being so. You are fond of ornament. This is owing to your love of beauty and of art.' "

With the exception of two or three minor points, this diagnosis of her character and liabilities struck us both as a marvel of accuracy. And it was based solely upon what he could gather of her on a visit during which he was himself the sole speaker. He did not know even her name. But the effort exhausted him, for he failed as egregiously with me as he had succeeded with her; from which we inferred that his judgments were, at least, as much psychical as physical and cerebral.

CHAPTER VI

STUDENT LIFE

In addition to the completion and publication of *The Keys of the Creeds*,[1] my work during the past year had comprised an examination, largely made at the British Museum, of the various religious systems of antiquity, with a view mainly to the determination of two points—(1) How far they possessed any common central dominating idea; and (2) How far such idea, if possessed by them, was related to man's consciousness of his own nature and needs. It seemed obvious to me that man *must* regard religion as having for its end the perfectionment of himself and his conditions, since only in such case could it have any concern for him. But how to reconcile such conception of the end of religion with the systems which made that end the exaltation of beings who, whether real or imaginary, were in no wise near himself, but were altogether removed from him in kind, as do all religions, which make religion consist in the worship of God or the gods as ordinarily conceived of?

From this inquiry into what actually were the subject and object of religion, I presently passed to the inquiry into what these *ought to be*, judged from the standpoint of pure reason. Doing which, it became evident to me that if designed—as it must necessarily be designed—for the benefit of man considered as a permanent being, religion must have for its subject and object man's permanent part, namely, that which is implied by the term "Soul." Posit the soul as the real and enduring principle in man, and therefore as the supreme subject and object of regard, and religion at once becomes intelligible and necessary as the culture of that principle, and so only. Wherefore that alone is religion in any true and worthy sense which consists in the culture of the soul. And whatever in religion fails to fulfil

[1] This book was published in 1875 (*Light*, 1893, p. 103).—S. H. H.

this definition is not really religion, but only superstition and folly.

As, with this clue to the meaning and intention of religion in itself, I pursued my analysis of the various systems of religion, steadfastly following the while my reformed mode of diet, I found myself, to my inexpressible delight, coming into possession of a strangely enhanced faculty of ideation, which manifested itself in a power of insight into problems which had hitherto baffled me. It was as if my mental surfaces had been cleansed and sensitised in such wise as to render them accessible to impressions and suggestions which formerly had been too subtle and refined to obtain recognition. And to such extent was the level of my thought and perception raised, that I was sanguine of developing a faculty capable of the sure discernment of all truth, even the highest, and even of finding for it expression so luminous as to enable the generality also to discern it, to the world's incalculable advantage. And conspicuous among the convictions which burst upon me as indefeasible verities, was the conviction that to this end the whole scene and *modus* of religion must be shifted and its process inverted, so that, instead of representing something extraneous to the individual, and done for him from without, it should become a process interior to him and be accomplished from within, having for its two terms purification and unfoldment in respect of that which, by virtue of his nature and constitution, he has and is in himself. It was thus that the vicarious principle, against which I had from the beginning instinctively revolted, came to disclose itself to me as demonstrably false and pernicious.

A. returned home for Christmas, taking their little girl to her grandmother at Hastings, and leaving his wife in Paris with the family with whom they had resided. But the winter was barely over when news came of a breakdown of health so serious as to necessitate an instant change of climate and mode of life, if the mischief were not to be confirmed. For the lungs were menaced. Finding himself unable to quit his duties so soon again, A. wrote to consult me, suggesting a trip to Italy as the most likely to be beneficial instead of a return home at that season, and asking if I could conveniently accompany her thither. He repeated his former remark that no one else seemed to understand her so

well, and added that it was the first condition of health with her that she be congenially companioned. I felt myself fortunate in being able to comply, and in little more than three weeks after starting I returned home, having shown her Turin, Milan, Verona, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, and Genoa, and left her at her quarters in Paris thoroughly restored, and filled with ecstatic delight at the revelations of beauty and truth in Art, Nature, and Idea which had been opened to her view. For, once beneath the clear skies, and amid the manifold glories of Italy, freed from toil and anxiety, and instead of the depressing associations of her student-life, finding sympathetic response to every suggestion and impulse,—it seemed as if the moment had arrived for which her spirit had waited to descend upon her in fulness and illumine her whole being. And so it came that, as we explored palace and gallery and temple—and, notably, the Venetian San Marco, where the access culminated—every symbol and emblem wherein had been at once concealed and revealed mysteries too deep for vulgar apprehension, disclosed its meaning, enabling us to recognise the great mediæval adepts in architecture, sculpture, and painting as seers and prophets of the doctrine we were learning to discern as being the fundamental truth of which all religions are but veils. And this was no other than that Higher Pantheism which, while insisting on the substantial identity of God, the World, and Man, makes all Being essentially divine, and sees in the distinctions which pervade it differences only of condition. No longer doubtful for either of us was the significance of the expression "in the Spirit." And yet, as the event proved, it was but a preliminary sprinkling of the fuller baptism we were to receive before the year was out, a dawn to be succeeded by full day. And not only were the previsions confirmed which led me to see in her and her faculty the destined supplement and complement of myself and my faculty, but it was made clear to me what precisely was the nature of the work we were to accomplish together. It was summed up in the word "Interpretation."

The return to our respective abodes and occupations involved a descent from these altitudes. Moreover, the cares of the situation were manifold, and the matters many concerning which counsel was sought of me. Her letters to me at this juncture are not available for reproduction; for, owing to their many

family and other personal allusions, she reclaimed and destroyed them some years later. Some of my replies to them, however, were spared; and as they will exhibit the difficulties of her position, and the manner in which they were met, more vividly than any formal narrative, I will act on the dictum that a person may be known as well by letters received as by letters sent, and accordingly give some extracts from them :—

"As for your professor's angry insistence on being allowed to vivisect at your lessons, you must be less of the mere pupil and more of the woman with him, and show that you can be angry too. He has no particle of authority over you, having been simply hired by yourself to give you instruction in certain subjects of which he has knowledge, and concerning which you desire to learn. Those subjects are purely scientific and physical, and do not properly involve any violation of morality, concerning which you have your own views, and do not intend to renounce them. Tell him plainly, with all dignity and firmness, that your objection is profound and fixed, and not to be abandoned at anyone's dictation, being a matter of principle, involving at once morality, religion, and humanity; and that, so far from its being a 'folie' on your part, as he says it is, it is a 'folie,' and worse than that, on the part of those who degrade their humanity by having recourse to such methods; and that, if he persists in worrying you about it, you will seek another instructor, or even renounce the study of medicine altogether. Of course, it would not be safe to let it be known that it is part of your fixed design to prove that a diploma can be obtained without having witnessed a vivisectional experiment; for they might pass a rule making it obligatory."

. . . . . .

"As for that troublesome acquaintance at the hospital, I fear, from what you tell me, there will be what the Americans call a 'difficulty' between him and his rival, unless you use great tact. How about saying frankly to him, 'Monsieur, you paid me compliments. I am here as a student, not as a woman. Unless you recognise me in that capacity only, we cannot be acquaintances, much less friends.' It would only damage you were the two men to come to open conflict. Can they not be made to understand how unkind and distressing to you their conduct is?"

. . . . . .

"My objection to your story, *The Turquoise Ring*, is that it represents an immature stage in a woman's development, and one that you yourself have outgrown. Your Ariel is all head and little heart, and sees ideas to the exclusion of persons, and exercises her will at the expense of her affections. Her dismissal for a whole year of the man she professes to love, and her refusal even to correspond with him, are things which no affectionate nature would do. Fancy yourself in such case! Nothing so tends to the mental development and revelation of love as correspondence. The very absence of the bodily presence fosters the spiritual tie. The motive of the prohibition is the unworthy one of distrust, and represents a survival of what, I

hope, is a past phase in yourself. Your early work was better than your present, because then you believed. Faith is essential to love.

"It is a mistake, too, to make her array herself in jewels and finery to receive her lover after *such* a separation, as if *he* could have eyes for anything but herself. Plain white and a single flower on breast or in hair would be better, and nothing to remind him—a poor man—of her wealth."

. . . . . .

"I send you to-day's *Times*, with a report of the debate on the Women's Suffrage Bill, which will show you how much you are needed in that movement. For the debate shows why it does not advance. They are all on the wrong tack, supporters and opponents alike. The franchise is claimed in hostility, not sought in love. The women are demanding it as a means of defence and offence against men, instead of as a means of aiding and perfecting men's work. They want a level platform with man expressly in order to fight him on equal terms. And, of course, the instinct of the majority—both of men and women—revolts against such a view."

. . . . . .

"You will have to conceal your indignation at the doings in the hospitals until you are safe through your course. Meanwhile make ample notes of them against the time when you are free to denounce vivisection not only for its cruelty to the animals, but for its brutalising influence on hospital practice. And do not fret about the attacks made on you by persons such as Mrs L. L., on the score of medicine being an 'indelicate' pursuit for a woman. It is not a bit more so than nursing, even from the point of view of the objectors, and no one has ever objected to women being nurses. The real 'indelicacy' is on the part of those who find it indelicate. They are not the most 'proper' folk who have the keenest sense of impropriety."

. . . . . .

"I walked home in a snowstorm last night, from a big dinner-party in Belgrave Square, where the hostess, old Lady Combermere, insisted on my sitting next to her, in order, she loudly informed her guests, that she might keep me from spoiling her *entrées*, by scooping out all the vegetables and leaving only the meat! And great was her surprise to learn that the vegetables were already spoilt for me by the gravy. I went reluctantly, so greatly do I prefer the solitude of my chambers and my work to conventional society. But I came away sensible of having rather enjoyed the evening. For I met some interesting people, and that *rara avis*, one who was appreciative of *me*! The fun of the occasion consisted in the delivery by E. F., the Colonial Office man—of whom you have heard me speak—of a capital piece of mimicry of the speakers and speeches at the Dialectical Society on the night of my paper, at the reading of which you were present. He took us all off admirably. I had no idea how amusing we had been. He was most successful in reproducing the Scotch and Irish speakers.

"Among other notabilities present was old Mrs Greville, who is a great friend of Tennyson and of Irving, and is coaching the former's play, 'Queen Mary,' which is to appear soon. She recited Tennyson's 'Grandmother' exquisitely, and attacked me about 'Jesus,'

wanting to know if I accepted His mediation, as she had 'heard that I was one of the intellects of the day, and she saw that I had a soul.' She was earnest to a degree, and would not be put off by my saying that all such doctrines have a spiritual meaning which differs for different minds, and that the popular way of regarding them is pretty sure to be not only false, but gross, idolatrous, and even blasphemous. She herself was a 'Universalist,' she said, and did I not believe that the benefits of Christ's death would be extended to all? To this I could safely say, as I did say, that I could not imagine the Deity as damning any portion of Himself. Whereupon she straightway shed tears, and declared that I must not say another word on the subject, as nothing could exceed the beauty of that remark. It expressed all she felt in a way she had never known it expressed before. Whether she would have been so pleased if she had detected in it the cloven hoof of Pantheism, I have my doubts.

"At another reception I was at lately Lord Houghton insisted on my reciting an epigram which I had written at the time of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, which he had seen in the *Spectator*, and was greatly tickled by. It was in reply to the allegation that such a diversion of ecclesiastical property for purposes of charity would be 'robbing God.'

"Here is the epigram, in case you don't know it:—

'From empty fane and idle priest
Their wealth to take away,
And use in works of charity,
Is robbing God, they say.

And yet the Good Book plainly says,
In words which none can mend,
That 'whoso giveth to the poor,
Unto the Lord doth lend.'

"Lord H. also recounted with huge glee a joke I had once perpetrated at a great public meeting at Brighton during the discussion of the School Board question, in reference to the 'religious difficulty.' It was soon after Bishop Temple had virtually recanted his famous essay on the 'Education of the World,' by withdrawing it from further circulation at the request of his brother bishops on his accession to their bench. Speaking in favour of an unsectarian and undogmatic education in our national schools, I said that we had a most fortunate augury for our cause in the recent action of the bench of bishops; for by insisting on Bishop Temple withdrawing his essay on the 'Education of the World,' they had clearly shown that in their opinion a bishop ought to have nothing to do with the education of the world. The joke took, and the whole meeting laughed till it cried, the Mayor, who presided, putting his face down on the table before him to conceal his tears, while the member for Brighton, James White, the most ponderous member in the House of Commons, stamped so that it seemed as if the platform would go through."

. . . . . .

"I do not believe you are ill in the way De L—— imagines. But it may come to that if you allow the exciting causes to continue long enough. And the delay of six or seven more weeks of which you

speak is a very serious matter. On no account should you risk your life to pass any *examen* at any particular time, or even to get your degree at all.

" A medical diploma is not necessary to enable you to do good work in the world, and there is no doubt that it will be obtainable here before long. My fear is that you are just the last person to associate with sick folk, owing to your excessive sensibility to external influences, and that either you cannot hold out until your *examen*, or you will not do yourself justice at it if you do. . . . As for your professor's notions on life and immortality, I would as soon take a dog's—nay, sooner, if it could express them ; for its instincts would not have been obscured and perverted by its reason."

Her persistent refusal to allow her tutor to experiment on live animals at her lessons led at length to his withdrawal, compelling her to engage another ; but not until she had attempted to dispense with private tuition by attending the official classes at the schools. But these had soon to be renounced. For although experimentation was not performed at them, at least during her term of attendance, the laboratories were in such close proximity to the lecture-rooms that the cries of the animals under torture were plainly audible, and were so distressing to her as to compel her to give up her attendance and again have recourse to private tuition.

Respecting her visits to the schools, she related the following incident in an article written some years later in a periodical called *The Heretic* :—

" Very shortly after my entry as a student at the Paris *Faculté*, and when as yet I was new to the horrors of the vivisectional method, I was one morning, while studying alone in the Natural History Museum, suddenly disturbed by a frightful burst of screams, of a character more distressing than words can convey, proceeding from some chamber on another side of the building. I called the porter in charge of the museum, and asked him what it meant. He replied with a grin, ' It is only the dogs being vivisected in M. Béclard's laboratory.' I expressed my horror ; and he retorted, scrutinising me with surprise and amusement—for he could never before have heard a student speak of vivisection in such terms—' Que voulez-vous ? C'est pour la science.' Therewith he left me, and I sat down alone and listened. Much as I had heard and said, and even written, before that day about vivisection, I found myself then for the first time in its actual presence, and there swept over me a wave of such extreme mental anguish that my heart stood still under it. It was not sorrow, nor was it indignation merely, that I felt ; it was nearer despair than these. It seemed as if suddenly all the laboratories of torture throughout Christendom stood open before me, with their manifold unutterable agonies exposed, and the awful future an atheistic science was everywhere making for the world

rose up and stared me in the face. And then and there, burying my face in my hands, with tears of agony I prayed for strength and courage to labour effectually for the abolition of so vile a wrong, and to do at least what one heart and one voice might to root this curse of torture from the land.

"Two ways lie before every man—the path of good and the path of evil—and man is free to choose between them. Men of science must choose, just as must traders, writers, or artists. Semblance of success may lure him who enters on the track of evil, but it is the glamour of a phantom decoy, and will sooner or later end in collapse; for it was no evil principle that built the universe. A method which is morally wrong cannot be scientifically right. The test of conscience is the test of soundness."

Meanwhile, despite her hard work and the distressful conditions under which it was performed, she did not fail to report to me from time to time such of her hospital experiences as were calculated to throw light on the practice and its consequences; and these I turned to account in a letter which appeared in the *Examiner*, June 17, 1876, of which the following is a condensation. As the first-fruits of our collaboration, as well as because no less applicable to the present day than when it was written, it merits a place in this history:—

"THE DOCTORS AND THE VIVISECTION BILL

"The action just taken by the Medical Council in opposition to Legislative interference with the practice of vivisection—for to this does their remonstrance amount—makes it necessary that the public should be further enlightened on the subject.

"The whole case is comprised in the two following questions:—

"1. Is the practice conducive to the physical good of man? and

"2. Is it legitimate for man to seek his own good by such means?

"In regard to the first question, it may be urged that several medical men who have had the courage to break through professional reserve have declared that not a single discovery of value for the prevention of disease has been made by means of vivisection which could not have been made by careful anatomy of the dead subject, and the exercise of that quality of the mind which is known as sagacity.

"We have the testimony of the works of physiologists themselves that, owing to the abnormal condition induced in the animals operated on, the results are most uncertain and misleading. In M. Béclard's work, which is the authorised handbook of the French schools, the descriptions of the most terrible experiments are constantly followed by a query implying the impossibility of attaching any value to any conclusions which might be drawn from them. The indications are numerous, and some of the more thoughtful students admit, that the practice is actually injurious to the mental perceptions, by leading the student to discard the mind in favour of the senses, as the real instrument of truth; and that it is destructive to that faculty of sympathy by virtue of which alone the secrets of nature are to be

got at, and the art of healing, like any other art, becomes possible. The following report of an actual conversation held not long since between a foreign professor of physiology and one of his pupils will throw some light on the real nature of the practice, and on the character of at least some of those who pursue it. A question had arisen respecting the character of some organ, and the pupil had given an answer which the professor had pronounced to be wrong.

" ' But I found it in the book you told me to study from—Béclard's *Physiology*.'

" ' Well, he knows nothing about it.'

" ' But he got it by vivisecting ! '

" ' Possibly. What says M. Robin ? '

" The statement of this authority was given, and pronounced to be wrong also. ' He, too, got it by vivisecting,' said the pupil.

" ' Very likely. What says your English Huxley ? '

" Huxley is found to differ from the two others, and is pronounced to be wrong also, although, as the pupil urges, he got it by vivisection. Then stating his views, the teacher is met by the rejoinder—

" ' Here are you four vivisectors all holding different opinions, and you insist that I shall vivisect also ! '

" ' Certainly I do ; and the chances are that you will find something different from any of us. That is the way science gets on.'

" A remonstrance against the practice as cruel and immoral elicited the declaration that sympathy is a weakness and morality an hallucination ; that one soon gets over the former by practice ; and that, as for the latter, a man's business is to get on, and that the only obstacle to be considered by a rational being is the fear of what other men may do to him. This, and this only, is the sensible rule of conduct.

" To get rid of the illusions which prevail on this question, it is essential to combat the notion that the practice of medicine is in itself an humanising one. Very many people think that doctors both choose their profession from humane motives, and that its practice makes them more humane. These notions no doubt derive support from the gentleness and suavity of the demeanour usually observed by doctors towards their private patients.

" To doctors themselves, and to medical students, this notion is ridiculous in the extreme ; they would be the last to claim such superiority for themselves as a body, and it involves no attack on the profession to expose its fallacy. The chief object of professional men, in medicine as elsewhere, is professional advancement. And it is absurd to cite their profession, or the manners necessary to gain success in it, in proof of their superior humanity. It would be just as sensible to credit soldiers with being more patriotic and courageous than other people ; policemen with having more civic virtue ; or lawyers with being greater lovers of justice, on account of the nature of their vocations, as to credit doctors with being more humane on account of the nature of theirs. They neither choose medicine because they are more humane than other people, nor do they become so by the practice of it. They are average men, and like their fellows in all respects.

" But if we wish to know what are the effects likely to be produced on them by the practice of vivisection, we must look to the countries

where it has been pursued without restraint either of law or of feeling. And in regard to this aspect of the question, I can assert that English students in foreign hospitals have expressed to me their astonishment and horror at finding the practice of vivisection virtually extended to the patients themselves, and the principle freely recognised that the chief function of the pauper patient is to enable the doctor to learn how to treat the paying patient. The following is an exact description of actual practice in some of these institutions. Accompanied by a large party of students, the professor of surgery approaches a bed where the case is that of a broken wrist.

"'Just as I told you yesterday, gentlemen,' he says to the class. 'This particular fracture has the peculiarity of reproducing itself if not bandaged on being set. It was because I wished you to see the fact for yourselves that I left the limb unbandaged yesterday after I set it.' In this case, the patient has had, for the sake of affording this paltry lesson, to undergo the pain of a second setting aggravated by twenty-four hours' delay. Coming to the case of a man whose leg and arm have been broken by his being run over in rescuing a child, the surgeon contents himself with rubbing together the ends of the broken bones in order to hear the 'crepitation,' and passes to another bed. A number of students remain behind to practise for themselves; and each in his turn rubs together the ends of the broken bones, of arm and leg at once, while the cries of the victim resound through the ward. The only notice taken of this by the surgeon is to call out to the students from the bed where he is occupied, not an order to release the sufferer, but 'Hold him down! hold him down!' And when they rejoin him an admonition is given to the effect that they are never on any account to do things of that sort in their private practice, as it would ruin their chance with paying patients.

"It is the same in the medical wards. On entering one devoted to diseases of the chest, the students are to be found regarding the patients simply as subjects for practice. They freely open their bed-dresses, and sound their chests, and run pins into them in various parts of their bodies, to test the sensibility of their nerves, and then walk off, leaving them to readjust themselves as they may. Nor is the example set them by their instructors any better. A woman is dying of consumption. She is in the last stage. Both lungs are destroyed, and the chest is filled with liquid. She has been almost insensible for several hours. If left alone she will die in comparative ease, without returning to consciousness. But this must not be. She must afford yet another lesson in return for the charity she has received, and as a penalty for being a pauper. Bending over her, the physician shouts at her to make her open her eyes. She tries in vain to obey him. Taking a pin from his coat, he thrusts it into the under surface of each lid. She utters a cry, and he withdraws the pin, saying, 'You feel that, do you? Why don't you open your eyes, then?' He then pricks her hands and legs, each puncture eliciting a faint cry and effort at resistance. Then with the aid of a student he lifts her up in the bed; for she is dying, and is utterly unable to move herself. Putting his ear to her back, he shakes her violently with both hands, in order to hear the fluctuations of the liquid in the chest, an operation which has already been repeated daily for the

same purpose. At each shake the patient puts out her emaciated hands, and cries piteously in a feeble voice, ' Oh, sir ! oh, sir ! '

" The dietary is in keeping with the rest of the treatment. The staple is flesh nearly or wholly raw, which, in spite of the aversion manifested towards it by the patients, is forced upon them by violence. Where paupers are thus classed with animals as fitting subjects for painful experiment, and no regard is shown to the feelings of either, it is not surprising that the use of anæsthetics for the benefit of the patient is wholly rejected. Even the excruciating operation of cautery with a red-hot iron is performed without the alleviation of an anæsthetic. This operation was recently performed on a man's neck for aneurism. The case was hopeless, and the patient was put to the torture for the benefit of ' science ' far more than for his own ; his cries are described as most fearful ; half the back of his head was burned off, and he died six hours afterwards. These operations are performed in the wards in the midst of the other patients.

" The moral to be learnt from these examples can hardly be mistaken. They show that, whether medicine is or is not in itself a humanising profession, it certainly is not so in the hands of vivisecting students and professors. They show also that medical charities ought not to be left without lay supervision ; and they suggest the fear that, unless the fast-growing practice of vivisection in this country be checked, we also may see our hospitals converted into institutions for the benefit of those who desire to learn how to treat the rich at the expense of the poor.

" With regard to the second question, Whether it is legitimate for man to seek his own good by such means ? I find it impossible to resist the conclusion that, even were it certain that mankind is benefited by the knowledge obtained by vivisection, the practice is indefensible on moral grounds, and that the moral loss entailed by it is beyond compensation.

" This is a part of the question which lies wholly beyond the province of the merely scientific specialist. The absorbing pursuit of knowledge, like that of anything else, is apt to blind the seeker to the existence of moral limits in his own department. The case before us is no exception. Precisely as a Nero recognises no moral limits to the pursuit of pleasure ; a Napoleon, to the pursuit of power ; a Thomassen, to the pursuit of gain ; so a Schiff, a Ferrier, or a Rutherford recognises no moral limits to the pursuit of physiological knowledge. The appeal in this case is from the specialist to the more evenly developed conscience of the community at large. It is for us as a people to declare that there are moral limits to every pursuit ; that there are means which no end can justify. In the axiom that the infliction of torture upon any innocent creature whatever for the benefit of others is absolutely unjustifiable, we have an indefeasible rule by which to decide the case in point. The plea that it is for our own good rather aggravates the offence. For it is then no other than the apotheosis of that worst of devils, the devil of selfishness, in his most detestable form, that of cruelty.

" The practice of vivisection involves the reversal of every principle by following which man develops those higher planes of consciousness which exalt him above the animals. It means the abandonment of

all our moral gains, and a return to the lowest rudiments of existence. If vivisection be right, then has the world existed and mankind striven and suffered in vain. If the sacrifice of others to self is to be the rule for ever, let us at once declare might to be right, and vivisect our women and children—any who are unable to protect themselves. But the history of man shows that this is not the method of nature. Man has risen out of the rudiments, and has learnt that not in the sacrifice of others to self, but in the sacrifice of self for others, and of one's own lower to one's own higher nature, consists the sole method of progression. What, it may be asked, should we think of a person who should consent to have an animal brought to his bedside and there tortured in order to minister to his own cure ? We should say, and say truly, that he was not worth the saving. The same is true of humanity. Mankind is not worth the saving at the cost of the feelings which alone exalt mankind. To plead that the knowledge gained will be well applied, is to justify every swindling financier that ever plundered the confiding ; it is to justify the author of the *Bremerhaven* explosion, or any knaves whose gains go to the support of their families. The recognition and application without reserve of the principle for which I am contending is essential to the discipline of man's life and the perfection of man's nature. The doctrine of the vivisectors is, that a thing ceases to be wrong if only the possible reward be great. For even they do not venture to deny that the principle is sound which forbids the infliction of torture upon the innocent for the benefit of others. But they have yet to learn that the greater the reward of the wrong-doing, the greater is man's moral victory when he withstands the temptation.

" Pain is pain, and injustice is injustice, whoever the victim. The fact that the victims of vivisection are not of our own grade does not lessen the horror with which the practice is regarded by every man and woman whose sympathies extend beyond the narrow range of self and kind. For these the knowledge that throughout Christendom almost every physiological laboratory has been converted into a torture-chamber, in which multitudes of our highly organised, warm-blooded, acutely sensitive fellow-creatures are perpetually undergoing the most fearful tortures which scientific skill can devise, goes far to render life hideous and convert earth into a hell. When science came in with its loud promise of triumphs unbought by cruelty, and its proclamation of a bloodless crusade against pain and misery in whatever shape, it was welcomed as a much-needed, long-sought-for deliverer. The disappointment of those who trusted that of this junction of knowledge and sympathy would be born anew the world's redemption is more bitter than words can tell. The friends of science are reduced to the humiliating confession that it can only shift the seat of the suffering that is in the world, not lessen the sum ; and that it can only shift it from the stronger to the weaker, and this on the condition of increasing its volume and intensity.

" There is, however, too much reason to believe that not humanity, not a desire to diminish suffering, but a reckless competition for knowledge, lies at the bottom of this gigantic wrong. Dealing with facts merely physical, and appealing to faculties which are merely of the senses, science has fallen almost exclusively into the hands of a class of men whose faculties for perceiving the external aspects of

things have been developed at the expense of the higher qualities of the mind. Keeping their eyes ever focussed on phenomena, they have become incapable of seeing beyond phenomena to their relations and significance. And denying, as they for the most part do, that there is any meaning in the facts presented to us by the universe, or that we can see it if there be one, they have neglected the use of the higher imagination by which alone it is possible to understand facts, and have reduced science to a bare catalogue of isolated events. Making perception and acquisition everything, and reflection and sympathy nothing, they have forced science to minister to the production of an order of human carnivora eager to seize and devour any fact that comes in their way, no matter at what cost of blood and agony to others. It should be vain now for physiologists to appeal to their character and attainments, and declare that the attempt to restrain them by legislation is a superfluity and an affront. They have shown plainly that they are not to be trusted, and that the honour of humanity is not safe in their hands, inasmuch as they are wont to take cowardly advantage of the weak and helpless. The very eminence of some of them does but enhance the necessity for measures to counteract the evil of their practice and example. They have to learn that in the matter of morals the appeal is not to a physical standard, but to the consciences of men. The very attempt to obscure the question by comparing it with that of field sports shows the insincerity of the pretence to humanity. If legislation cannot deal with every brutal or careless act committed by the multitude of rudimentary intelligences existing among us, whose delight is in baiting, killing, or tormenting every wild animal that comes in their way, that is no reason why it should abstain from dealing with a well-defined, palpable, and accessible atrocity like vivisection. For science to plead the example of sport is to make the practice of the lowest the rule of the highest.

"One word respecting the exemptions proposed in Lord Carnarvon's Bill. Too plainly does the cloven foot of selfishness appear in the fact that, by the exemption from torture of domestic animals only, or of those for which we ourselves individually chance to care, we are still thinking of our own feelings rather than of those of the animals. This half-hearted way of redressing a wrong is utterly unworthy of us. Let England shake off the moral lethargy which has fallen upon her, and rise in full determination to cast out this hideous thing from her midst, as half a century ago she rose to cast out slavery, and by this one act she will do much both to gain her own approbation, and to restore her credit with the world as a nation that still has an ideal of perfection, and strives to realise it even at the risk of her own prejudice.—I am, Sir, etc.,

"EDWARD MAITLAND.

"OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB,
"*June* 16, 1876."

The following is my rejoinder, also condensed, to the letters evoked by the foregoing in defence of this practice :—

"I do not think that your correspondents, Dr Thomson and 'C.,' are free from the liability of specialists to overlook the broad ethical

aspects of their own pursuits. Each of them employs in defence of vivisection arguments from which they would certainly recoil if applied to something so remote from their own avocation as, let us say, the Inquisition. The torturers and burners of men for the sake of souls were also no doubt 'a respectable body of men who followed an unselfish career with sincerity, humanity, and singleness of aim. They considered that 'the measures proposed to control heretic-burning would be a calamity to religion, and would inevitably give a shock to its progress that Christendom would in all probability never recover.' The lay mind, however, ventured on 'one of the most astounding assertions ever made in a public controversy,' and setting at naught 'the names of those eminent members of the ecclesiastical profession who were opposed to its view of the case,' maintained 'that the practice was not conducive to the good, physical or other, of man.' Here is Dr Thomson's argument in his own words; and what is it worth? Will he deny that the lay view of the case was the right one, and that the abolition of the practice which followed was a most happy thing for all parties, though carried against the judgment of 'the highest professional authorities'?

"The instance I have just given teaches us to distrust all hierarchies whatever, physiological as well as ecclesiastical. Even were they unanimous, they would not necessarily be infallible; and were they infallible, they would not necessarily be impeccable. With regard to vivisection as beneficial even in a physical point of view, there is, as Dr Thomson must be aware, no unanimity to which appeal can be made. The great historic names of Gall and Bell, and many recent names of distinction, may be quoted in proof of the open character of the question. And when it is considered how strong is the feeling of caste which induces members of a profession to combine against interference from without, and how ready are the majority to assent to the dictum of their leaders, it becomes evident that a single dissentient voice is apt to be worth more than a host of consenting ones.

"Even if there were no other reason to distrust the verdict of the majority of the medical profession in this question, the way in which the controversy has been conducted by the doctors is not one that is calculated to gain the confidence of the laity. Only those who are behind the scenes know the difficulties which have been thrown in the way of obtaining a fair statement of the case.

. . . . . .

"The argument drawn from the prevalence of cruelty in sport is but an illustration of the desire of the vivisectionists to win a victory rather than to elucidate the truth or succour humanity. So far from reprobating and discouraging the cruelties of sport, they seek to legitimatise them by erecting them into a plea for the commission of cruelties infinitely greater. There is a certain confusion in the public mind on this point which I think I can remove. I shall not dwell upon the distinction, though it is an important one, that the endeavour of the sportsman is to kill his game as quickly and painlessly as possible, while in the case of the vivisector's victim the sufferings are protracted and enhanced to the utmost extent. The essential distinction consists in the fact that the sportsman acts solely

on his own account, and, if cruel, commits no one but himself by his practice. The physiologist, on the contrary, acts in the name of society at large, and so makes all who avail themselves of medical skill a party to his proceedings. The one is brutal on his own account, the other is brutal on my account. And I have a right to insist that the knowledge of which I am compelled to avail myself be not contaminated by barbarous practices, just as I have a right to refuse to subsist upon means obtained by vice or fraud. The sportsman, if cruel, is in the position of one who poisons his own private well-spring. The vivisector is in the position of one who poisons the well-spring to which the whole community resorts. Medical science is the common property of all. The constitution of modern life makes it impossible to avoid coming into contact with it in some form, even though one may wholly abjure the use of drugs. Hence, no one is justified in employing, in its pursuit, means which render it in the eyes of anyone unhallowed and accursed. There are evils from responsibility for which individuals may exempt themselves, even while unable to procure their abolition. The cruelties practised in the preparation of veal and of *pâté de foie gras*, for instance, are chargeable, only upon those who use those articles, and many abstain from them in order to escape the responsibility, and also to do what they can to abolish the abuse. But it is impossible to carry this principle of abstinence into medicine. Hence, the claim of doctors and physiologists to be the sole judges in the matter is utterly untenable, since the result and the responsibility cannot be confined to themselves or to a few.

"The question is a moral as well as a physical one, and if we decline to acknowledge the infallibility of an exclusively religious caste in matters involving the public conscience, it cannot be expected that we shall acknowledge that of an exclusively scientific caste. It was in the teeth of the experts that we refused to make any compromise with the Inquisition or with slavery, and no amount of professional pleading shall induce us to make a compromise with vivisection. We feel that it is wrong, hopelessly, absolutely wrong, as we felt that they were wrong; and we shall not rest until it be, like them, utterly abolished; and, for my part, I am convinced that there are numbers of medical men who, when they shall have been sufficiently enlightened on the subject, will be most thankful to have their profession relieved of the dreadful reproach which now attaches to it on this account.

"Your correspondent 'C.' argues in favour of perpetuating the divorce now subsisting between knowledge and sympathy. He would have them exercised apart and alternately. As I read the world's history, it is precisely of this divorce that all its evils have come. Male and female, qualities as well as persons, are meant to be wedded to the world's end. Of their harmonious union springs every possible blessing. Their separation means agony, despair, and death. Sympathy without knowledge ends in tears, and knowledge without sympathy ends in blood. I seek their re-marriage. Vivisection means their everlasting estrangement.

"EDWARD MAITLAND.

"OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB,
"*June* 28, 1876."

The effect produced by these letters was immense. They were reprinted by a number of societies and private persons, and distributed in tens of thousands, and procured me numerous letters of ardent thanks, one of which was from Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in which she pronounced it—

"The most important strike on our side made for many a day, and one that will tell perhaps more than anything which could have been said; since, by its exhibition of the treatment accorded by practitioners trained in the experimental school to the poor patients in the hospitals, it brought the demoralising effects of the practice home to all."

The following are two of numerous letters to the same purport evoked by these articles:—

"I read your letter to the *Examiner* on vivisection at my breakfast this morning, and feel that I cannot begin my day's work without first dropping you a note to express my respect and gratitude. It is at once temperate and irresistible, and to be temperate on a subject that disturbs the human heart more than any other has ever troubled it is a hard task. Your letter is of more value to humanity than all the hospitals put together. If vivisection be recognised by law, nothing of humanity will be left but the empty name. The thing so shocks me that I have decided none of my sons shall enter the medical profession. For if any child of mine ever looked on vivisection, I could never look on him again.

"I am a hard-worked lawyer in large practice, and have to do much more with facts than feelings; but my deliberate conclusion is, that if vivisection is to prevail, the sooner the world is destroyed the better."

"My dear Miss Cobbe,—Have I to thank you for sending me the *Examiner* of yesterday? If so, I *do* thank you most sincerely. The letter signed 'Edward Maitland' is the grandest thing of the kind I have ever read. It expresses precisely my own views on the subject, put in such a manner as I could never hope to express them. I have long felt, and this letter only confirms my conviction, that no terms are to be made with the vivisectors, but that we must go in for the whole thing.—Very sincerely yours, D. W."

It was with great regret that I withheld my colleague's name; but the publication of it would have made her position as an aspirant for a diploma untenable. In return for a copy of the paper, she wrote to me as follows:—

"I have read your article in the *Examiner*, and am grateful to Heaven for giving me such a man for a friend. If I felt a passing pang of jealousy as I read it, it was a pardonable weakness, for had I not hoped to have done what you are doing? However, when one truly desires a noble end one does not indulge selfish motives. My real desire is, that by some means this horrible stain on humanity

should be wiped away, what matter by whose hand ? And if by the hand of a friend of mine, why, then, for that too I thank God. It would, perhaps, I think, do good to the cause and reputation of women physicians were it known that the most active assailant—and, as I believe, the first assailant—of vivisection was a woman student of medicine. But one must be careful that no ignoble desire for praise be mixed up with this wish. I have tried hard to be free from base things.

. . . . . .

" In the hospital yesterday—at the surgical consultation of *La Pitié*—there was a man with a broken *péroné*, who fell to my share.

" ' Describe to me the accident which caused this,' said I.

" ' I slipped. My leg slid under me, and I fell.'

" ' How came you to slip ? '

" ' The floor was swimming in blood, and I slipped on the blood.'

" ' Blood ! ' cried I. ' What blood ? '

" ' Madame, I am a slaughter-man by trade. I had just been killing, and all the slaughter-house was covered with blood.'

" Oh, then, my heart was hardened. I looked in the man's face. It was of the lowest type, deep beetle-brows, a wide, thick, coarse mouth, a red skin—' savage ' was stamped on every line of it.

" The world revolts me. My business is not here. All the earth is full of violence and cruel habitations. Elsewhere I shall find peace, and there will I go to wait for you, and for the few pure and merciful souls yet remaining here. I do not wish to save myself by bringing another child made after my likeness into this hell of iniquity " (a reference to certain medical advice recently received), " to suffer as I have done, to be tortured slowly as I have been by the knowledge of the world's ineffable wickedness and stupidity, and by my own impotence to interfere in the matter. What of life remains to me I will live in doing my utmost against every form of cruelty ; but it would be cruelty in me to condemn another like myself to the fruitless strife. So at least it seems to me. More and more every day it appears to my mind that I am not of this world. Visions float about me in the night that seem to warn me of some unknown change perhaps awaiting me. I do not know ; but my state of mind of late has been singularly clear and expectant. I fancy that there *is* a Future, and that I am meant to have some special work beyond this plane of existence, something for which I have been put to school here."

Although sinking again into a low state of health, and on the eve of an important *examen*, she could not refrain from writing largely on the discussion raised by our *Examiner* articles. One of these communications has a perennial value, being as applicable now as then. It is a criticism on the memorial addressed by the medical profession to the Government praying for unrestricted liberty of experimentation, as against the Bill then before Parliament, which has since become law :—

"I observe, first, that the doctors' memorial urges, in its outset, that the number of persons engaged in vivisecting is very insignificant; yet they appear to feel the matter a very much wider business, to judge by the vigour of their protest, and speak afterwards as if *every* scientific man were personally to be affected by the Bill. The continual harping on the alleged cruelties of butchers and sportsmen is ridiculous, and their allegations are false. And to cite the practices —when cruel—of sportsmen and others as a plea for vivisection is absurd, because one cruelty does not justify another; and certainly the minor cruelties of sportsmen cannot be held a justification of the great cruelties of physiologists.

"The charge of exaggeration which the doctors lay upon us is *their* special sin. We have never exaggerated, for we have taken out of their own books, and from their own lips histories of barbarity which no lay imagination could have invented. But *they* exaggerate grossly in the inverse when they speak of laying penalties on a physiologist for 'scratching the tail of a tadpole under the microscope.' Not that, but for administering to horses and dogs *hyperæsthetics*, and for inflicting on them, when in this state of exalted sensitiveness, what is described by one of themselves, Claude Bernard, as the 'most atrocious suffering the mind of man can conceive;'—for laying bare and dissecting in this terrible condition the facial, spinal, and thoracic nerves, and burning the roots with red-hot irons and corrosive acids,—for such hellish devices as these are the physiologists justly arraigned.

"The memorial speaks also of the Bill as an insulting restriction on the labours of scientific men. Yet that Bill—with far more indulgence to the doctors than I should like to see—permits vivisection for all purposes of physiological knowledge! They are not content. What more do they want?

"Next, they speak sneeringly of 'sentiment.' The outcry against vivisection is mere 'sentiment'! Why, in God's name, what is so great, so noble, as human sentiment! What is religion, what is morality, but sentiment? On what divine feeling are based the laws which bid men to respect the lives, the property, the feelings, of their fellow-men? Sentiment is but another name for that moral feeling which alone has made man the best that he now is, and which alone can make him better and purer in the future.

"Don't go on fighting with Dr T. about the painfulness of cautery in particular cases. It is all a ruse on his part to get you off the real subject—vivisection. Of this I am convinced. It is an apple thrown to Atalanta to make her lose the race. I have myself seen this operation performed under very distressing circumstances. A young man of twenty, suffering from aneurism of the arteries, was burnt with hot irons many times in succession. No anæsthetic was administered; the operation was performed in the open ward, and the cries of the poor fellow were heart-rending. He appealed to God and to all the saints with piteous energy. And he died a few days afterwards. Dr T. cannot pretend that in such cases, or in many others in which actual cautery is used—such as Pott's disease of the spine, or in *ostéite*—when the iron is pierced through all the soft parts to the bone itself, no suffering is produced. The absurdity of the comparison he thinks fit to suggest between dissection and vivisection is so evident

that it is hardly necessary to point it out. A child would reply, 'One does not hurt, and the other does.' And it is just the morality of hurting for such purposes that we are discussing.

"I come now to the oyster, and must again accuse Dr T. of the wiliness which is so observable as characteristic of the advocates of vivisection. He knows well enough how ridiculous is the comparison between an invertebrated molluscous creature like the oyster and a highly organised animal such as the horse, the dog, or any other of the favourite subjects of professional vivisection. The nervous system of the oyster—as that of all its class—has by some physiologists been assimilated to the system of the organic nerves in invertebrated animals, and from this point of view it has been supposed that the oyster is devoid of the nervous system corresponding to that of the cerebro-spinal system in creatures possessing a spine. Others again have asserted that the two systems are alike represented by the chain of ganglions which are all the oyster has to show by way of nerves. This chain—so rudimentary that the animal possessing it has not even a head—consists of only three or four little ganglions united together in a circle; while the manner in which the functions of nutrition are carried on among the molluscs assimilates them so nearly to plants that in these days, when Mr Darwin has enlightened us so much about plant-movement, it might puzzle a physiologist to define the exact terms of separation between the oyster and the plant. But who would experience the least difficulty in distinguishing the horse or the dog from the most sensitive plant that ever astonished botanist?

"You may inform your opponents that, so far from your informant having failed to pass his examination, he—meaning she—has passed with the highest note, save one, attainable.

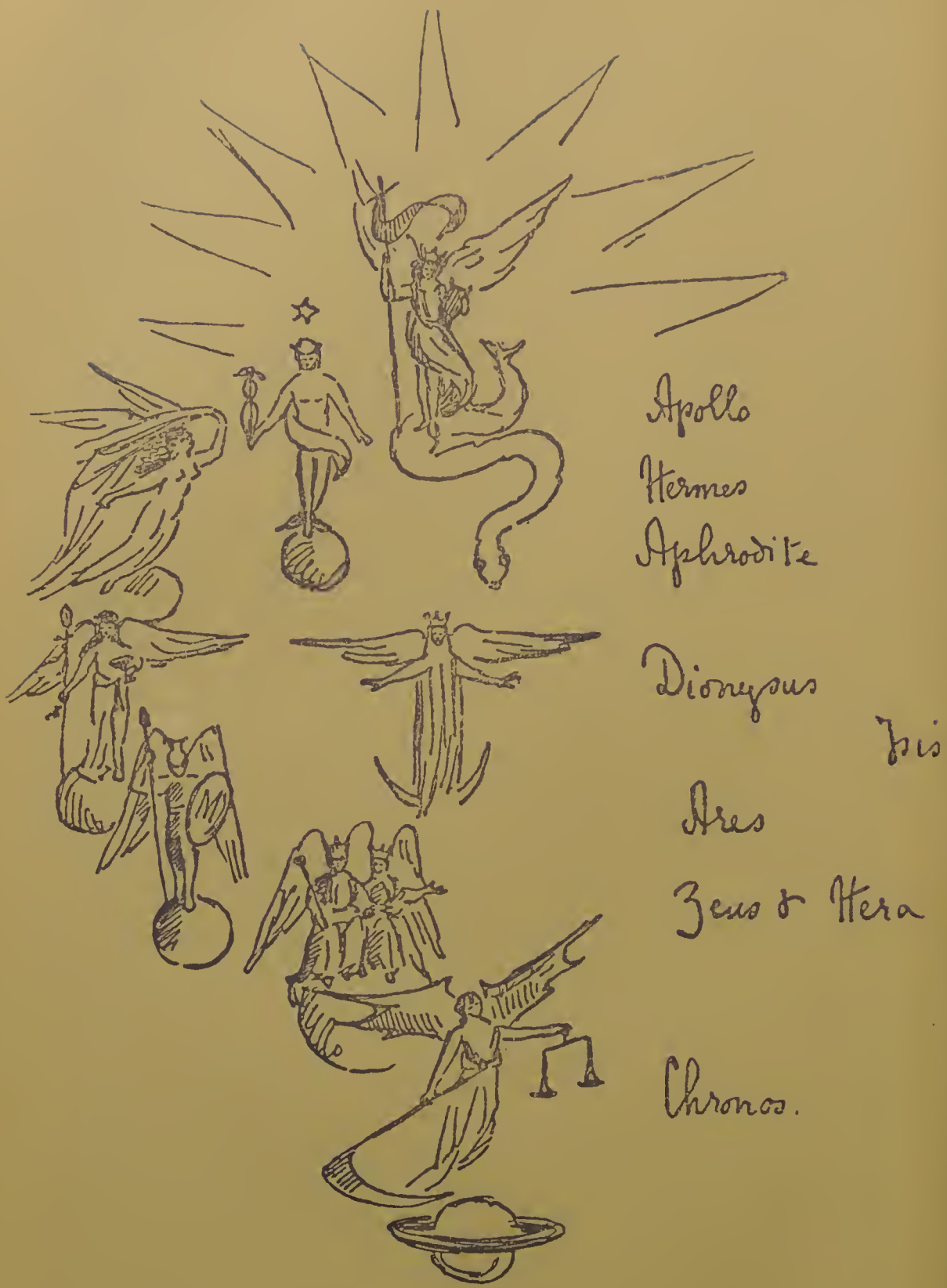
"About myself. I have not gone to Meudon for the proposed change and rest, as the exam. will take place too soon. I am very poorly, but a few degrees better than I was, I think. My malady has resolved itself entirely into three symptoms,—bleeding from the lungs, sickness, and weakness. No cough, no sweats, save such as are justified and accounted for by this hot weather; no expectoration of pus such as I have had. I have a painful suppuration of my finger, which I keep poulticed night and day, and I believe Nature is throwing off the internal complaint as much as she can by this external means."

This bad account was soon afterwards confirmed by a letter from A., who had just joined her, saying that she was "in an utterly bad state," and asking me to meet them and relieve him at Dieppe, whither they were to proceed immediately after the examination. This she duly passed, and with high credit; and her first free hours were occupied in writing an article on vivisection for the *Spectator*.

A month at the seaside, passed largely in open-air exercise on cliff and beach, with entire cessation of work, proved the best of physicians, and a few more weeks, divided between her home

and her mother's, brought her to the time when it was needful to return to Paris. This time she was to be accompanied by A., who was to remain with her for a prolonged period, his bishop having assented to his engaging a substitute during his absence, and an apartment, carefully selected and strongly recommended, was engaged for them. Being in her best health, and having her husband with her, everything promised well to external appearance. Nevertheless, it was with serious forebodings that I saw them off and returned to my chambers and my work in London. For something within me told me, with a distinctness and positiveness which startled me, that disaster was impending, and the arrangement would not be allowed to stand; for that we had reached a point in our preparation for the special work for which we had been associated at which a lengthened separation was out of the question and would not be permitted. And the ground of my alarm was the possibility that the means whereby our reunion would be brought about might involve an illness of the severest character. Nothing short of that, I knew, would compel her return or cause me to be summoned.

My forebodings were justified with a promptitude which took me by surprise. Four days after their departure word came from A. of their intention to return as soon as she was able to travel. Everything had gone persistently and violently wrong ever since their arrival in Paris. Their apartment had proved utterly uninhabitable—being cold, draughty, with smoky chimney and other intolerables; and a single night passed in it had induced an illness of such severity as to compel immediate removal to a first-class hotel; and the doctor called in—her own former professor, De L——, who, notwithstanding their rupture, had a sincere regard for her—had pronounced it impossible to say when, if ever, she would be able to resume work. It was accordingly decided to return to England at the earliest opportunity. And permission was sought and obtained for her to pursue her studies at home during the coming winter without detriment to her academic position, attendance at an English hospital being accepted as an equivalent for attendance for the same period at a French one. This was an especial favour granted in consideration of the circumstances by the Minister of Public Education, in compliance with a formal application on her behalf from the authorities of the University. She accord-



James Hyatt.

face p. 89. vol. 1.

ingly returned home, and when sufficiently recovered to resume her studies, took up her abode with a relative at Chelsea, and obtained permission to attend the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury.

By such compulsion of circumstances we were again brought within reach of each other, though still separated by a distance incompatible with close association. But, as the event proved, this was but a preliminary step to that end. What the remaining step was, how it was brought about, and what its results, will appear after the explanation first to be rendered of the allusion above made to the point reached in our preparation for our joint mission, and especially as regards myself. For, as proved to be the case, the manifestation of her peculiar gift was made dependent upon the development of a corresponding faculty on my part.

CHAPTER VII

SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENTS

It will be remembered that my colleague, as I may now call her, had written to me about her prevision of some impending change of circumstance or of condition which would radically affect her life and work. Such a change had been gradually overtaking myself. It consisted in an enhancement of faculty, as remarkable as it was unanticipated, in virtue of which I found myself the master of problems which previously had baffled me, and able to discern outstretched before my mental eyes long and luminous vistas of thought reaching far away to the very centre of Being, and bridging the chasm between the real and the apparent in such wise as to disclose their essential identity, thus reducing all things to unity.

The process of enhancement was not confined to the intellectual nature only ; it comprised also the emotional, the affectional, the moral, and the spiritual. And under its influence I found myself impelled upwards by the dual force of attraction and repulsion—the attraction for the ideal shown me of a realisable perfection, the repulsion from the hideous actual which men have made of existence. It was as if, through the ardour of its upward striving, my thought had kindled into a flame of such intensity as to dissolve the barrier which divides the world of sense from the world of spirit, from thinker making me seer. For I found myself possessed of a new sense, and one of which, though I was aware of its existence, I had never deemed myself capable. Nor was I seer only ; I had become spiritually sensitive in respect of touch and hearing as well as of vision, and was in open conditions with a world which I had no difficulty in recognising as of celestial nature, so far did it transcend anything recognised in the contemporary spiritualism, so entirely did it realise my conception of the divine.

The first intimation of my possession of a new visual faculty was an apparition of my father, then some ten years dead. I had gone to bed, but not to sleep, and was in that state of perfect mental quiescence which lies between waking and sleeping, but is neither of them, wherein—as I came to learn by experience—the system is accessible to impressions which would otherwise escape recognition ; just as a pool of water, when its surface is at rest, receives and truly reflects images which the least motion dispels. It was thus no dream, as, in my original record of the experience, I had called it.

The room was in complete darkness, and so situate that no light from without could have illumined it. Yet it was a mass of light like a luminous cloud, stationed in the centre of the room, that first attracted my attention.

In another instant it assumed the form of my father, every feature being distinct, only no longer aged, but in the prime of life, and his aspect was that of one coming from a lofty sphere, so ineffably placid, refined, and spiritual was it. He returned my intent gaze with one as intent, and I at once saw that I could now without offence refer freely to the subject which in his lifetime had been an impossible one between us. This was the doctrine of vicarious atonement, which he held in its grossest and most physical sense, regarding it as being in that sense the very essence of Christianity and religion. Almost his latest words to me had been a reiteration of his belief in it. " But for that blessed sacrifice," he had said, " what a wretch should I be now ! " To which I had responded only, not wishing to distress him, that I thought he would find that God was better that he gave Him credit for being, and that in any case I did not see that we were bound to comprehend the reasons which induced God to forgive His repentant creatures, if the simple fact of their repentance failed to be an adequate reason.

Now, seeing by his aspect that he was free from the constitutional dyspepsia to which I had more than suspected his Calvinism to be due, I said boldly, speaking aloud, " Well, father, what do you think of vicarious atonement now ? Do you still think me so wicked for rejecting it ? "

It was as I surmised. There was not a trace of the anger such a remark would have aroused in his lifetime ; but, in its place, his face became radiant with the most angelic smile possible to

be imagined even upon his singularly benignant countenance—for which he had been called "the beauty of holiness." It was a smile at once of unqualified assent and approbation, conveying more than any words could express, and impressing me with the conviction that he had thus manifested himself to me in order to signify his approval of the work on which I was engaged, the foremost motive of which was the destruction of what was his once favourite tenet. He evidently considered words unnecessary; for presently, without speaking, but still smiling in the same manner, he rose, or rather indrew himself, and disappeared from my view. Nor was I disappointed at his silence; for he was a man so singularly unready of speech that it seemed to be a corroboration of his identity. But, though withdrawn from view, his presence remained a while by me, not quitting me until he had given me to understand that he had been made aware of the work to which I had been called, and its supreme importance, which far exceeded my present power to estimate. But its accomplishment would require on my part an amount of faith, patience, labour, courage, and endurance such as it was rarely given to mortals to manifest.

By means of this newly developed faculty I found myself able to discern the interior personality of those about me, and this so much more clearly than the exterior as to render the latter the tenuous and shadowy and the former the substantial and real, to the complete inversion of the relations ordinarily regarded as subsisting between spirit and matter. The ability to do this was not without its distressing side. The perception of the interior selfhood of others involved that of their moral and spiritual states, with the result of showing that, while of none could it be said that they had so ordered their lives as to make of themselves the best that they had it in them to be—for in the best there were withholding influences, chiefly prejudices and foregone conclusions, which kept them back—those who had made of themselves well-nigh the worst that they had it in them to be were far from being the minority, the deteriorating causes in their cases being their systematic exaltation of the selfish and other lower instincts as the ruling influence of life. Indeed, as I passed along the streets, taking stock of the spiritual states of those whom I met, I felt as if visiting a hospital, a jail, or a lunatic asylum, so woefully diseased or deranged,

intellectually, morally, and spiritually, were the great majority of persons, seen with the spiritual eyes.

One experience which occurred to me while in this lucid state is worth recording, if only for its relation to an important application of our work. I had accepted the invitation of an acquaintance, whom I knew only as a fashionable physician, to meet a party of his men-friends at his house. The room was already thronged when I entered it. There was no one that I recognised, but I presently found myself suffering acutely with sensations of a kind quite new to me, and to analyse and account for which I for some time tried in vain. It was as if I were being pierced through and through with poisonous but invisible shafts—a St Sebastian being transfixed by impalpable arrows. Seeking to divert my attention from myself, I looked more particularly at my fellow-guests. They were evidently all men of intellect and culture, followers in no mean degree of literature and science, and to all outward appearance men with whom it would be both a pleasure and a profit to converse. But I had eyes open to other than the outward appearance, and the inner sense disclosed a different tale. In all whom I examined I read worldliness, unbelief, hardness of heart, and selfishness of the most determined and aggravated kind; a resolute repudiation of the ideal, and fixed bent towards whatever would make for personal advancement, no matter at what cost of principle and right. And entering as I had done into their atmosphere sensitive and unshielded, through being taken unawares, I had presented myself as a target, and received the whole concentrated force of their magnetic emanations. It had just occurred to me to liken my position to that of one who, being of a wholly diverse order, should suddenly find himself the centre of an assemblage of devils, when the problem was solved for me by my host coming up and offering to introduce me to one whose name I at once recognised as that of one of the most notorious and pitiless experimentalists of the day. I was in the midst of a gang of vivisectors, their sympathisers, abettors, and partisans, and it was their spiritual states which had so keenly affected me.

Another experience at this date, the reverse of distressing, was the following. I was walking one Sunday morning to Norwood, and pondering as I went the meaning of the tree in the ancient

symbologies, being at the time in an extraordinarily intense state of accessibility to ideas. At the moment in question, while passing through Camberwell, it seemed to me that I was, in some way, on the point of seeing what I sought, and of so realising the idea of a tree as sensibly to discern its spiritual essence. Of the general propriety of the Tree as an emblem of universal nature I was well aware. For had it not, like everything else that has life, the dualism that consists of the inward substantial idea and the outward material phenomenon? And was it not also, like man, a compound being of two natures, planted on earth and aspiring towards heaven; and by virtue of the sustenance derived from the elements, living and growing, and proving its worth by its fruits? And was it not, moreover, the type whereafter consciousness ever develops itself, under whatever mode or form, whether mineral, vegetable, or animal, from the snow-crystal to the very tissues of the human body? Of all this I was aware; yet I felt that the ancients had some insight into the matter that I had not; and that where I could only surmise, they knew.

Various experiences had led me to suspect that there subsists between all living beings a bond of sympathy to which, if only the desire on one side reach a sufficient degree of intensity, the other side may be forced to respond by disclosing to view its animating idea. I say idea, because I was as yet wholly removed from the ascription of aught corresponding to personality in that which substands existence. I ascribed a certain reality to that of which ideas are perceptions, but I had no notion of personality in the matter.

On the present occasion, after several attempts subjectively to realise the idea of a tree, and seeming each time to come nearer and nearer to what I wanted—though what precisely that was would be hard to say—I at length succeeded. For just as the process in my mind once more approached its climax, and I reached the very inmost recesses of my consciousness by a spasm, as it were, of intensity, I chanced to cast my eyes upon a tree of considerable dimensions, near which I was passing, when the tree itself seemed to respond to my desire by suddenly trembling and shivering throughout its whole structure; and opening from top to bottom, it disclosed, pervading its entire fabric—trunk, branches, and farthest twigs—a slender and delicate form, most

exquisitely traced, and vivid, luminous, and distinct as a flash of silvery lightning.

The apparition lasted but for an instant, and the tree closed up again, hiding what I had seen from my view; but leaving the notion vividly impressed on my mind that the tree was actually instinct with a life or soul identical with what might be predicated of my own, on the hypothesis of the substantial identity of all things; and that through the intensity of my sympathetic desire I had succeeded in bringing our respective essential selves into actual contact. After walking on a few steps meditating on the phenomenon, I returned to take another look at the tree, half fancying it might repeat the feat. But in vain. It differed nothing now from its fellows, and I was unable to repeat the spasm of intensification. The active part had been mine; the tree had but responded under compulsion. How far the response was real I had no means of judging. What had occurred, however, was precisely what would naturally occur on the hypothesis that "the same incorruptible spirit is in all things," and that by virtue of its being spirit, and inherently living and sympathetic, the more rudimentary and inert modes of it should yield to the higher and more active. Might there not be between the soul of a tree and of man an interval far less than between the soul of man and that of some yet loftier intelligences, even while all were substantially identical? My latest conclusion was, that as the eyes of the body behold the body and the things thereof, so the eyes of the soul behold the soul and the things thereof, and it was with the latter eyes that I had regarded this tree, with the result of seeing its soul.

The experience had for me a peculiar interest, owing to the sentiment I had always entertained towards trees. Having in years long past spent whole seasons in the giant forests of the coasts of the North Pacific, with no shelter but the trunk and shade of some gigantic tree, I had learnt to regard a tree as at once a home and a companion whom to quit was to regret, and to invest it with an individuality corresponding to my own. And now it seemed that the tree really was in its degree a person, and possessed of a soul so far identical in nature with my own that it could acknowledge my magnetic traction.

Such was the sense of power which accompanied this enhancement of faculty that when in the library of the British Museum,

so far from being oppressed and dismayed at the multiplicity of its tomes and the apparent folly of seeking to add to them what could be but as another drop to the ocean or star to the firmament, I found myself exulting in the conviction that, so far at least as things real and essential were concerned, I had it in me to write what would make them all to be superseded as no longer of value. Not that they were deficient in learning, or that I did not prize learning. Of that I recognised them as possessing an abundance, and of the kind indispensable to my work. Otherwise I had not troubled myself to explore them. But I sought in them in vain for the insight whereby to render their learning available, and it was precisely this that, it seemed to me, it was my mission to supply. They represented, one and all, so far as I was able to ascertain, what their writers thought or supposed, or what other men had said who did not know; and not what anyone *knew* by having the witness in himself. And it was being made certain to me that in one's own consciousness is the source and key to all truth.

Meanwhile my studies had begun to take form in a book having for its text and title *The Finding of Christ, the Completion of the Intuition, and the Restoration of the Ideal.* While engaged on it I noticed with wonder and delight a certain mysterious connection subsisting between it and myself, in virtue of which every step in its progress corresponded with a similar step in my own. For each successive withdrawal of the coverings of the central truth of which I was in search occurred simultaneously with a like withdrawal of something within myself which had served to conceal me from myself, so as to bring me nearer and nearer to what I recognised as my true and essential self; the result being the conviction of an identity subsisting between the object of my quest and myself the seeker, such that the finding of either would be the finding of the other, and the finding of one would be the finding of both, and also, that only in such measure as the one was found could the other be found. Pondering over the matter, it was made clear to me that the work before me was of such nature that only in so far as it was done *in* me could it be done *by* me.

This book I was allowed neither to complete nor yet to abandon. Through some compulsion, the source and reason of which I was at the time unable to discern, the writing of it was suspended;

but only—as the event proved—to be resumed, in another form, after the course of education, experience, and unfoldment necessary for its due accomplishment. This proved to be the course of which our joint book, *The Perfect Way*, was the issue. What I had written was the commencement of my preparation for the share I was destined to bear in *The Perfect Way*. It had put me on the track of which that book was the goal.

Finding myself withheld from continuing the work thus initiated, the value of which was purely spiritual, I conceived myself free to write something the value of which would be, in one respect at least, commercial, and serve to mitigate, if not to avert, the severity of the impending crisis in my affairs. But on making the attempt, I found, to my surprise, that, try how I would, work on any other plane than the spiritual was out of the question, being made so by a complete withdrawal of force, mental and physical, even to an exhaustion which prostrated me whenever I set about it ; while I no sooner allowed my mind to revert to its new groove than my force returned, and ideas luminous and abundant flowed in on me like a torrent. So, finding resistance useless, and captivated by the train of thought disclosed, I at length let myself go, supposing that the task thus indicated would soon be completed, and I should be allowed to resume the work laid aside. I say " allowed," because it was evident to me that I was under some control, and this of a very high order, be it what it might. Of that I had as yet no conception. All I knew was, that it was in perfect accord with all that was best in myself, with my highest ideals of beauty, goodness, and truth, and that, so far from superseding my own powers or setting aside my own consciousness, it enhanced them, enabling me to write from an altitude and with a facility I could not otherwise have attained. The subject was at first the then impending Russo-Turkish war ; and the impulsion was to write a newspaper article calling public attention to the deeper, because the spiritual issues involved. The writing, however, presently grew to the dimensions of a pamphlet ; then of a small book ; but not until I had written a volume of over six hundred pages was I suffered to stay my hand. The sense of urgency was imperative. It was set up in type as it flowed from me, and the correction of the proofs went on concurrently with the writing

of the book. This occupied me about six weeks,[1] during the whole of which time I worked from fifteen to eighteen hours a day, and this without flagging at the time or subsequent reaction. Either I was miraculously sustained, it seemed to me, or else my Pythagorean regimen surpassed even the utmost that had been claimed for it.

Such was the method of the production of *England and Islam, or the Counsel of Caiaphas*, a book written, if ever book was, at white heat and under a veritable baptism of the Spirit as of fire. Not that it was unimpeachable either from a literary or from an exegetical point of view. For, as I found on perusing it when published, it was rather a collection of materials out of which a book should have been made than a book properly so called, being redundant in expression, defective in method, and in some instances showing an imperfect apprehension of the idea intended. It had the further fault of dealing too freely with persons, through the failure to distinguish between them and the principles or practices represented by them. But despite its shortcomings in such-like technical respects, it was a genuine prophecy, and contained prophetic utterances of the highest order, being identical in spirit with those of old. For its purpose was to arouse the country to a sense of the danger of the materialistic rule in both science and politics that was being pressed on it, as exemplified, on the one hand, by the practice and principles of vivisection, and on the other hand, by the endeavours, especially of Mr Gladstone, to ally it to Russia in the pending conflict. For, while the former represented the deliberate total repudiation of man's higher nature to the exclusive recognition of his lower, the latter represented the sacerdotal and material as distinguished from the prophetic and spiritual presentment of religion. Thus regarded, Mr Gladstone was the Caiaphas, who, by insisting on the sacrifice of Turkey for the benefit of Europe, was seeking once more to give effect to the principle according to which it was "good that one man die for the people." So vivid was the presentation to me of the true policy to be followed, and so difficult to conceive of others as blind to that which was so palpable to myself, as well-nigh to lead me into converting into a positive prediction a message intended as an admonition

[1] The last page of *England and Islam* bears date January 27, 1877.—S. H. H.

and instruction. I made the mistake, also, of putting my name to the book. Being a prophecy, and coming through one not recognised as a prophet, it ought to have been anonymous, and allowed to make its appeal irrespective of persons; since the world, seeing the instrument only, and not the source of the utterance, ever makes the limitations it ascribes to the former the measure of the latter. But this I perceived only when too late.

That is, humanly speaking. For the book proved to have yet another purpose than its apparent one. This was to disqualify me as its writer for a career which should be literary merely and social, in order that nothing should withhold me from entire devotion to the work to which I found myself called, and this was a purpose which was most effectually accomplished. For the result of its publication was to cut me off entirely from the ambitions and associations hitherto cherished by me, to the loss of my reputation as a literary man, and the rupture of my dearest friendships. Conjoined as were these calamities with a ruinous collapse of fortune, nothing, I verily believe, could have saved me from despair, and an utter breakdown mental and physical, but the exceeding joy which filled me through the consciousness of my new powers and knowledge, and the anticipation of a glorious work to be accomplished by me in a collaboration which of itself was a source of high delight. In view of these things all others seemed insignificant, and the world itself was well lost. And granted that the privations and ordeals were severe to intensity, they did but minister to the end in view, and were but such as had been endured by all candidates for high initiation in the sacred Mysteries of Existence, as told in the stories of the Odyssey, of the Exodus, of Job, and of all the world's Saviours—narratives of which new and unsuspected meanings now flashed upon me, illuminating the sacred pages which recount them with a light that was as life itself, infusing hope and strength and joy unspeakable.

I have stated that the writing of the *Keys of the Creeds* had brought me up to the dividing veil between the sensible and the spiritual. The writing of *England and Islam* witnessed my penetration of that veil and emergence into the Beyond. At the time of my commencement of that book, notwithstanding the mental opening of which I was conscious, I had no belief

in the reality of the phenomena called Spiritualistic. The little I had seen of them had failed to impress me, saving only by the fact of their frequent abortiveness. Conjurers never fail, spiritualism did fail; therefore it was not conjuring. I had got no further than this, saving only that I had been struck by the unanimity and positiveness with which, at every experience I had attended, it was declared that I had it in me to obtain the requisite proofs, and that some day I should obtain them. Meanwhile I was urged by so many friends of strong sense and sound judgment to keep an open mind on the question; and I recognised so fully the unphilosophical character of that attitude of mind, so conspicuous in the science of the day, which assumes that it knows the limits of possibility, and accordingly puts hypothesis above truth by rejecting prior to examination all facts which do not accord with its hypothesis, and even while calling itself experiential, denies on the strength of its own non-experience affirmations based upon experience, and considers it has effectually disposed of these,—that I set myself seriously to consider how existence must be constituted for such phenomena to be possible. Doing which I found that all that was necessary to this end was simply to reverse the materialistic hypothesis, and instead of deriving all things from an unconscious substratum, such as matter is assumed to be, and making consciousness accidental,—deriving them from consciousness itself, making this the original Being of which all things are modes, being individuated in vehicles of various grades of tenuity, some of them so tenuous as to elude the bodily senses. As I followed this track of thought all difficulties disappeared, and the experiences in question became not only possible but inevitable; and not these only, but the way was cleared for the solution of the great problem in view, the philosophical concept underlying the Christ-idea. For the recognition of the universality of consciousness, and therein of consciousness as the *condition* of Being, the negation of which is the negation of Being, proved to be the solution of this stupendous problem. For it made Christ intelligible as representing the full unfoldment of consciousness in its individuated state, to the realisation of the God-consciousness, while yet in the body.

Until I had arrived at this recognition of consciousness as the universal common denominator which made all things modes of

one and the same Being, I had found it impossible to complete the system of my thought. And I had been withheld from it by the conception of matter as the antithesis of consciousness, and as representing, therefore, non-consciousness; and this dualism was an insurmountable obstacle. My success in overcoming it was the subject of a coincidence so curious as to be well worth relating. I was indebted for the suggestion that, so far from matter representing non-consciousness, it is really a mode of consciousness, to one whom, for sundry characteristics, I had playfully dubbed John Baptist. Those characteristics consisted in his ascetic mode of life, especially in regard to diet, and his earnest inculcation of purity of habit as the means to physical regeneration. He had been the initiator of my colleague into the regimen of Pythagoras, and was thus also, mediately, my initiator therein. For he was her eldest brother, John Bonus. The above list, however, by no means exhausts the characteristics which led to my so styling him, and which were so marked that long before I had even heard of the doctrine of reincarnation I had said of him that, were John the Baptist to come back again, he would be just such a man. And now he had been my intellectual baptizer with the idea by the light of which I was enabled to discover the intellectual concept implied in the term "Christ"!

I was no sooner able to say to myself of phenomena such as those claimed for spiritualism, "Now I see how such things can be," than I obtained proof positive that they *are*; as if my arrival at this point in my mental unfoldment had been waited for expressly in order to afford me demonstration of the truth discerned; the experiences vouchsafed transcending in both kind and degree any of which I had heard or thought. And whereas before this I had imagined myself to be so inveterately sceptical as to have lost the very power of belief, I now found it so much a matter of course that such things should be as to make it appear as if I must have known it all along, but had somehow forgotten it. And so far from their being for me superhuman or supernatural, or involving a breach of law, they simply represented another and higher plane of the human and the natural, and the operation of the laws of that plane. Doing which they proved that the hypothesis which excluded and denied them was a false hypothesis due to defect of faculty, such defect being

not constitutional, but conditional only, and induced by a vicious habit of life and thought. Hence my recovery of faculty through my amended habit in these respects.

Although it was not only when I was writing that I found myself exercising the faculty of introvision or clairvoyance, I reckoned as among the means which ministered to the development of this faculty my recent adoption of a typewriter for my literary work; the effect of which was, by concealing from view the words written, to leave the mind free to follow the idea which was seeking expression, wholly unoccupied by aught else. For no sooner did I set to work with this instrument to set down the results of original thought than I found the perceptive point of my mind uplifted to a level clearly lying above and within the physical and sensible, yet without my losing touch of this, in such wise that I came into open relations with a distinct sphere of existence, and one which corresponded to that part of me thus detached and set free, which sphere was tenanted by beings who were at once spiritual and personal, and able to hold audible converse with me. I was at this time so ignorant of all that was meant by the term "Occultism" as not to know of the existence of a science so called. But I came to learn later that the state thus induced by the use of the typewriter was no other than that state of trance or ecstasy which constitutes the *Yoga* of the Hindoos, and consists in such abstraction of the mind from the outer and lower ranges of the consciousness as enables it to enter its inner and higher ranges; the result being the acquisition of the experiences and knowledges proper to such region, as if by means of a second set of senses appertaining to an interior and spiritual self, but identical in kind with those of the exterior and physical self.

The great factor in this achievement was, undoubtedly, enthusiasm. But this is not to say aught to the discredit of the method, or to the invalidation of its results. It is alleged that Mystics—the order to which I now found that I belonged—have conceived their system, not in that calm, philosophical frame of mind which alone is favourable to the discovery of truth, but in a spirit of excitement and enthusiasm of which the inevitable product is hallucination. This allegation, to which I had formerly lent a not unwilling ear, I now found to be not only contrary to fact, but to be intrinsically absurd, and these whether as applied

to the phenomena or to the philosophy of Mysticism. For enthusiasm is neither the Mystic's instrument of observation nor that of conclusion. It is simply the agency by means of which he is elevated to that region, interior and superior, of his own system where alone perfect serenity prevails and perception is unobstructed, where are the beginnings of the clues to all the objects of his search, and where his faculties are at their best by reason of their exemption from the limitations of the material organism. Attaining to this his full altitude, he no longer has need to reason and infer ; for he sees and knows, and the mind is content. As well refuse credit to the researches of the meteorologist on account of the upward impulses of the gas-inflated vehicle on which he gains the loftier strata of the atmosphere, or of the superior purity of the medium in which he operates, as to those of the Mystic on account of the enthusiasm by means of which his ascent is accomplished. For enthusiasm is simply his impelling force, without which he could never have quitted the outer, nether and apparent, and gained the inner, upper and real. Wherefore, even when his abstraction from the outer world attains the intensity of ecstasy, there is nought in his condition to invalidate his perceptions. Simply are his faculties heightened and perfected through the exclusion of all limiting or disturbing elements, and the consequent release of his consciousness from material trammel and bias. There is no really " invisible world." That which ecstasy does is to open the vision to a world imperceptible to the exterior senses ; that world of substance which, lying behind phenomena, necessarily requires for its cognition faculties which are not of the material but of the substantial man. And being this, ecstasy does but verify by actual vision the highest results of reason.

Thus, and much more to the same purport, did I subsequently write in the chief product of our collaboration, *The Perfect Way*,[1] upon the strength of the experiences of which at this time I began to be in receipt.

While recognising the identity of these experiences with those related of the Hebrew prophets, I was in no way occupied with any particular prophecies as having reference to our work or times. It was, therefore, with as much surprise as delight that I found

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[1] Lecture IX., Part iii.

myself, when in these altitudes, distinctly and forcibly impressed by the conviction that the work allotted to us was in express fulfilment of prophecy. The time had come, I was assured, of which it had been declared that then "the great prince Michael, who standeth for the children of God's people," should inaugurate his mission of deliverance, bringing in the "end of the world" or prevailing order of things, and accomplishing the second advent of Christ. And in token of the mustering of the celestial hosts to this end, I was enabled to hear sounds as of the rushing by of mighty armies borne on invisible pinions; while the intimation was distinctly given that we were of those who had been appointed agents for the accomplishment of these vast events, having been, for reasons later to be disclosed to us, associated together and trained expressly for that purpose. This, and much more that was shown me at this time, while I treasured it carefully in my mind, I refrained from committing to writing, and even from communicating it to my colleague, knowing how incredible to myself it would have been if related to me by another. I recognised the wisdom of the intimations given me that she should be left to learn them, as I was learning them, by experience; and this in due time she came to do. And then we found that the course of our education was so ordered that, while to me was disclosed the whole scheme of existence as a vast edifice in broad outline, to her was shown the various details filling up the outline, and furnishing, so to speak, the chambers of the edifice, to the completion of the system, the coherence and symmetry of which, when thus finished, we both were able to recognise. Thus was our work one requiring for its due accomplishment the fullest exercise of the mind in both its modes, the analytical or critical, and the synthetical and constructive.

In regard to our transcendental experiences, it may be remarked that it would have been impossible to be more exacting than we were in our demands for crucial proofs. For myself, I had long since arrived at the conviction that, if ever I was to be convinced of the reality of such experiences, it would only be by their occurring in such kind and under such conditions as left not the smallest room for hesitation about accepting them; to which end they must occur when I was quite alone, confident of being in perfect health, physical and mental, and in possession of full consciousness, calm and collected; and they must make their

appeal to more senses than one, and to the mind as well as to the senses.

All these conditions were amply fulfilled, and this in course of a quest which was in no wise for phenomena, but purely for truth; and with such power and plenitude were they vouchsafed that to have doubted of the reality of the world spiritual to which they belonged would have been to leave ourselves without pretext for believing in the reality of the world physical; the evidences for the former being no less positive than for the latter. And never was our keenest scrutiny able to detect the semblance of a flaw in the proof. And whereas their commencement was concurrent with the two events, the opening of my mind to their possibility and the enforced return of my colleague to London under the circumstances already related, they constituted a confirmation of the intimation given me on her departure, that her return was ordained with an express view to our joint simultaneous initiation for the purposes of the task assigned us.

When at length this was made clear to us, and we learnt by manifold indisputable experience the full significance of the events in which we were participators, our feeling was that of triumph and joy. For we felt as explorers who, having ventured their all upon one particular issue, had at last discovered the object in quest of which they had long and arduously toiled and suffered, and on the finding of which all their hopes depended. And, ignorant as we then were of the achievements of predecessors in the same direction, we could have joined in chorus with the "Ancient Mariner," adapting it to our own case, and exclaimed that—

> "We were the first that ever burst
> Into that mystic sea!"

The sources of our joy were not confined to ourselves, for they were twofold. There was the joy of achievement in being able to exclaim with Plutarch, when speaking for himself and his fellow-initiates in the sacred mysteries, "We know that we are immortal"; and there was the joy of anticipation, the anticipation of the results of our achievement to the world. For we knew that it meant redemption on a scale never before accomplished.

This also we recognised, and with satisfaction—that, vast as

was the interval which separated our present from our past states, the passage had been effected so gradually and naturally as to make the change clearly the result, not of any abnormal or accidental cataclysm, involving a breach of continuity whether in processes physical or processes mental, but of a perfectly orderly unfoldment, every step of which was discernible as logically sequential, the issue being led up to in such wise as to render it legitimate, normal, and inevitable.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CELESTIAL OPENED

The first physical manifestation received by me consisted in my wrist being grasped by some invisible agency, while I was using my typewriter, and forcibly guided over the keys, the words being presented simultaneously to my mind, but only as they were being written. For the greater part of a page I sat and watched while this continued, freely yielding my hand to the influence. Not only was the grasp firm and strong, but the movement differed in character from my own, very much as does the fingering on an organ differ from that on a pianoforte. "This," I said to myself, "must be what is meant by being a medium." It was the first disclosure to me of the existence of unseen intelligences able to operate directly on the organism, and independently of the mind of the individual. Not that my consciousness was set aside. I was in full possession of that; I was fully aware of what was being written during the writing, but I did not originate it; I accompanied it only. The passage thus written was the first half of the address of England to Turkey at p. 185 of *England and Islam*. The purport was to indicate the spirit in which we should approach that people with a view to making common cause as representatives of the intuitional and prophetic spirit against Russia as the representative of the materialistic and sacerdotal spirit. The rest of that address was given in the ordinary manner, namely, by mental suggestion, the physical constraint being withdrawn as soon as the influence had convinced itself of my responsiveness, or me of its reality. For the experience was never repeated.

Soon after this, while sitting in my room one day and pondering the method of the production of matter and organism, being the while in a very interior state, I found myself gazing on a mass, resembling a thin grey cloud, of some tenuous material, which

revolved on its axis as if under impulsion of some immanent and central force, the immediate place of which was luminous. At the centre the movement was comparatively slow, but it quickened towards the circumference, and in proportion as it quickened the mass became more dense and opaque, until at the very edge it seemed to solidify and become converted into matter, through the rapidity of the motion among its particles. It was only long afterwards that I fully comprehended and recognised the value of this experience. This was when we were told that all things are made of the Divine Substance, which is the Divine Idea, and that matter is spirit made manifest by motion. Coagulating exteriorly, it becomes in the outermost matter. So that "by the gathering together," or coagulation, "of her waters, the dry land" — earth, body, matter — "appears," as said in Genesis i.

The experience I am about to relate was not only remarkable in itself, it was remarkable as striking what proved to be the keynote of all our subsequent work, the doctrine, namely, of the substantial identity of God and man. It had suddenly flashed on my mind as a necessary and self-evident truth, the contrary of which was absurd; and I seated myself at my writing-table to give it expression for my book [*England and Islam*]. The hour was past midnight, and all without was quiet, and my abstraction was unbroken and complete, and so profound that I wrote some four pages without, as it seemed to me, drawing breath; while the matter seemed to flow not merely from but through me, without conscious mental effort of my own. I *saw* so clearly that I had no need to *think*. In the course of the writing I became distinctly aware of a presence as of someone bending over me from behind, and actively engaged in blending with and reinforcing my mind. Being unwilling to risk an interruption to the flow of my thought, I resisted the impulse to look up and ascertain who or what it was. Of alarm at so unlooked-for a presence I had not a particle. Be it whom it might, the accord between us was as perfect as if it had been merely a projection of my own higher self. I had never heard of higher selves in those days, or of the possibility of such a phenomenon; but the idea of such an explanation occurred to me then and there. But this solution of the problem of my visitant's personality was presently dissipated by the event.

The passage I had been writing concluded with these words :—

"The perfect man of any race is no other than the perfect expression in the flesh of all the essential characteristics of the soul of that race. Escaping the limitations of the individual man, such an one represents the soul of his people. Escaping the limitations of the individual people, he represents the soul of all peoples, or Humanity. Escaping the limitations of humanity, but still preserving its essential characteristics, he represents the soul of the system of which the earth is but an individual member. And, finally, after climbing many a further step of the infinite ladder of existence, and escaping the limitations of all systems whatever, he represents—nay, finds that he *is*—the soul of the universe, even God Himself, once 'manifested in the flesh,' and now 'perfected through suffering,' 'purified, sanctified, redeemed, justified, glorified,' 'crowned with honour and glory,' and 'seated for ever at the right hand of the Father,' 'one with God,' even God Himself."

At this moment—my mind being so wholly preoccupied with the utterance, and all that I saw it involved, as to make me oblivious of all else—the presence I had felt bending over me darted itself into me just below the cerebral bulb at the back of my neck, the sensation being that of a slight tap, as of a finger-touch ; and then in a voice full, rich, firm, measured, and so strong that it resounded through the room, exclaimed, in a tone indicative of high satisfaction, "At last I have found a man through whom I can speak !"

So powerful was the intonation that the tympana of my ears vibrated to the sound, palpably bulging outwards, showing that they had been struck on the inner side, and that the presence had actually projected itself into my larynx and spoken from within me, but without using my organs of speech. I was conscious of being in radiant health at the time, and was unable to detect any symptom of being otherwise. My thought, too, and observation were perfectly coherent and continuous, and I could discern no smallest pretext for distrust of the reality of the experience. And my delight and satisfaction, which were unbounded, found expression in the single utterance, "Then the ancients were right, and the Gods ARE !" so resistless was the conviction that only by a divinised being could the wisdom and power be manifested of the presence of which I was conscious. The words, "At last I have found a man," were incompatible with the theory of its being an objectivation of my own particular

ego, and, moreover, they indicated the speaker as one high in authority over the race.

Nothing more passed on that occasion ; but a vivid impression was left with me that my visitant belonged to the order of spirits called " Planetaries." But as I had then no knowledge of such beings, I put aside the question of his identity for the solution which I trusted would come of further enlightenment. This came in due time, as will be seen, and with the result of confirming the impression given me at the time.

Meanwhile I found, by searching among the old Hermetists with whom, and the existence of the science of Occultism, I now for the first time became acquainted, and of whose writings there are many in the British Museum, that my experience was not unknown to them. For I came upon one account which described the entrance into a man of an overshadowing spirit exactly as it had occurred to me so far as concerned the nape of the neck as the point of entry, and the slightness of the sensation.

Of the scientific possibility of the experience, it required but a very small amount of thinking to convince me. For all that it was requisite to do was to reflect that there are no scientific grounds whatever for assigning limits to the tenuity of the substance which may serve as a vehicle for consciousness, intelligence, and force. And in this I was confirmed by finding that the Hermetists have always recognised matter as subsisting under two modes, the fixed, in which it is appreciable by the senses, and the volatile, in which it eludes the senses.

Some years later, when I had made some acquaintance with the Occultism of the Hindoos, I found that they recognise the existence of an order of spirits whom they call *Nirmâna-kâyas*. These are men who have, while in the earth-life, advanced so far in the elaboration of their inner principles as to be able after death to remain at will within hail of the earth, in order to influence and instruct persons who, while still in the body, are deserving and accessible, they themselves voluntarily postponing their ascent towards Nirvâna for that purpose.

The same voice accosted me again soon afterwards, but from without, as will be told in its place. It was in connection with a remarkable and prophetic dream received by my colleague [in November 1876] just after her return to London and her resumption of her studies, and while living in Chelsea. An account of

this dream was given in the book [*England and Islam*] on which I was then engaged, and it is also included in her book, *Dreams and Dream-Stories,* but without adequate interpretation. For this reason, and as a further example of the methods employed to promote our association and enlighten us as to its purpose, an inclusion of it here is necessary to the completeness of this narrative.

On bringing it to me on the morning of its occurrence, she exclaimed as she entered the room, "Oh, I have had such a terrific dream! It has quite shattered me. And I have brought it for you to try and find its meaning, if it has one. I wrote it down the moment I was able." Her appearance fully confirmed her statement. It alarmed me. This is the account :—

"I was visited last night by a dream of so strange and vivid a kind that I felt impelled to communicate it to you, not only to relieve my own mind of the oppression which the recollection of it causes me, but also to give you an opportunity of finding the meaning, which I am still far too much shaken and terrified to seek for myself.

"It seemed to me that you and I were two of a vast company of men and women, upon all of whom, with the exception of myself—for I was there voluntarily—sentence of death had been passed. I was sensible of the knowledge—how obtained I know not—that this terrible doom had been pronounced by the official agents of some new reign of terror. Certain I was that none of the party had really been guilty of any crime deserving of death; but that the penalty had been incurred through their connection with some regime, political, social, or religious, which was doomed to utter destruction. It became known among us that the sentence was about to be carried out on a colossal scale; but we remained in absolute ignorance as to the place and method of the intended execution. Thus far my dream gave me no intimation of the horrible scene which next burst on me,—a scene which strained to their utmost tension every sense of sight, hearing, and touch in a manner unprecedented in any dream I have previously had.

"It was night, dark and starless, and I found myself, together with the whole company of doomed men and women who knew that they were soon to die, but not how or where, in a railway train hurrying through the darkness to some unknown destination. I sat in a carriage quite at the rear end of the train, in a corner seat, and was leaning out of the open window, peering into the darkness, when, suddenly, a voice, which seemed to speak out of the air, said to me in a low, distinct, intense tone, the mere recollection of which makes me shudder,—'The sentence is being carried out even now. You are all of you lost. Ahead of the train is a frightful precipice of monstrous height, and at its base beats a fathomless sea. The railway ends only with the abyss. Over that will the train hurl itself into annihilation. THERE IS NO ONE ON THE ENGINE!'

"At this I sprang from my seat in horror, and looked round at the

faces of the persons in the carriage with me. No one of them had spoken, or had heard those awful words. The lamplight from the dome of the carriage flickered on the forms about me. I looked from one to the other, but saw no sign of alarm given by any of them. Then again the voice out of the air spoke to me,—'There is but one way to be saved. You must leap out of the train!'

"In frantic haste I pushed open the carriage-door and stepped out on the footboard. The train was going at a terrific pace, swaying to and fro as with the passion of its speed; and the mighty wind of its passage beat my hair about my face and tore at my garments.

"Until this moment I had not thought of you, or even seemed conscious of your presence in the train. Holding tightly on to the rail by the carriage-door, I began to creep along the footboard towards the engine, hoping to find a chance of dropping safely down on the line. Hand over hand I passed along in this way from one carriage to another; and as I did so I saw by the light within each carriage that the passengers had no idea of the fate upon which they were being hurried. At length, in one of the compartments, I saw *you*. 'Come out!' I cried; 'come out! Save yourself! In another minute we shall be dashed to pieces!'

"You rose instantly, wrenched open the door, and stood beside me outside on the footboard. The rapidity at which we were going was now more fearful than ever. The train rocked as it fled onwards. The wind shrieked as we were carried through it. 'Leap down!' I cried to you. 'Save yourself! It is certain death to stay here. Before us is an abyss; and there is no one on the engine!'

"At this you turned your face full upon me with a look of intense earnestness, and said, 'No, we will not leap down; we will stop the train.'

"With these words you left me, and crept along the footboard towards the front of the train. Full of half-angry anxiety at what seemed to me a quixotic act, I followed. In one of the carriages we passed I saw my mother and eldest brother, unconscious as the rest. Presently we reached the last carriage, and saw by the lurid light of the furnace that the voice had spoken truly, and that there was no one on the engine.

"You continued to move onwards. 'Impossible! Impossible!' I cried; 'it cannot be done. Oh, pray, come away!'

"Then you knelt upon the footboard, and said, 'You are right. It cannot be done in that way; but we can save the train. Help me to get these irons asunder.'

"The engine was connected with the train by two great iron hooks and staples. By a tremendous effort, in making which I almost lost my balance, we unhooked the irons and detached the train; when, with a mighty leap as of some mad supernatural monster, the engine sped on its way alone, shooting back as it went a great flaming trail of sparks, and was lost in the darkness. We stood together on the footboard, watching in silence the gradual slackening of the speed. When at length the train had come to a standstill, we cried to the passengers, 'Saved! Saved!' And then, amid the confusion of opening the doors and descending, and eager talking, my dream ended, leaving me shattered and palpitating with the horror of it."

The meaning was not for a moment doubtful to me. The passengers were the world of to-day, and the regime which was hurrying them to destruction was the Materialism which is fast sapping the very life of humanity by the rejection of the ideal and spiritual, to the suppression of every principle and sentiment that redeems and ennobles man. This was the precipice towards which the world was unconsciously hurrying—the extinction of humanity—under the impulsion of blind force, which Materialism alone recognises. And it is the stupidity of the materialistic hypothesis that was implied by the absence of any intelligent control. "There is no one on the engine!" No directing mind in the universe. And to us it had been given to see the danger, and to avert it before the final crash came. But not by stopping the engine. Nothing can save blind force from dashing itself over the precipice and perishing in the void of its negations. They, indeed, whom it is dragging with it to perdition can be saved. But only by being detached from it. And this was the mission assigned to us, and for which we had been associated together. It was not to save ourselves merely, it was to save others, even the world at large, at whatever risk to ourselves.

She listened silent but acquiescent, and when I had finished my exposition, remarked, "To one the dreaming of dreams, and to another the interpretation thereof. But the same spirit."

Meanwhile our feeling was that we were living in "Bible times," which in reality had never ceased, nor ever do cease, except for those who are devoid of the spiritual consciousness, and for these those times never begin and have no existence. The revelation is perpetual, and the power to receive it is natural to man, requiring no miracle. That he fails to receive it is through defect, not of constitution, but of condition, being self-induced by his habits of life and thought.

It was in reference to this dream that I was spoken to aloud the second time by the voice which had spoken within me.

I had determined to include an account of this vision in the book on which I was then engaged, *England and Islam*. And I was alone in my rooms, reading the proofs of it, my mind being occupied solely with the letterpress, until I came to the remark ascribed to me in the vision, as made in reply to her entreaty that I would jump out with her to save ourselves, "No, we will not leap down; we will stop the train."

At this moment the voice which shortly before had said to me, "At last I have found a man through whom I can speak!" addressed me again, saying in a pleased and encouraging tone, as if the speaker had been following me in my reading, and desired to remove any doubts I might have of the reality of our mission—"Yes! Yes! I have trusted all to you!" This time he spoke from without me, but apparently quite close by. And among the impressions which at the same instant were flashed into my mind, was the impression, amounting to a conviction, that whatever might be the part assigned to others in the work of the new illumination in progress, and the restoration thereby to the world of the one true doctrine of existence, the exposition of its innermost and highest sphere, the head corner-stone of the pyramid of the system which is to make the humanity of the future, had been committed to us alone. And now, writing nearly twenty years later, I can truly say that this conviction has never for a moment been weakened, but, on the contrary, has gathered confirmation and strength with every successive accession of experience and knowledge, and while cognisant of and fully appreciating all that has taken place in the unfoldment of the world's thought during the interval.

Among the things impressed most strongly on me in connection with the experience last related, was that, while the "You" comprised my colleague as well as myself, she, as a special instrument of the Gods, was a part, and that an essential part, of the trust with which I was charged.

Her enforced return to London was promptly followed by another experience, and one which served to disclose the essentially Christian character of our work, which hitherto had been an open question for us. For that upon which we were bent was, not the support of any existing presentation or system, but the actual truth respecting the nature of existence, and this at first hand and independently of any existing system whatever. And so entirely free were we from prepossessions that it was an open question for us whether the character of Jesus had any historical existence or was but a fictitious personification of a certain system of doctrine.

The experience in question was as follows:—It was night, and I was alone and locked in my chambers, and was writing at full speed, lest it should escape me, an exposition of the place and

office of woman under the coming regeneration. And I was conscious of an exaltation of faculty such as might conceivably be the result of an enhancement of my own mind by junction with another and superior mind. I was even conscious, though in a far less degree than before, of an invisible presence. But I was too much engrossed with my idea to pay heed to persons, be they whom they might, human or divine, as well as anxious to take advantage of such assistance. I had clearly and vividly in mind all that I desired to say for several pages on. Then, suddenly and completely, like the stoppage of a stream in its flow through a tube by the quick turning of a tap, the current of my thought ceased, leaving my mind an utter blank as to what I had meant to say, and totally unable to recall the least idea of it. So palpable was its withdrawal, that it seemed to me as if it must still be hovering somewhere near me, and I looked up and impatiently exclaimed aloud to it, " Where are you ? " At length, after ransacking my mind in vain, I turned to other work, for I was perfectly fresh, and the desertion had been in no way due to exhaustion, physical or mental. On taking note of the time of the disappearance, I found it was 11.30 precisely.

The next morning failed to bring my thought back to me as I had hoped it would do ; but it brought instead an unusually early visit from my colleague, who was—as I have said—staying at Chelsea. " Such a curious thing happened to me last night," she began, on entering the room, " and I want to tell you of it and see if you can explain it. I had finished my day's work, but though it was late I was not inclined to rest, for I was wakeful with a sense of irritation at the thought of what you are doing, and at my exclusion from any share in it. And I was feeling envious of your sex for the superior advantages you have over ours of doing great and useful work. As I sat by the fire thinking this, I suddenly found myself impelled to take a pencil and paper, and to write. I did so, and wrote with extreme rapidity, in a half-dreamy state, without any clear idea of what I was writing, but supposing it to be something expressive of my discontent. I had soon covered a page and a half of a large sheet with writing, different from my own, and it was quite unlike what was in my mind, as you will see."

On perusing the paper I found that it was a continuation of my missing thought, taken up at the point where it had left me,

but translated to a higher plane, the expression also being similarly elevated in accordance both with the theme and the writer, having the exquisiteness so characteristic of her genius. To my inquiry as to the hour of the occurrence, she at once replied, "Half-past eleven exactly; for I was so struck by it that I took particular notice of the time."

What I had written was as follows:—

"Those of us who, being men, refuse to accord to women the same freedom of evolution for their consciousness which we claim for ourselves, do so in consequence of a total misconception of the nature and functions both of Humanity and of Existence at large. The notion that men and women can by any possibility do each other's work is utterly absurd. Whom God hath distinguished, none can confound. To do the same thing is not to do the same work; inasmuch as the spirit is more than the fact, and the spirit of man and of woman is different. While for the production of perfect results it is necessary that they work harmoniously together, it is necessary also that they fulfil separate functions in regard to that work."

This was the point at which my thought had failed me, to be taken up by her at the same instant two miles away, without her knowing even that I contemplated treating that particular theme, as I had purposely reserved it until I should have completed the expression, hoping to give her a pleasant surprise, for it was one very near to her heart. This is her continuation of it. It will be seen that, besides complementing my thought, it responded remedially to her own mood:—

"In a true mission of redemption, in the proclamation of a gospel to save, it is the man who must preach; it is the man who must stand forward among the people; it is the man who, if need be, must die. But he is not alone. If his be the glory of the full noontide, his day has been ushered in by a goddess. Aurora has preceded Phoibos Apollo; Mary has been before Christ. For, mark that he shall do his first and greatest work at her suggestion. To her shall ever belong the glory of the inauguration; of her shall the gospel be born; from her lips shall the Christ take the bidding for His first miracle; from her shall His earliest inspiration be drawn. The people are athirst for the living wine, which shall be better, sweeter, purer, stronger, than any they have yet tasted. The festival lags, the joy slackens, for need of it. The Christ is in their midst, but He opens not His lips; His heart is sealed, His hour is not yet come. Mark that the first inspiration falls on the woman by His side, on Mary the Mother of God; she saith unto Him, 'They have no wine.' She has spoken; the impulse is given to Divinity. His soul awakens; His pulse quickens; He utters the word that works the miracle. Hail, Mary, full of grace: Christ is thy gift to the

world! Without thee He could not have been; but for thine impulse He could have worked no mighty work. This shall be the history of all time; it shall be the sign of the Christ. Mary shall feel; Christ shall speak. Hers the glory of setting His heart in action; hers the thrill of emotion to which His power shall respond. But for her He shall be powerless; but for her He shall be dumb; but for her He shall have no strength to smite, no hand to help. It is the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. The Christ, the true Prophet, is her Child, her gift to the world. 'Woman, behold thy Son!' "

Such was the first intimation, and the manner thereof, given us of the truth subsequently revealed in plenitude,—the presence in Scripture of a mystical sense concealed within the apparent sense, as a kernel in its shell, which, and not the literal sense, is the intended sense. As was later shown us in regard to the story of the cursing of the fig-tree, that of the marriage in Cana was a parable having a spiritual import; and the character of Jesus was cleared from the reproaches based on the literal sense.

This experience was a further demonstration to us of the reality and accessibility not merely of the world spiritual, but of the world celestial also. For the only explanation which would account for it was, that it was due to some spiritual being, extraneous to ourselves, who, after prompting me up to a certain point, had passed to her and inspired her with her part of the utterance. Nor could we credit any source short of the Church invisible with an interpretation so noble of the Scriptures of the Church visible.

Nevertheless, while ascribing it to an extraneous source, the results so closely resembled memory that even at this early stage of our initiation, and while still without the smallest conception of such an explanation being possible, I found myself speculating as to whether the *modus* might not consist in the uplifting of the perceptive point of the mind to some interior region of one's own system where the knowledges already were which were thus obtained,—the function of the overshadowing influence being not to impart fresh knowledge, but to enable one to reach knowledge already possessed, or at least so to enhance faculty as to enable one to discern truths previously unrecognised.

The following is an account of an experience which seemed to me to belong to the former of these two categories, the impression being—as I wrote at the time—irresistible that either I had been present at the event concerned, or that it had been

reproduced and impressed on my consciousness by some one who had been present, and was transferring his memory to me. Though the former only of these two hypotheses was at all conceivable, as I did not see how the memory of one individual could be transferred to another.

Being seated at my writing-table, and meditating on the Gospel narrative, with a strange sense of being separated by only a narrow interval from a full knowledge of all that it implied, I found myself impelled to seek the precise idea intended to be conveyed by the story of the woman taken in adultery. No account that I had read of it had satisfied me, least of all that which was proposed in the *Ecce Homo* of Professor Seeley, a book then recent and enjoying a repute which filled me with a strong feeling of personal resentment. For his account, especially of the feelings excited in Jesus by the sight of the accused woman, revolted me by its ascription to Him of a sense of impropriety at once monkish and conventional, and of a limitation of charity altogether incompatible with the abounding sympathy which was the essence of his nature. It made Him that most odious of characters, a *prude*.

As I meditated, and in following my idea I passed into a state which, though highly interior, was not sufficiently interior for my purpose—for I wanted, so to speak, to *see* my idea—a voice, audible only to the inner hearing, yet quite distinct, said to me, "You have it within you. Seek for it." Thus encouraged, I made a further effort at concentration, when—to my utter surprise, for I had no expectation or conception of such a thing—the whole scene of the incident appeared palpably before me, like a living picture in a *camera obscura*, so natural, minute, and distinct as to leave nothing to be desired, and, at the same time, utterly unlike any pictorial representation I had ever seen of it. Close before me, on my right hand, stood the Temple, with Jesus seated on a stone ledge in the porch, while ranged before Him was a crowd of persons in the costumes of the country and the time; each costume showing the grade or calling of its wearer. Standing together in a group in front of Him were the disciples, and immediately beside them were the accusers, who were readily recognisable by their ample robes and sanctimonious demeanour; and quite close to Him, between Him and them, stood the accused woman. As I approached the scene, moving meteor-like through

the air, He was in the act of lifting Himself up from stooping to write on the ground, and I had a perfect view of His face. He was of middle age, but, to my surprise, the type was that of a Murillo rather than a Raffaelle, and the lower portion of the face was covered with a short, dark beard. The expression was worn and anxious, and somewhat weary. The skin was rough as from exposure to the weather. The eyes were deep-set and lustrous, and remarkable for the tenderness of their gaze. One of the apostles, whom I at once recognised by his comparative youthfulness as John, though his back was towards me as I approached, was in the act of bending forwards to read the words just traced in the dust on the pavement; and, as if drawn to him by some potent attraction, I at once passed unhesitatingly into him as he bent forward, and tried to read the words through his eyes. Their exact purport escaped me; but the impression I obtained was that they were unimportant in themselves, having been written merely to enable Jesus to collect and calm Himself. For He was filled with a mighty indignation, which was directed, not against the accused woman, but against the by-standing representatives of the conventional orthodoxies, the chief priests and Pharisees, her sanctimonious and hypocritical accusers,—those moral vivisectors through whose pitilessness the shrinking woman stood there exposed to the public gaze, while her fault was so brutally blurted out in her presence for all to hear; for her attitude showed her ready to sink with shame into the ground, and afraid to look either her accusers or her Judge in the face. He, her Judge, also has heard it, and knows that they who utter it are themselves a thousandfold greater sinners than she, inasmuch as that which she has yielded through exigency either of passion or of compassion, has with them been a cold-blooded habit engendered of ingrained impurity.

In contrast with them she stands out in His eyes an angel of innocence; and an overwhelming indignation takes possession of Him, so that He will not at once trust Himself to speak. His impulse is to drive them forth with blows and reproaches from His presence, as once already He has driven the barterers from the Temple. And so, to keep His wrath from exploding, He stoops down and scribbles on the ground,—no matter what, anything to keep Himself within bounds. In the exercise His spirit calms. Indignation, He reflects, is too noble a thing to be

expended upon insensates such as they, and exhortation would be vain. He will try sarcasm. So He raises Himself up, and looks at them, very quietly, and even assentingly. Yes, they are quite right ; the law must be vindicated, and so flagrant a sin severely punished. But, of course, only the guiltless is entitled to inflict punishment on the guilty. Therefore He says, " He of you who is blameless in respect of this sin, let him first cast a stone at her." And having said this, He stoops down again to write, this time to hide His smiles at their confusion, the sight of which would but have incensed and hardened them. What ! no rush for ammunition wherewith to pound to death this only too human specimen of humanity ! What can be the meaning of the general move among these self-appointed censors of morals ? " They which heard Him, being convicted of their own consciences, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest even unto the last." No wonder they crucified Him when they got their chance. And no wonder that most of the ancient authorities omit all mention of the incident. Even of His immediate biographers only he records it who is styled " the Beloved," and whose name, office, and character indicate him as the representative especially of the love-principle in humanity.

Such were the impressions made on me by this vision while it lasted, and written down at the time. And so strong in me was the feeling that I could similarly recall the whole history of Jesus, that I mentally addressed to the presences which I felt, though I could not see, around me an inquiry whether I should then and there begin the attempt. The reply, similarly given, was a decided negative so far as that present time was concerned, but accompanied by an intimation that our future work would comprise something of the kind ; a prediction which, as will be found, was duly fulfilled.

The *modus operandi* of this experience continued long to perplex me, and only ceased to do so when the time came for us to recognise as positive facts the doctrines, first, of Reincarnation and the soul's ability to recover, while in the body, the memory of things learnt and experiences undergone in previous lives, and to communicate of them to its owner ; and, secondly, of the survival of an indefinite period of the images of events occurring on the earth, in the astral light, or memory of the planet, called the *anima mundi*, which images can be evoked and beheld.

The expression which I had used, "too human specimen of humanity," was an adaptation of the expression, "inhuman specimen of humanity," which had recently been applied by Mr Gladstone to the Turkish power, as I conceived very unjustly and unwisely. Unjustly, because there was little to choose on the score of inhumanity between Turkey and Russia, on which latter side Mr Gladstone ranged himself; and unwisely, because his own political position made him the last person who ought to launch insulting epithets at a friendly power.

The attraction which the Apostle John had for me presently found this further expression. I was reading chapter x. of the Book of Revelation, being the while in a deeply introspective mood, but perfectly calm and critical withal, when, on coming to the verse describing the "little book" which was so sweet in the taste and so bitter in the digestion, a strange tremor came over me, such as I had never before experienced, accompanied by the feeling that I had, somehow, a strong personal interest in the utterance. And then, while engaged in analysing the sensation and wondering to what it was due, a whole chorus of several voices, audible to the inner hearing, exclaimed in accents of jubilation, "Yes! Yes! You wrote that, and it refers to your present work!" Fearing it might be but an echo of some idea latent in my own system, and being unaware of the nature of the personalities which thus addressed me, I refrained from attaching any value to the statement. But the impression remained with me that at heart it was in the spirit of John that I was to work, and that the perfection and success of the work would be according to the measure in which I did so.

The health of my colleague was again causing us much anxiety, and medical advice was accordingly sought. Besides the propinquity of the river, the distance from her hospital-work told against her, and her domestic conditions were the reverse of hygienic and otherwise uncongenial, especially as regarded the preparation of her food. November was hardly over when I received a letter from A. saying, "I have just had a letter from Nina. What a terrible account she gives of herself! . . . Will you write and tell me exactly what the doctor said about her? She tells me he had a long talk with you after seeing her."

"Active mischief at the apex of the left lung; complete renunciation of study; and a winter in the Engadine." Such

were the diagnosis and advice of one of the most esteemed physicians in Mayfair. To act on the advice would involve setting her back for a whole year in her university course, and in other respects was impracticable. She herself believed that the conditions of her life at Chelsea were chiefly to blame, and she determined, therefore, to make a change so soon as a more eligible home could be found, and at least to struggle on until Christmas, when she would go home for a while.

Meanwhile experiences crowded on us, a full account of which is neither practicable nor necessary. The most striking and important were those which occurred to myself. They came, not in response to any attempt to obtain phenomenal manifestations, or any desire therefor, but purely in the course of the intense direction of my mind towards the spiritual and essential in respect of truth; and, though eagerly welcomed when they came, were altogether unsought for and unexpected. One of the most striking was as follows. It had been impressed upon me to describe the type of woman whom a character such as that of Jesus might be expected to have had for mother. In this view I wrote, using my typewriter :—

> " It must be a woman whose ' virginity ' consists in the total subordination in her of the physical to the moral and spiritual nature; one absolutely unselfish, in that it never occurs to her to have a wish of her own but what was based on the welfare of her husband and children; one, in fact, such as some of us have known among our English wives and mothers ;—women who have been so perfect in all the relations of their lives that they never seemed to want anything on their own account, but, in that boundless love of which woman is the special representative on earth, subordinate themselves without effort to the good of those about them, until, by sinking themselves far below the man in respect of the things of the flesh, they rise as far above him in respect of those of the spirit. Who better than I, who am doubly the son of such an one, should know how to describe them ? "

I said " doubly," because I had in my mind two women, who stood out for me from all others I had ever known. One was my own mother, and the other one whom I had been wont to regard as my spiritual mother for the influence she had exercised over the moulding of my own character. It was from her that I had drawn the heroines of my two novels, the " Mary " in *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*, and the " Margaret " in *Higher Law*, my design being to exhibit what I conceived to be a perfect type

of womanhood under the opposite conditions, in the one, of a happy, and in the other of an unhappy, marriage. She was Mary Margaret Woolley, wife of the first Principal of the University of Sydney, at which place she was living at the time of which I am writing; and came later to be a most dear and valued friend of my colleague. During the writing of the passage above cited my mother's image appeared unmistakably before me. Not, as the event proved, her mental image merely, but her actual spiritual self. For at the moment of my completing the sentence, and almost before I had time to recognise that I was not alone, her well-remembered tones struck on my ears in the most unmistakable manner, and in a voice that anyone might have heard, calling me by the endearing diminutive she had ever used for me, and exclaiming, "O Eddie! Eddie! We have found each other at last!" No use was made of my organs for this utterance. She spoke from without, standing close by me on the right. But the next instant she flung herself upon me in an all-pervading embrace in which we seemed to mingle together into one, and gave way to a violent burst of joyous sobbing and crying, causing the tears to stream from my eyes. Profoundly affected as I was, my intellectual faculties were even more on the alert than my emotional feelings. And I was occupied in examining intently a phenomenon so strange as that of a person discharging tears and sobs without being himself a party to them. On her part it was an immense and unrestrained burst of gladsome weeping. It was daytime, and I could not see her so distinctly as I otherwise should have done, and as I had seen my father, or the other presence by which she was accompanied, but I was aware of there being two, herself and what was impressed on me as being an attendant guardian spirit. The time came when we learnt that such a return of the true soul is possible, but occurs only on very solemn occasions, and that one of the proofs that it is indeed the true soul and not the mere phantom is the power to speak aloud to the outward hearing.

Such an experience, vouchsafed on such an occasion, seemed to me to imply high sanction for my rejection of the physical meaning ordinarily attached to the story of the Nativity. The actual significance of that story, and the scientific definition of the doctrine symbolised in it, were reserved for future disclosure, being given in plenitude when the time came. There

was one other occasion when I was addressed aloud by my mother's voice, which I will relate in its place.

I come to an experience the solemnity and importance of which cannot be overestimated, whether as regards its own nature or as regards its bearing on our work. At the time of its occurrence I had never heard of it as a fact coming within human cognition ; nor, although several times alluded to in the Bible, had the accounts of it ever found a response in my own consciousness. Hence when it came it was entirely without anticipation or previous knowledge even of its possibility. The experience in question, and the manner of its coming, were these :—

I had observed that when I was following an idea inwards in search of its primary meaning, and to that end concentrated my mind upon a point lying within and beyond the apparent concept, I saw a whole vista of related ideas stretching far away as if towards their source, in what I could only suppose to be the Divine Mind ; and I seemed at the same time to reach a more interior region of my own consciousness ; so that, supposing man's system to consist of a series of concentric spheres, each fresh effort to focus my mind upon a more recondite aspect of the idea under analysis was accompanied and marked by a corresponding advance of the perceptive point of the mind itself towards my own central sphere and radiant point. And I was prompted to try to ascertain the extent to which it was possible thus to concentrate myself interiorly, and what would be the effect of reaching the mind's ultimate focus. I was absolutely without knowledge or expectation when I yielded to the impulse to make the attempt. I simply experimented on a faculty of which I found myself newly possessed, with the view of discovering the range of its capacity, being seated at my writing-table the while in order to record the results as they came, and resolved to retain my hold on my outer and circumferential consciousness, no matter how far towards my inner and central consciousness I might go. For I knew not whether I should be able to regain the former if I once quitted my hold of it, or to recollect the facts of the experience. At length I achieved my object, though only by a strong effort, the tension occasioned by the endeavour to keep both extremes of the consciousness in view at once being very great.

Once well started on my quest, I found myself traversing a succession of spheres or belts of a medium, the tenuity and luminance of which increased at every stage of my progress, just as I had observed in the vision above described, of the revolving cloud ; the impression produced being that of mounting a vast ladder stretching from the circumference towards the centre of a system, which was at once my own system, the solar system, and the universal system, the three systems being at once diverse and identical. My progress in this ascent was clearly dependent upon my ability to concentrate the rays of my consciousness into a focus. For, while to relax the effort was to recede outwards, to intensify it was to advance inwards. The process was like that of travelling by will power from the orbit of Saturn to the Sun—taking Saturn as representing the seventh and outermost sphere of the spiritual kosmos, and the Sun its central and radiant point—with the intermediate orbits for stepping-stones and stages, I trying the while to keep both extremes in view. Presently, by a supreme, and what I felt must be a final, effort—for the tension was becoming too much for me, unless I let go my hold of the outer—I succeeded in polarising the whole of the convergent rays of my consciousness into the desired focus. And at the same instant, as if through the sudden ignition of the rays thus fused into a unity, I found myself confronted with a glory of unspeakable whiteness and brightness, and of a lustre so intense as well-nigh to beat me back. At the same instant, too, there came to me, as by a sudden recollection, the sense of being already familiar with the phenomenon, as also with its whole import, as if in virtue of having experienced it in some former and forgotten state of being. I knew it to be the " Great White Throne " of the seer of the Apocalypse. But though feeling that I had no need to explore further, I resolved to make assurance doubly sure by piercing, if I could, the almost blinding lustre, and seeing what it enshrined. With a great effort I succeeded, and the glance revealed to me that which I had felt must be there. This was the dual form of the Son, the Word, the Logos, the Adonai, the " Sitter on the Throne," the first formulation of Divinity, the unmanifest made manifest, the unformulate formulate, the unindividuate individuate, God as the Lord, proving by His duality that God is Substance as well as Force, Love as well as Will, feminine as well as masculine, Mother as well as Father.

Overjoyed at having this supreme problem solved in accordance with my highest aspirations, my one thought was to return and proclaim the glad news. But I had no sooner set myself to write down the things thus seen and remembered, than I found myself constrained to maintain regarding them the strictest silence, and this even as regarded my fellow-worker; and all that I was permitted to say at that time was, that under a sudden burst of illumination I had become absolutely aware of the truth of the doctrine of the Duality in Unity of Deity to which that in Humanity corresponds, both alike being twain in one. On seeking the reason for the reticence thus imposed on me, I learned that the stage in our work had not yet come when it could be given to the world, either with safety to myself or with advantage to others; and it was necessary that my colleague receive no intimation in advance of any experiences which were to be given to her—of which this experience was one—in order that her mind might be wholly free from bias or expectation. Only so would our testimony have its due value as that of two independent witnesses.

The promise was duly fulfilled, as will appear when we come to that part of our narrative. And it was from our joint experiences that the account given of the vision of Adonai in Lecture IX. of *The Perfect Way* was written. Meanwhile I lost no time in examining the various accounts given in the Bible of the same experience, and was not a little struck by the relation in Exod. xxiv. 9–11, in which it is stated, as if in token of the extraordinary power of the spiritual battery with which Moses had surrounded himself, that no less than seventy of his initiates were able to receive the vision without magnetic reinforcement by the imposition of their master's hands. Pursuing my researches, I found that the same vision has always been a recognised experience of mystics in all times and places, and that for them also the form beheld was dual, the only reason why this is not specified in the translations of the Bible being that, apparently unknown to the translators, the names for God themselves imply the duality expressly declared in Gen. i, 26, 27.

From the time of my receiving this vision there was a new meaning for me in what is probably the grandest verse in all Scripture, if not in all literature, that in Rev. xx. 11, in which the seer says, "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away; and

there was found no place for them." It was not that there was any disappearance of creation by reason of its change of place; but that the perceptive point of the mind of the seer himself had transcended the sphere of the manifest, and penetrated to that of the unmanifest, where creation is not. He was in the *within* of space, the *arché* or "fourth dimension," whence returning outwards and downwards he would find creation where he had left it, as I did.

There was another point of identity which I recognised as subsisting between my own experiences and those of the mystics generally. This was the suspension of the ordinary respiration during the ecstasy or trance state and the substitution for it of an internal respiration, as if by the breathing of a distinct personality within and other than the physical organism. This condition would continue for an hour or even longer, according to the period of abstraction and the degree of its intensity. Not that the inner personality in question was that of some being other than and foreign to myself. Rather was it—as I found myself concluding—my own inner and substantial, as distinguished from my outer and phenomenal self; that which Aristotle calls the *entelecheia*; the self which, when finally perfected, constitutes the "Christ within" of St Paul; being the spiritual and substantial individuality engendered within the physical and phenomenal personality, and representing, therefore, the rebirth of the man on a plane transcending the material.

There were also seasons, and these not unfrequent, during this period of my initiation, when I found myself in a condition of the real nature of which I seemed to find an explanation only when I came upon the writings of the foremost of all the great Neoplatonic school of mystics, Plotinus. This was a condition in which the enhancement of power, physical and mental, was so extraordinary, as to make it seem that it was only necessary to will or to speak to work some great miracle, whether of healing or of destroying. It was not in the least as if one were possessed and filled by something other than one's proper self; but as if that self, instead of but partially animating the organism, had descended into it in plenitude, completely suffusing it with the spirit, to the indefinite enhancement of every faculty, one effect of which was to suggest the idea that the spiritual part of man does not, as a rule, reside within the man, except to a very limited

extent, but hovers over him, descending into him in varying measure according to circumstances. Such were my experiences of the state which I supposed to be that described by Plotinus, as "being united with his God," meaning that portion of the Deity which is allotted to any particular individual, the microcosmic God within, as distinguished from the macrocosmic God without.

But, as I learnt by careful observation, close as such union may be, it involves no suppression of the self, or loss of individuality. The mere external personality, indeed, may suffer effacement, but the substantial and permanent individuality, the true self, becomes by such union indefinitely enhanced and reinforced, whether the union occur by means either of descent from above, or of ascent from below, the latter being the condition in which the individual expands into the universal without loss of individuality.

Of such kind were the experiences which, when the time came for us to receive the long-lost gnosis which underlay the world's sacred scriptures and religions, enabled us to recognise it as indefeasibly true, and founded in the nature of being. It interpreted us to ourselves, by finding response in ourselves. Among its utterances was the following :—

"As God is at the heart of the outer world, so also is God at the heart of the world within thee.

"When the God within thee shall be wholly united to the God without, then shalt thou be one with the Most High.

"Thy will shall be God's will, and the Son shall be as the Father."

With like alacrity we recognised the erroneousness of that view of Nirvâna, which identifies it with the mergence of the individual in the universal to the loss of his individuality, when we were told that instead of all re-becoming one, the one becomes many, the end of evolution being not the absorption of the individual in God, but the individuation of God. The only absorption that takes place is that of the externality of the individual in the divine in himself, by means of the indrawal of the circumference into the centre, of the nether into the upper, to the divinisation of the whole system.[1]

[1] In *England and Islam*, Edward Maitland says: "The aspiration of the Buddhist is *not* towards extinction. Man seeks for some assurance that he is not merely a product or function of Nature, and partaker of her

On one occasion, during a period when my consciousness was thus largely indrawn to my centre, it was given to me to see gamboling around me a group of spirits, diminutive and grotesque, being compounded of a variety of animal forms, assumed apparently without regard to congruity, the heads by no means matching the bodies. These, I was led to suppose, were some of the physical consciousnesses or "spirits" of my system, which were taking advantage of my indrawal to detach themselves, and indulge in objective manifestation.

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evanescence, but has in him an immortal principle whereby he may claim relationship, if not identity, with the eternal source of all secondary existence. To be 'one' or at one 'with God' is the goal of the aspirations of the souls of all men; and their various religions represent but the various methods whereby men seek to attain the assurance of that union. Attaining conviction of the essential identity of the spirit of which humanity is the sensible expression, with the animating spirit of the universe, the soul of man is content" (p. 23). "The 'Nirvâna' preached by Buddha was no more annihilation than was the 'heaven' of Christ. Man could no more return to 'nothing' in India than he could spring from 'nothing' there or elsewhere. Buddhism was purest Pantheism, even as Christianity was purest Pantheism. And both alike taught that only by the sacrifice of the lower and outer self, through the total renunciation of the régime of selfishness and blood, on every plane of the consciousness and in every sphere of activity, can man attain at once the consciousness of his true self and of the identity of that self with God" (pp. 476–7). "Buddha was a worshipper of existence. He recognised the ideal as the only true real, and God as the spiritual force-centre of all that exists. It was because the Oriental orthodoxies, flesh-fed and gross, were, like all others, unable to conceive of spirit apart from matter, of the ideal apart from the phenomenal, that they represented the spiritual perfection of Buddha as annihilation, interpreting *no thing* to signify *nothing*, even as certain other orthodox bunglers have done. His final absorption into God was no other than was signified by the Christian 'heaven,' when, the phenomenal done with, the perfected individual soul should return and become re-incorporated with the universal Parent Soul, even as a son returns from his world-experiences to his father's house, with his consciousness heightened and his character perfected by the things which he has suffered, not to lose his individuality, but by retaining it to contribute to the higher satisfaction of that of the whole" (pp. 593–4).—S. H. H.

CHAPTER IX

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

SADLY low as was the condition of my colleague's health when the time came for me to take her home for Christmas, a few days' experience of the dry bracing airs of the Shropshire uplands wrought so great an improvement as to enable me to return to London on New Year's Day, full of renewed hope on her account. For myself the change of scene had brought no abatement of the high degree of spiritual vitalisation which had of late been almost constant with me. The illumination was continuous, and my sense of the contrast between the actual and the ideal keen to intensity. Among the notes I made during this interval was the following, describing the aspect at Christmas time of a certain village, which struck me as singularly illustrative of our condition as a people:—

"In the towns I had, of course, been accustomed to see the festival of the nativity of the Divine Life that had been born into the world celebrated by the public exhibition in the provision shops of the usual hecatombs of animal corpses stripped of their skins. But this fair village among the peaceful hills far surpassed in sacrificial enthusiasm any homage which a town could render to the gory Moloch of our national orthodoxies. For some days before Christmas the population had been engaged in the annual killing of their pigs, a process which for that whole period had involved the incessant piercing of the skies by the agonised screams of the innocents thus massacred in advance.

"The slaughter was finished by Christmas Eve, and the village sent out its carollers over the country round to sing hallelujahs about the 'Lord of Life,' and 'It was the joy of One,' and 'How beautiful upon the mountains,' and the next morning saw them flocking to the village church to do further homage to the Genius of the day by reciting services to the key-note of 'Peace on earth, and good will towards men!' A thin fleece of new-fallen snow covered the ground, as if sent expressly to signify that Nature, even if she had not condoned the violence done to her in the persons of her porcine offspring, was anxious at least for that sacred day to efface all evidence of the deed. But the attempt was unsuccessful.

For in the gutters between the whitened footway and road the blood ran in streams, while every here and there a large ensanguined patch of snow indicated the place of a standing pool of blood. The decorations of the church, and the vigour of the devotions of the congregation, whose responses were fairly roared out, served to aggravate the incongruity of the whole, and to remind one that that rough little village was but an epitome and résumé of all Christendom, inasmuch as it was precisely the combination of lip-service and blood-service, which ever constitute for a priest-constructed orthodoxy the realisation of perfection. And I wondered whether the Laureate could have had such a scene in his mind when he made his Harold ask of one who had turned renegade—

> ' What dost thou here,
> Trampling thy mother's bosom into blood ? ' "

On my journey back to London I had the compartment to myself ; and being in a condition of intense accessibility to ideas, I commenced writing them down for my book [*England and Islam*]. The purport of one passage was to impress on the country the necessity, at whatever cost, of enabling Turkey to withstand Russia, and of arming herself to take active part in the coming conflict. It was a fervid invocation, impelled by an overwhelming sense of the immensity of the issues involved, the first words of which were : " Arm, then, O England ; arm as to fight for all that thou holdest dearest in time and in eternity. Give without stint of thy sons and of thy daughters, those to receive, these to heal, the wounds of thy salvation." At this moment, not having in my mind any thought of my own son, a brilliant shaft of light, like a luminous arrow, seemed to me to dart through the carriage window into my brain, bearing on its barb a perfectly distinct image of my son, wearing a military uniform, and in a prostrate attitude. As he was not in any military service, nor had any prospect of entering such a service, the apparition gave me the greatest alarm, as portending some personal disaster in connection with the impending war. As soon as I had recovered my composure I took note of the time of the occurrence. It was three p.m., and the day Monday. I made no mention of the incident beyond writing to my colleague, telling her to ask me when next we met what had happened to me at that precise time. And four days later I went to join my son at Brighton, where he was studying medicine at the Sussex County Hospital. It was the day of his coming of age, and we had not met for several weeks. His first words after our greet-

ing were: "I want to go to Turkey." "I know you do," I replied sadly; adding, "In what capacity?" "As a soldier," he said. "I know you do," I said again. "How do you know it?" he asked; "I only knew it myself on Monday." "I knew it," I replied, "at three o'clock on Monday afternoon." On which he exclaimed, "That is the very time I thought of it. For I took particular notice."

In a measure this was a relief to me. For it suggested that the vision might have been due merely to some bond of sympathy subsisting between us, in virtue of which his thought had been transmitted to my mind; so that it was not necessarily an intimation from transcendental sources of impending disaster. The gloomy anticipation, however, continued to oppress me; and it was under this apprehension that I wrote, a few days later, when back again in London, a passage in strong denunciation of the policy on which Count Bismarck was then insisting, as likely to cause the loss which had been suggested to me. I had scarcely completed the utterance when my mother's voice again addressed me, coming as from one standing by my side, and saying aloud in a reassuring tone, "*Charlie shall be my care!*" As she had been almost mother, as well as grandmother, to him from infancy, her continued guardianship over him from the other side—supposing such a thing possible—was not unnatural. And the event has served to confirm the idea in view of the remarkable manner in which he has been preserved through many dangers since undergone in military service. For he followed his bent so far as to combine both professions by entering the Indian medical service. But supposing the experience to have been intended as an intimation of loss to me, it has had this much of fulfilment—that he has been virtually lost to my bodily sight, our fates having been so ordered as to keep us apart ever since, saving only for very brief meetings at very long intervals; some compulsion not of our own contrivance or desire always causing separation, so that in one sense he was virtually dead to me.

About the middle of January my colleague found herself sufficiently restored to return to her work in London, where she presently found herself greeted with the following verses by a young poet of some note, George Barlow, with whom she had a slight acquaintance. I reproduce them, as showing the

nature of the anticipations already formed of her by a mind open to ideas :

TO A. K.

" Thou hast to show the world that woman's power
Is manifold ; that she with ample heart
Can in the toil that strengthens man take part,
Yet quit not Love's serene sequestered bower ;
That she can traverse all the realm of Art,
And gather therein many a regal flower ;
Mix with the troubled labours of the mart,
Yet stoop not from her ancient throne one hour.

Thou has to show the world that woman's soul
Becomes not manlike, but her own the more,
The more she seeks its individual goal ;
That only when the mind's fair power is whole,
Developed, rounded, can Love's blossom pour
Its scent forth, crowned with sacred self-control."

January 19, 1877.

She resumed her quarters in Chelsea only to find her previous discomfort aggravated to a degree which made further stay there impossible. For, in addition to increasingly uncongenial mundane conditions, there were now ranged against her influences apparently submundane, to judge by their behaviour, whose persecution seemed expressly designed to drive her from the place. For they gave her no peace by day or by night, making themselves palpable both to sight and touch in a manner altogether intolerable ; and this not only to herself, but to her little companion, Rufus. So that as it occupied its wonted place on her table or her lap, where it was usually perfectly placid and content, it would start, and bristle, and shiver with fright. What to do she knew not. There was no friend or other relation available, and she dared not trust herself among utter strangers or to mere hirelings. Already she was on the point of breaking down again. And I saw no way to help her.

Such was the situation when she received—forwarded from home—a letter from a lady who said that, though ignorant as to where she (Mrs Kingsford) was, or what she was doing, she had been spiritually impressed to write to her and say, that if she was in need—as she was led to suppose—of a home in London, there was one in every way suitable at the house in which the writer was then staying, and she would be glad to see her

there if she would call, and, in fact, was actually expecting her. This letter was signed "Anna Wilkes," and its writer was no other than the "prophetess" of the visitation received by Mrs Kingsford three years before, who had meanwhile entirely lost sight of her, but had again been commissioned on her behalf. The call proposed was made with results as satisfactory as the intervention was remarkable. And Mrs Kingsford found herself the guest of one who, besides being a vegetarian and a spiritualist, was in every way qualified to be—as she became—a valued and a devoted friend, as all who remember Letitia Going as a charming young Irish widow can testify; and our friend "the prophetess" proved to be a person in every way worthy both of the mission entrusted to her, as well as of our personal regard, being a devout woman, of high intelligence, and full of good works.

Such was the manner in which we were once more brought into the near propinquity needful for our work. For my colleague's new home was in Jermyn Street, and but a few minutes' walk from my chambers. The event proved to be the means of accomplishing another indispensable step in our joint-education, our initiation into the mysteries of "Spiritualism." For although we were already in receipt of experiences which come under the category so-called, those experiences altogether transcended the level of the ordinary—by reason of our having alighted, so to speak, on the mountain tops in the outset—and it was necessary to the completeness of our knowledge that we descend and make exploration of the valleys.

It was not, however, with manifestations merely physical that we were called to make acquaintance. The circle of which we now became members consisted of pure feeders, serious seekers, and earnest workers. And the influences attracted were of too refined an order for phenomena of that class, and the results were personal, intellectual, and affectional, rather than physical. But whatever their kind, they were, one and all, such as to afford no room for questioning their genuineness, even though submitted to the severest scrutiny, being invariably such as could by no possibility be simulated or referred to reflex mental action, conscious or unconscious. The following is one example :—

While sitting one evening for manifestations in a fairly-lighted room, and having my hands on the table a little way apart, there

came a succession of minute tappings between my hands, nothing being discernible which could have caused them; and on my inquiring who it was that tapped, the name was given of my wife, who had died twenty years before in Australia, and whose name was known to no one present beside myself. It was *Esther*. Completely taken by surprise—for the length of the interval had prevented me from anticipating a communication from that quarter—I exclaimed, "Have you, then, been about me all these years unsuspected by me?"

"I have been much with Mary," was the reply, meaning by "Mary" my colleague, that being, as we came now for the first time to learn, her spiritual or "initiation" name, given her by our illuminators as the representative of the soul, the Biblical symbol for which is Mary, which name also occurs twice among her own names. The above reply suggested to me an explanation of a phenomenon which had greatly perplexed me, but of which I had made no mention. This consisted in the apparent transformation on that very morning of Mary into the complete likeness of my wife, though the resemblance between them was but slight. She herself was unconscious of this change of aspect, and I wondered how the likeness could come and go. I now ascribed it to a momentary transfiguration, caused by the apparition of my wife forming itself over her, and enveloping her as with a veil in such wise as to render herself visible to me. To my remaining questions, which were put mentally, the replies were perfectly accordant, and indicated full knowledge of my history and feelings. To one question thus put I received for answer, "Trust the love that has always been with you."

On our meeting next day, Mary—as from henceforth I propose to call my colleague, though I myself never called her by that name—told me that a curious thing had happened in the night which had caused her some perplexity, as she was not aware of anything to account for it. While asleep a voice had said to her, "Tell him not to ask me about money matters. It lowers me." At this she awoke, and, sitting up, asked aloud who it was that had spoken, when it was answered in a faint voice, "Esther." Not knowing of any existing reason for the injunction, she took it as anticipatory of the future. And her surprise and satisfaction were great on hearing from me that the question which had elicited the reply, "Trust the love that has

always been with you," did indeed involve a reference to money matters. For it bore upon a trust instituted by my wife's father, then recently deceased, in which our son's interests were largely involved, and the conduct of which was then causing me considerable anxiety, the matter being in Chancery.

The book [*England and Islam*], the writing of which was made the occasion of the momentous change which had occurred in my life and thought, and which was the foundation of all our subsequent work, was not permitted to be published without the accompaniment of events as distressing from one aspect as they were gratifying from another. The former were as follows :—

My eldest surviving brother was, besides being a clergyman, a man so different temperamentally from myself as to make it difficult for me to recognise any real relationship as subsisting between us. It was a relationship of the flesh, and of that only. We happened to have the same earth-parents. And his attitude in regard to my writings was invariably one of disdain, his intellectual and critical faculties, which were of a high order, having been developed at the expense of their proper supplement and complement, the intuitional and synthetical faculties. Nothing, however, had ever occurred to cause any rupture between us, a result due partly to the restraint I put on myself, and partly to the infrequency of our intercourse. He was in total ignorance of my recent developments and experiences, and it was a question with me how far it would be judicious to acquaint him with them. On my proposing to myself one evening to call on him—chiefly for the reason that we had not met for some time, and it would probably be long before another opportunity offered—I found myself strongly dissuaded from carrying out my intention, and advised to keep aloof from him altogether. It was, however, only when too late that I recognised the wisdom of the monition. For I made my call in disregard of it, intending to compromise by keeping silence respecting the matters uppermost in my mind. In the course of our conversation, however, I let fall some remarks which, to one so unfamiliar as he was with the lines of thought and experience that were habitual to me, were undoubtedly calculated by the mere fact of their strangeness to excite his doubts as to my complete sanity. At least, I thought that I detected signs of such doubt in his mind, which somewhat nettled me, and led me to express myself

ess guardedly, perhaps, than I should have done had I any anticipation of overt action on his part; one of the grounds of my irritation being a homily to which I was treated on the valuable de-spiritualising properties of certain well-known medicaments. The following day brought me further confirmation of my surmise in the shape of a letter urging me to submit my book to some literary friend before going into print. Somewhat resentful at the assumption involved in the advice, and mindful of sundry unappreciative criticisms from the same quarter on my previous books, I replied—not wholly without a malicious intent—expressing a wonder as to what would have been the fate of the book of Revelation had its writer submitted his work to a literary friend. Having dispatched this rejoinder, I dismissed the matter from my mind, making no mention of it to anyone. Nor had I the smallest suspicion that any action would be taken respecting it.

In the evening I resumed my sittings with Mary and her hostess, when I had the delight of receiving fresh evidences of tender and intelligent interest from the same dear spirit already named. And I was also rejoiced to note a manifest advance both in power of perception and in decision of character, such as to show a progressive unfoldment as occurring in the life beyond. Among other things she said, referring to our son, "Make Charlie lead a better life. If he only had the courage to live as you do, I should have power over him." This was clearly a recognition of the sensitising effect of the vegetarian regimen. The youth himself was far from being an unfavourable specimen of the young men of the period. On my asking whether I should give him this message, it was replied, "Not yet. Say nothing to any one." And presently the communication closed abruptly with these words, given with evident strong perturbation, "I will come to Mary alone." The hour was between nine and ten.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, I was surprised by a visit from Mary, who said hurriedly, and immediately took her departure—

"I have something very extraordinary to tell you, but cannot stay now, as Mrs Going is waiting for me to go towards the city. Be in for me in an hour's time."

She returned in about the time named, breathless with haste and excitement, and threw down on my table an open letter,

marked "private and confidential," telling me to read it. I did so, and found it was addressed to my publisher by the relative above indicated, urging the suppression of my book at all hazards and on any available pretext, on the ground of its author's undoubted insanity. The language was of the most peremptory description, and betrayed a desire to keep me in the dark and unsuspicious until I could be taken care of.

Of course I regretted the inadvertency which had thus resulted in throwing my relative into a state of panic, but I recognised a deeper source than the conduct of either of us as the true cause. I had been warned that hostile spiritual influences would endeavour to hinder the work, and that it would need caution to counteract them. About the letter and her possession of it, Mary gave me the following explanation, which I give in her own words :—

"You remember how our sitting was closed yesterday evening by Esther saying she would come to me alone. Well, in the night I dreamt that a lady, dressed in a dark costume, and with a veil over her face, came to see me in my room. She sat opposite to me by the fire, and, when she lifted her veil, I was struck by the resemblance to myself. She seemed greatly agitated, and said with much emotion and earnestness—speaking, as I understood, of you—'He has been so imprudent. For God's sake go instantly to Tinsley's. I will go before you.' 'What is the matter?' I asked; 'what has he to dread?' 'His relatives,' she replied, specifying two of them. 'They will stop his book, and plot against him to take him away. He has been so imprudent.' And this she repeated several times, concluding with again imploring me to lose no time in seeing Tinsley, and saying that she would prepare the way for me.

"When I got up I was in considerable perplexity what to do. I had learnt to believe in my dreams; and Esther's distress was so evident, and her injunction so positive, that it seemed a duty to comply. But what was I to say to Mr Tinsley? I had no reason that I could give for going to him, except one that would have made him think me out of my mind. While I was hesitating, Mrs Going said she had some business in the city on which she wanted my advice, and asked me to drive thither with her. The invitation came so opportunely that I took it as intended to settle the matter, as we should pass his place. So I just called

on you to make sure you would be in on my return, and then went on my way, still wholly at a loss what to say when I got there. However, my faith is tolerably strong after all we have seen of late, and Esther had said she would prepare the way, so I went boldly in and asked for Mr Tinsley. To my dismay he was engaged; and my friend was waiting! But, as it turned out, it was the very fact of his being engaged that made the result possible. It was the impossibility of discussing the letter before a third person that enabled me to bring it away. For on being informed of my call he came out of his office, accompanied by his visitor, and on seeing me said eagerly, 'Oh, you are just the person I want to see. You know Mr Maitland.'"

[I had introduced her to him for a literary purpose.] "'Can you tell me,' he continued, looking exceedingly serious, 'what to do about this letter?' and he placed that from your brother in my hands. I was in a state of great agitation, everything in the matter being so extraordinary; and not least of all that Mr Tinsley should not have thought a moment of my having any reason for going to him, and should trust a comparative stranger with such a letter; though I see now that he was bound to consult some one, and that some one who knew you, and who was likely lately to have seen you. As he was still engaged, and my friend was waiting, and I wanted to think what to do, I asked him to let me take the letter with me, and promised to return with it as soon as possible. So I made my excuses to Mrs Going and came back here straight. And now what is to be done? The tone of that letter shows that there is real danger."

I sent her back desiring her to tell Tinsley that his correspondent, who was violently prejudiced against spiritualism, had taken for serious a joke I had played on him; and as for the rest, she and plenty of others could vouch for my sanity. She went accordingly, and on returning told me that Tinsley's manner had struck her as that of a person who was acting under some influence of which he was unaware, but which he was unable to resist. For he had expressed surprise at himself for trusting her, saying that he could not help it; and adding as by way of apology for himself, that he was bound to consult somebody likely to know, before acting on a letter from a complete stranger. And as she was a student of medicine, and specially qualified to judge, he would take her opinion about me sooner than another's;

and as she was herself an author and a clergyman's wife, he would take her opinion also about the book. Had she read it? and was there in it anything that struck her as open to objection for any reason? He was at length reassured on all points, and so the matter terminated. On my showing her, for the first time, a portrait of my wife, she at once recognised it, and exclaimed, "It was she who came to me in my dream last night."

It may be of some psychological interest to state that the writer of the letter was wholly unmoved by the recital of this history, the one fact which impressed him being what he chose to consider the "unpardonable breach of confidence committed by the publisher." That the breach thus made between us remained unhealed, was a lasting grief to me; but I had to content myself with the reflection that as it was not of my making, so it could not be of my repairing. For it depended upon his own spiritual state, and only by means of his unfoldment in such wise as to be able to recognise my work, could we be brought again into relations with each other. It was his "Karma," I was assured on appealing to my spiritual overseers, when the time came for that doctrine to be expounded to us. And it might require many more lives for him to work out of it. Meanwhile I was to consider that, having accepted a commission to do Christ-work, I must accept the conditions declared by Christ as essential to it, as by renouncing all earthly relations which would interfere with it. The contact with the hard, cold, dry intellectualism which characterised him could only prejudicially affect the fervid intuitionalism indispensable to me and my work, and it was for the sake of the latter that the separation had been permitted.

After an interval of sixteen years we met again, with every disposition on my part for a reconciliation. But it proved hopeless. The stupendous work of which I had been one of the instruments; the high recognition it had found far and wide as meeting the world's supreme need; the life of high aspiration and earnest endeavour indispensable to it—all were ignored, and only disdain and contempt were accorded us. And this not for any fault ascertained or supposed in the work itself. Of that he had not read a word. But for the intrinsic absurdity he found in the very idea of a "New Gospel of Interpretation," which he forthwith proceeded to blaspheme by vehemently de-

nouncing it as "rubbish," and this before his wife and daughter! Restraining speech, I sorrowfully withdrew from what to me was now a house of Cain and Caiaphas, wondering how many earth-lives of bitter experience would be requisite to soften a heart so hardened.

I have already spoken of the book which was the immediate cause of this strange history, its genesis, its nature, and its defects. It remains only to add that it was published without further hindrance, and though regarded by the Press and by the generality of persons as the product of a disordered mind, was by the comparatively few who knew enough to be able to believe welcomed with an enthusiasm which led to my receipt of letters of fervid congratulations and thanks from persons altogether unknown to me; while from the far Antipodes there came a notice of it, published in the Melbourne *Harbinger of Light*, couched in the following terms:—

"From the author of the *Pilgrim and the Shrine* and *Higher Law* much might be expected; but these, and indeed all the other works of this remarkably original writer, are far excelled in the volume before us, the product of a pen in some directions without a fellow in contemporary literature. The vigorous style, lucid, and captivating, the fiery intensity of feeling, the loftiness and power of idea, proclaim the voice that of a prophet and a seer. It is a revelation of momentous meaning, magnificently unconscious, and weirdly suggestive."

The following exquisite little apologue was spelt out for us by rapping on the table:—

"A blind man once lost himself in a forest. An angel took pity on him, and led him into an open place. As he went he received his sight. Then he saw the angel, and said to him, 'Brother, what doest thou here? Suffer me to go before thee, for I am thine elder.' So the man went first, taking the lead. But the angel spread his wings and returned to heaven. And darkness fell again upon him to whom sight had been given."

It was only by degrees, as our spiritual education advanced, that we came to discern its full significance, and to recognise in it an eternal verity applicable alike to the individual, the collective, and the universal—a parable at once Biblical and manifold.

The first instructions received by us respecting the "tinctures" of the soul were similarly given. The presiding influences claimed to be our "genii," and called themselves A. and

Z.[1] On our asking for an explanation, the following colloquy took place :—

" ' A. is the letter of the heart, and Z. is the letter of the brain.'
" ' What do you mean by that ? '
" ' A. is the heart inverted ; Z. is the convolutions of the brain.'
" ' Who are you who speak ? '
" ' I am the guardian of Mary. My colour is the red of the prism.'
" ' What is the colour of my guardian ? ' I asked.
" ' Yours is blue, and that is the reason why you two, blending, make the royal purple.' "

There proved in due time to be much more in this communication than we then had any conception of. That these really were our respective " tinctures " appeared by the unanimous testimony of various clairvoyants, no less than by our own consciousness of our distinguishing characteristics. But the value of the fact lay in its mystic significance in relation to our work ; for it was an indispensable condition of our association. The work was one, we were given to understand, which required for its due accomplishment the co-operation of all the " Seven Spirits of God." No work could be a perfect work were any of these wanting to it ; but every " week " of the divine creation must have its " seven days." The seven rays of the prism are the mystical correspondences of these Seven Spirits. And hence the selection of persons whose " tinctures," in virtue of their representing the two extremes of the spectrum, and being thus complementary opposites to each other, included and comprised all the intervening rays. This explanation suggested an occult reason for the selection of purple as the imperial colour.

On exchanging the practice of communicating by means of raps for that of writing through the planchette, our very first experience was a demonstration to us of the independence of the results of anything in our own minds. Mary and I sat alone, and for a long time the instrument remained motionless. At length it wrote with evident difficulty, " This planchette is unmagnetised " ; which was quite true, for it was a new one. On

[1] There were not two genii calling themselves " A." and " Z." respectively. Anna Kingsford's genius (or guardian), whose name was Salathiel, called himself A. Z. But this letter-symbol A.Z. represented also Edward Maitland's genius, because Anna Kingsford's genius was one with Edward Maitland's genius, so that the two genii spoke of themselves " sometimes as *I*, sometimes as *We* " (see p. 187 *post*).—S. H. H.

aving passes made over it, and being breathed upon, it wrote vith ease.

We spent the latter part of February at the parsonage. While here several things were written for us through the planchette, among which was the following :—

" We are going to help the spirits of the animals to find some vay of coming to her whom you call Mary. Wait for it."

This was a promise and prospect which greatly delighted her, as implying the immortality of the souls of animals as well as of men ; and also as a recognition of her affection for them, and her efforts on their behalf.

Soon after our return to London, while sitting at the planchette, instead of moving evenly and smoothly over the paper, as was its wont when writing, it commenced to tilt and rock in a singular manner, through some cause we were unable to guess. And instead of writing, it travelled all over the paper, making unmeaning marks. Not caring for this, we broke off the sitting. On resuming after a brief interval the writing came as usual, and in reference to what had just occurred, said—

" Do not wonder. It is the spirit of a dog trying to write ; the first that has ever tried."

We were talking over this message, still maintaining contact with the instrument, when it wrote further—

" He says he not a dog ; but we know he is ; " thus making the animal express itself in child fashion.

Here I made a remark to the effect that it may be in that world, as it so often is in this, that people are not aware to how low a grade they really belong ; when my remark was assented to by the instrument writing, " Just so."

It was during the visit home just mentioned that Mary received the dream published in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, under the heading of " The Enchanted Woman." The attendant circumstances showed that it had been carefully arranged and prepared for by our superintending influences ; for, as stated in the note to it, it was preceded the night before by her being awoke by a bright light, and seeing a hand holding out to her a glass of foaming ale, while a voice said to her emphatically, " You must not drink this." The occurrence of the following night made the object of the prohibition, which was duly heeded, apparent.

It was to prevent the obscuration of her faculty by the unaccustomed beverage which A. was wont to press upon her, in view of the experience intended to be given her. This consisted in a series of dramatic tableaux of extraordinary vividness, exhibiting the process of man's fall from a state of perfection in doctrine and practice once attained, through the materialisation of things spiritual by the priesthoods. As in the Bible, the soul and its intuition were represented by a woman, and it was through the degradation of these, under the infernal influences implied in the term sorcery, that the fallen priesthoods had substituted for the pure and lovely truth originally divinely revealed to man, the ghastly doctrines and practices which have passed for orthodoxy. The record of this vision was very long, occupying six pages of close print; but Mary had been so deeply impressed by it, even while not at first comprehending its import, that she could not be induced to come down to breakfast until it was all written out.

A vision which gave us peculiar pleasure, alike for its exquisite playfulness and the quaintness of its humour, as well as its intimation of the purpose and nature of our association, was one that had been received [in London] on the eve of our recent excursion to Shropshire.[1] Although included in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, under the heading of "The Wonderful Spectacles," it is repeated here for the sake of the interpretation which was withheld there. I give it as written out in a letter to me.

"I was walking alone on the seashore. The day was singularly clear and sunny. Inland lay the most beautiful landscape ever seen; and far off were ranges of tall hills, the highest peaks of which were white with glistening snow. Along the sands towards me came a man accoutred as a postman. He gave me a letter. It was from you. It was this:

"'I have got hold of the rarest and most precious book extant. It was written before the world began. The text is easy enough to read; but the notes, which are very copious and numerous, are in such very minute and obscure characters, that I cannot make them out. I want you to get for me the spectacles which Swedenborg used to wear; not the smaller pair—those he gave to Hans Christian Andersen—but the large pair, and these seem to have got mislaid. I think they are Spinoza's make—you know he was an optical-glass maker by profession, and the best we have ever had. See if you can get them for me.'

[1] In *Dreams and Dream-Stories* it is dated January 31, 1877.—S. H. H.

"When I looked up after reading this letter, I saw the postman hastening away across the sands, and I called out to him, 'Stop! how am I to send the answer? Won't you wait for me?' He looked round, stopped, and came back to me.

"'I have the answer here,' he said, tapping his letter-bag, 'and I shall deliver it immediately.'

"'How can you have the answer when I have not written it?' said I. 'You are making a mistake.'

"'No,' said he. 'In the city from which I come the replies are all written at the office and sent out with the letters themselves. Your reply is in my bag.'

"'Let me see it,' I said. He took another letter out and gave it to me. I opened it, and read in my own handwriting this answer addressed to you:

"'The spectacles you want can be bought in London. But you will not be able to use them at once, for they have not been worn for many years, and they want cleaning sadly. This you will not be able to do yourself in London, because it is too dark there to see, and because your fingers are not small enough to clean them properly. Bring them here to me, and I will do it for you.'

"I gave this letter back to the postman. He smiled and nodded at me; and I saw then to my astonishment that he wore a camel's-hair tunic round his waist. I had been on the point of calling him *Hermes*. But I now saw that it was John the Baptist; and in my fright at having spoken with so great a saint I woke."

The full significance of this vision was beyond us at the time. Her first concern after receiving it was to verify the statement about Spinoza, of whose history she was totally ignorant. Nor, though familiar with the classic aspect of Hermes, as the "Messenger of the Gods," was she in the least aware of the important part assigned to him as the supreme name in the spiritual science of our planet, so that she was quite at a loss to account for the impulse thus to designate the letter-carrier. The impulse, nevertheless, was justified by the facts of the case. For, as we learnt by a fuller acquaintance with that divinity, it is his wont to assume an aspect characteristic of his mission; and Hermes has from time immemorial been, in the sacred science of the West, the symbol for the Understanding, especially in relation to divine things. In that science the sea—*Maria*—has always been the symbol for the Soul. And the tall, far-off hills, with their peaks glistening with snow, are the pure shining heights of spiritual attainment, the Soul's goal. Spinoza represented the utmost extent to which the mind can reach unassisted by revelation. He carried philosophy to the verge of religion. Swedenborg and Andersen were, in their respective lives, the two most notable modern representatives of the intuition. And

by the spectacles was implied that faculty which, by its combination of the intellect of Spinoza with the intuition of Swedenborg and Andersen, was destined to find in her such transcendent manifestation.

And the Baptist; how account for his presence in the allegory, and the combination of Christian with "Pagan" ideas? The full explanation was long in coming; but when at length vouchsafed, was absolutely and in the highest degree satisfactory. The revelation of the Christ-idea in interpretation of the Christ—our special task—could be made only through the process whereby Christ Himself is found—the process, that is, whereby Christ becomes Christ; this is to say, that the faculty by means of which man has the apprehension of divine things—namely, the understanding—must first undergo the purification implied in the baptism which is of John. To say that he who becomes a Christ must be baptized of John, is to say that the first and most essential step to man's realisation of his due divinity is purification of body and mind. Only they who are thus purified can "see"—that is, can realise—God. Wherefore the first visit of the Angel of the Understanding, whose name Hermes signifies both Rock and Interpreter, must be made in the guise of John the purifier. So far, moreover, from the term "Pagan" rightly denoting the principle called Hermes, Hermes is no other than the Holy Ghost operating as the second of his own Elohim, or Seven Spirits of God, who under his title of the Spirit of Understanding pervades the Bible from beginning to end, being the presiding divinity of the second day of creation, the rock on which Christ declares that He will build His Church, and the angel with the golden rod who measures the holy city in the Apocalypse.

While thus a vision of instruction and a prophecy and an augury of success, this experience denoted also and explained the necessity for our association; for it insisted on the combination of her finer and more microscopic faculty with such faculty as was mine as indispensable to the completeness of our work.

Another relapse into ill-health was brought about by the following incident:—On attempting to enter the *post-mortem* room of her hospital, in pursuance of the permission duly accorded, she found herself rudely pushed back, with an insolent

remark, and the door violently slammed upon her, by one of the medical staff in attendance, who took this way of notifying his objection to "medical women." Completely unhinged and knocked off her balance by the shock of such an affront, her system was rendered liable to incursions from the very lowest stratum of the spiritual world; so that as she sat alone in her room in the evening, brooding over the wrong, and unable to turn her mind to her work, she became aware of a presence passing slowly before her, which she described as the figure of a man, apparently a foreigner, wearing a morning robe, and having a countenance which, while handsome and highly intellectual, was obviously evil. His eyes, which were deep set, were fixed intently on her, almost paralysing her by the power of their gaze. She gathered strength, however, to summon aid, and the figure departed, leaving her in great terror; so that rather than be left alone, she resolved to give up the attempt to study that evening, and to accompany her hostess to a circle before which a noted "trance-medium" was to exhibit his faculty. Even here, though greatly interested in the performance, she was not free from molestation by the phantom; for it presented itself to her again, and so distressfully affected her as to compel her to withdraw to another room in charge of some of the party. One of these was also a sensitive; and on the apparition again presenting itself, this lady also saw it, and described it exactly as Mary had done, agreeing with her that it somewhat resembled the first Napoleon, and adding her impression that it was the spirit of some historical character noted for the strength of his will and the badness of his life, having been a poisoner and a sorcerer, and who was now endeavouring for his own evil purposes to obsess some good sensitive, such as he would know Mary to be. Another member of the party also claimed to be able to discern the figure, but less distinctly. On the following days we sat for writing in the hope of obtaining explanations and instructions; for Mary was all the time like one who had been poisoned. A week passed without any communication, and then it was written:

"Our chain has been broken by Cæsar Borgia. We can do nothing against him. He has passed. We have seen nothing of him for days. He has poisoned her; he poisons us. Use carbonate of soda. We are building walls."

None of us had thought of the personality thus named, nor were we able at this time to identify the influences who thus wrote; for we did not accept the spiritualistic hypothesis which regarded them as being necessarily the souls of the departed, but inclined to the belief—which subsequently proved to be correct—that they were not "souls" at all, but of the order called elemental, who, though non-moral, are intelligent, and are good or bad according to the spiritual states of the persons to whom they attach themselves, or who employ them, being as intelligent instruments in their hands. It was by their means, we came to learn, that our "Genii" wrote for us; for the genii are of celestial nature, and do not enter the plane of the material and astral. The idea of the "walls" was one that had often occurred to me, but in other terms; for Mary's sensitiveness and impressibility were such as to suggest to me the idea that a skin was wanting, for want of which to cover them the nerves protruded to the very surface, rendering her extraordinarily and distressingly sensitive to extraneous impressions. The suddenness and force with which sharp sounds struck her, seemed to betoken the absence of the intervening medium by which most persons are shielded from such effects and warned in advance. That this peculiarity was not confined to her physical system, but had its counterpart in the spiritual, and found recognition in the corresponding world, was presently shown in a manner altogether unanticipated; for, in reply to a request for a prescription for her affected lung, we received the following, only her hand and mine being in contact with the instrument :—

"Get one of the terebenthine oils. Pour a little in the hollow of the hand every night before going to bed, and anoint the upper half of the body. Sprinkle some also on the pillow, so as to inhale it while sleeping."

The word terebenthine being illegible, we asked for a repetition, when the writing continued :

"Terebenthine oils, such as balsam of Peru, or oil of cassia, or one of the essential oils of cloves, or bergamot, or flower of orange, or the aromatic oil of thyme, or balsam of Mexico, or copaiba.

"There is a disease known to medical men in which the patient bleeds for want of the necessary dermous protection. This disease is *purpura hæmorrhagica*. There is a spiritual disease as rare, in which the spirit bleeds for want of proper covering. The pain is very great, since the smallest spiritual or mental trouble or anxiety

causes a bruise, a sore, a wound, an extravasation of blood. The spirit in her is unclothed ; it is, as it were, naked."

Never was diagnosis more accurate, whether of a physical or of a spiritual state. It represented exactly the conditions of her existence, and the nature of the precautions by which it was necessary to guard her in order to prevent existence being altogether intolerable to her. Encased in so fragile and sensitive a frame, and possessed, nevertheless, of so energetic and vehement a spirit, she herself recognised the appropriateness of the simile which, to her amusement, I used for her—it was the favourite weapon of the anarchists of that period—" Nitroglycerine in a glass bottle."

But to whom were we indebted for this remarkable diagnosis and sensible advice ? We were never told positively, but we were in the course of a series of experiences which left no doubt on our minds that it was a certain eminent practitioner, lately deceased, who was concerned in them. Those experiences were the following :—

" On calling one day in Jermyn Street, I found her just returned from her hospital, and engaged in deciphering a message she had just received through the planchette. She was, moreover, greatly exercised about the following incident which had occurred at the hospital :—An idiot child, by whose bedside she was standing with a group of doctors and students, and whose case presented some very curious features, kept uneasily putting its hand to the back of its head. And as they were wondering why it did this, a voice, coming from one of the group, suddenly remarked—

" ' It is locating the seat in the bulb.'

" At this everyone looked at her, when, to her surprise and confusion, she became aware that the remark had emanated from herself, having been uttered unconsciously, and without any corresponding idea in her mind. How she reached home she knew not, so perplexed was she about the matter ; but she had no sooner entered her study than she found herself impelled to write the sentence which I found her endeavouring to read, and which bore all the signs of having been written, as she described it, with extraordinary speed and force. It ran thus :

" ' Be prepared. This placarding is destined to set the country on fire. There will be protests from many of the profession in the public journals charging you with publishing libels. A great storm is about to burst. You are warned.' "

Then followed a signature, which at first we took for C. W. S.

" The import of this was plain to us. We were then preparing to carry out an idea which had come to Mary, of placarding the streets with pictorial illustrations, taken from the books of the physiologists, of the horrors perpetrated in their laboratories. Of the healthiness

of the general sentiment we had no doubt; the only difficulty was to convince the public of the facts, the very horribleness of which was pleaded as an argument against their being possible, so little had the world learnt by the lesson of the Inquisition! We agreed that the message just received was valuable at least as a caution, pointing to the wisdom of allowing the suggestion to be carried out by one of the anti-vivisection societies, without implicating individuals; and we then set to work to unravel the mystery of the signature. So, placing our hands on the instrument, we requested the writer to repeat the initials. This he at once did, writing them in such a way as to indicate that what we had taken for a C was but an accidental flourish from the last letter. This letter, after several repetitions, clearly appeared to be an F. I then asked if it was one of our genii, when the word 'No' was written. 'Is it quite a new spirit?' 'Yes.' Then came six or seven times, in quick succession, the letters W. F., when, remembering the opposition to vivisection shown by the great surgeon, lately dead, who bore those initials, I inquired—

"'Is it the spirit of Sir William Fergusson?' in answer to which the word 'Yes' was written rapidly and plainly. The writing, we were afterwards assured by one who was familiar with his hand, bore a strong resemblance to that of Sir William, but we did not find an opportunity of making the comparison for ourselves. Neither did it strike us as a matter of much consequence, as it is scarcely possible with such an instrument to preserve the ordinary characteristics of a handwriting. And, moreover, as we subsequently learned, there are certain grades of spirits who are adepts in the simulation of handwriting, so that identity of style does not of itself prove identity of personality. In the present case, however, everything concurred to convince us that it was in very reality Sir William Fergusson himself who had diagnosed and prescribed for Mary, and had spoken through her at the hospital, his object on which occasion was to essay his power, and prepare her for what was to follow. On his next visit he wrote:

"'She must see Gladstone. I must leave ways and means to you. Only it is necessary to see him.'

"On our inquiring why he still concerned himself in the matter, he wrote:

"'It will help me to help with this subject.' He then moved the planchette to a separate part of the paper so as to have a clear space, and wrote:

"'I have something very grave and solemn to tell you. It is this: That we must rise by doing some good work; and this is mine. If I refused it, I should be lowered. I left undone much that I might have done on earth in this respect.'

"On March 7th he came again, charged us to 'strive for total abolition,' and insisted on Mr Gladstone being seen. He evidently considered the sufferings of British animals, the degradation of British science, and the extinction of British humanity, to be matters which ought to be near the hearts of true British statesmen; and he had carried with him to the other world an unabated confidence both in the universality of Mr Gladstone's sympathies, and the omnipotency of his advocacy.

" So great was his urgency on this point, that I at length seriously turned the matter over in my mind; and bethinking me of some mutual acquaintance who might serve as mediator, I asked mentally whether I should seek an introduction at the hands of the friend I was thinking of, who was the late Lady Egerton of Tatton. We frequently used tests of the kind, and always successfully. On this occasion the answer was—

" ' Yes; try and get an introduction in St James's Square ' (her residence).

" ' Shall I mention this message of yours ? '

" ' Judge as you find her. I advise not. She may know his hours. I am tired. I have not quite recovered from my illness.'

" ' What ! ' we exclaimed together, ' do the effects of disease survive the body ? '

" To this for some moments there was no reply. Then a totally different hand wrote :

" ' He has gone to rest.' And having written so indistinctly that we were doubtful as to its meaning, the same hand re-wrote the message legibly. An attempt was made to procure the desired interview, but it came to nothing. I did not think fit to divulge the particulars.

" On the 28th of the same month I was in the chair at a conference between two of the anti-vivisection societies, convened for the purpose of arranging for a public meeting; when the selection of a fitting chairman proving difficult, I yielded to the prompting of a sudden impulse, and expressed to my neighbour, the Rev. Dr Lee, vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, a wish that the spirit of Sir William Fergusson could materialise itself, and take the chair for us. I had not mentioned this incident; but on the same evening, when a few hours later we sat down to the planchette, he came and wrote :

" ' I was at your conference this afternoon. For God's sake do your utmost to put down vivisection. It is peopling our side with fiends. Of all the trees in the garden of death, this is the one which bears the deadliest fruit. In my heart I believe it is the last attempt of the powers of evil to abolish God. Pray let this letter of mine be published.—Wm. Fergusson.'

" In reply to our questions regarding this very unexpected communication, he added :

" ' I cannot describe to you what takes place here. We have monsters among us loathsome to see. Oh, my friends, hell and devils are realities; but the world mistakes their origin. They are not God-made, they are man-made. They are the conditions which men make for themselves hereafter by the evil tendencies they encourage in life. If you do not put this down, the holiest among you will have no heaven to come to. All will be one vast hell, and God will be blotted out for evermore.'

" ' Will you help us,' I asked, ' to make the best use of the time before Mary goes abroad ? '

" This was answered in a different hand, that of his ' guardian,' saying—

" ' He says *yes*, but can talk no more. He is tired.'

" ' And will you influence Mr Gladstone as he wishes ? '

" ' I will try, but he has a very strong will.'

" ' Are you also disembodied spirits ? '

" ' We are flames ; not souls.'

" ' Do the spirits of the dead, then, have human forms, while you resemble tongues of fire ? '

" ' Yes.'

" ' How long do you stay by us ? '

" ' We follow you through all changes.'

" ' Have we been incarnate before ? '

" ' Yes.'

" ' In animals ? '

" ' Yes ; and herbs and trees.'

" ' And do evil-livers descend into tigers, wolves, and pigs ? ' Here the spirit of Sir William Fergusson came back. He had evidently been listening to our conversation with his guardian. In answer to my last question, he wrote impatiently :

" ' There are worse things than pigs. I have told you that devils are realities.'

" We were three in number—our hostess, who took no part in the communications, also being present—and we all felt the troubled presence of Sir William Fergusson's spirit very sensibly. An indescribable solemnity seemed to pervade the room while he was writing the messages above given. Mary, who was in a highly sensitive state, expressed her fear that she would receive a visit from him in person—so conscious was she of his spiritual presence—and she was half afraid to be left alone. The spirits themselves, of whom there seemed to be several present, noticed her illness, and one of them, evidently an inexperienced one, wrote hastily, and scarcely legibly :

" ' We shall soon see Mary.' Upon this another hand, which we thought to be that of the experienced and considerate surgeon who had been speaking with us, came to the planchette and wrote, evidently with the desire to soften the announcement so abruptly made :

" ' Some of us think Mary would be more useful here than with you. They hope to see her soon.'

" Her anticipations of a disturbed night proved true. After a short sleep she woke, and observed on the wall opposite the fire a shadow as of some one sitting in her arm-chair. On looking towards the chair, she found it occupied by the figure of an old man, whose face she instantly recognised as that of Sir William Fergusson. His picture was in the shop-windows, and she was familiar with it. He was looking thin and haggard, and seemed distressed ; for when he spoke, it was in a somewhat querulous tone. His conversation was all of vivisection, principally urging more active measures. One phrase which he used frequently struck her as very singular. He kept saying, ' Why don't you do a little something ? I wish you would try to do a little something ; '—a remark which, considering that she was doing all in her power, seemed to her to be uncalled for. Being much exhausted, she fell asleep, and slept for some time. But on waking, he was still there, though not quite so palpable. The fire had burnt down, and there was no shadow visible.

" We pondered much the advisability of complying with Sir William's request, and making his letter public. The circumstances were sure, we considered, not to gain sufficient credit to exert the influence desired ; and prejudiced as the public, in its ignorance

of the subject, was against anything connected with 'spiritualism,' we considered the advice to be of doubtful wisdom. At the same time a message from the dead, and from one of his eminence, and given under so much solemnity and with so much urgency, was a thing not lightly to be ignored. We resolved, therefore, to consult some one of larger experience in such matters, and were fortunate in finding one well qualified. The judgment of our adviser was that, in the first place, we should injure our cause by mixing it up at that critical moment of its appearance before Parliament with a story of the kind, unsupported by more than the bare statement of enthusiasts in the cause; and, in the second place, that Sir William himself would not have made the request, had he been at the time in a condition to judge calmly. 'Young spirits,' he said—meaning by the phrase young in the spirit-world—'are apt to be eager to raise themselves by doing some good work. They are allowed to have an insight into the nature of the existence on which they have just entered, which rouses their indignation against evil, and makes them enthusiastic for good. We must not suppose that the description given in the message respecting the "other side" fairly represents the condition of things there. He was evidently shown something that exists in consequence of practices prevailing here. But the notion that evil is so rampant as might be inferred from his account, is altogether inconsistent with all other testimony, as well as with the moral possibilities of the case. No doubt he had been allowed to have a glimpse into one of the "Hells" which men make for themselves by their deliberate hardening of their natures, and suppression of their intuitions of right; and in his horror and amazement he has magnified the proportions of the part he has seen.'

"We acted on this advice, but endeavoured to fulfil the injunction to 'do a little something' by working yet harder in the cause. Shortly afterwards we saw in the papers a memoir of Sir William stating that his favourite phrase, when about to make any unusual effort in any cause he had at heart, was that he should 'try to do a little something' in the matter. It was a colloquialism of his; and Mary was delighted to receive so strong a confirmation of the 'objective reality' of her apparition.

"The account thus given us of the after-condition of the torturers of their animal brethren, received the following confirmation from an independent source. I related our experiences to a clergyman whom I had always known, a man of large humanity, high intelligence, and no ordinary sobriety of judgment, a hard-working parish minister, and an old Etonian and King's Fellow, the late Rev. R. A. F. Barrett, rector of Stour Provost. And I learnt from him in return that he had himself conversed through a medium with a spirit purporting to be that of a deceased vivisector, who had declared that he was in horrible agony on account of his deeds in the flesh; but that so far from being able to repent, his only wish was to inflict fresh tortures, and to make others like himself. He hated coming, he said, to make this confession, but was compelled to do so. It was part of his punishment, and he could not refuse."

These incidents had the following sequel, after which the visits of Sir W. Fergusson to us ceased. On the afternoon of

August 17 I was walking in St James's Park, when I observed that I was accompanied by at least one phantasmal form, perhaps by two. Presently losing sight of them I sat down on a bench and busied myself in reading some proofs of my book. But on coming to the passage in which I stated my reasons for deferring the publication of Sir William Fergusson's message, it occurred to me to desire some token of his approbation; and I had no sooner done so than, as it seemed to me, the presence of which I had before been conscious suddenly flung itself upon me, just as my mother had done, and covered me with an embrace that suffused and enveloped my whole being. Its substance was sufficiently dense to obscure the objects before me, and to induce me to turn towards a man who occupied the other end of the seat to ascertain whether he also perceived it, though I knew that he could not do so unless he were similarly sensitive. The contact lasted sufficiently long to impress on my mind the conviction that my visitant was no other than Sir William Fergusson himself, together with these words, "You have done the best; Mr Hugo is with me. The idea of the placards was his. Prevented by death from carrying it out himself, he inspired Mary with it." This was the late rector of West Hackney, one of the most whole-hearted and acute-witted of the opponents of vivisection, whose recent loss we were deeply deploring.

In April we paid a brief visit to the parsonage, during which Mary had the following dream-vision. It is included in her *Dreams and Dream-Stories* under the title of "The City of Blood." I reproduce it here on account of the sequel to it received by myself, which was not given there:—

"I dreamed that I was wandering along a narrow street of vast length, upon either hand of which was an unbroken line of high straight houses, with walls and doors resembling those of a prison. The atmosphere was dense and obscure, and the time seemed that of twilight. In the narrow line of sky visible far overhead between the two rows of house-roofs I could not discern sun, moon, or stars, or colour of any kind. All was gray, impenetrable and dim. Under foot, between the paving-stones of the street, grass was springing. Nowhere was the least sign of life: the place seemed utterly deserted. I stood alone in the midst of profound silence and desolation. Silence? No! As I listened, there came to my ears from all sides, dully at first and almost imperceptibly, a low creeping sound like subdued moaning; a sound that never ceased, and that was so native to the place, I had at first been unaware of it. But now I clearly gathered in the sound, and recognised its meaning as expressive of the

intensest physical suffering. Looking steadfastly towards one of the houses from which the most distinct of these heartrending sounds issued, I perceived a stream of blood slowly oozing out from beneath the door and trickling down into the street, staining the tufts of grass red here and there, as it wound its way towards me. I glanced up and saw that the glass in the closed and barred windows of the house was flecked and splashed with the same horrible dye.

" ' Some one is being murdered in this place ! ' I cried, and flew towards the door. Then, for the first time, I perceived that the door had neither lock nor handle on the outside, but could be opened only from within. It had, indeed, the form and appearance of a door, but in every other respect it was solid and impassable as the walls themselves. In vain I searched for bell or knocker, or for some means of making entry into the house. I found only a scroll fastened with nails upon a cross-beam over the door, and upon it I read the words: ' This is the Laboratory of a Vivisector.' As I read, the wailing sound redoubled in intensity, and a noise as of struggling made itself audible within, as though some new victim had been added to the first. I beat madly against the door with my hands, and shrieked for help ; but in vain. My dress was reddened with the blood upon the doorstep. In horror I looked down upon it, and turned and fled. As I passed along the street, the sounds around me grew and gathered volume, formulating themselves into distinct cries and bursts of frenzied sobbing. Upon the door of every house some scroll was attached, similar to that I had already seen. Upon one was inscribed : ' Here is a husband murdering his wife ' ; upon another, ' Here is a mother beating her child to death ' ; upon a third, ' This is a slaughter-house.'

" Every door was impassable ; every window was barred ; the idea of interference from without was futile. Vainly I lifted my voice and cried for aid. The street was desolate as a graveyard ; the only thing that moved about me was the stealthy blood, that came creeping out from beneath the doors of these awful dwellings. Wild with horror I fled along the street, seeking some outlet, the cries and moans pursuing me as I ran. At length the street abruptly ended in a high dead wall, the top of which was not discernible ; it seemed, indeed, to be limitless in height. Upon this wall was written in great black letters : ' *There is no way out.*'

" Overwhelmed with despair and anguish, I fell upon the stones of the street, repeating aloud : ' *There is no way out.*' "

I was profoundly impressed by the relation of this dream, as well as apprehensive of its effect upon the dreamer, by reason of its tendency to confirm and aggravate her already strong tendency to pessimism ; and I took it to be with a view to the correction of this tendency that the following sequel to it was very soon afterwards given to me, which occurred between waking and sleeping :—

' It seemed to me that at the moment when her despair had culminated, and while she was still lying prone on the stones, I joined her ; and seeing with her the impossibility of rescue for others, or

escape for ourselves by any ordinary way, I pointed upwards and cried, ' We will ascend to heaven, and save ourselves first, and perchance afterwards we may save these poor wretches. Come, then, take fast hold of me, and together we will scale the heavens. There is no blood there ! '

" ' No blood there ! ' was the agonised response. ' Only look, and you will see that the very skies are encarnadined with the blood shed by priests in honour of the sanguinary deity there enthroned ! Oh, folly ! folly ! to think to escape the deluge of blood by quitting earth for heaven ! No, no, there is no hope. God and man are made in the same image. Both alike are carnivorous, and for both alike is blood the daintiest food.'

" So I looked, and seeing that what she said was true, was about to desist from my attempt, and settle down in blank despair ; but ere I had done so a luminous gleam from the gory panoply overhead flashed upon me. ' There must be light—it cannot be all blood—where that came from ! ' I cried ; and I cast another and more piercing glance at the sky. Then to my delight I saw that what we had taken for the substance of the firmament was not the heavens themselves, but a veil drawn over them ; and not only was its fabric thin, but there were rents in it, which even as I gazed became larger, and disclosed through their openings patches of clearest blue and gleams of purest white. ' See ! see ! ' I cried, ' the heavens are not really blood. What of blood we see above us has been placed there by man. We have but to insist on rising, and we shall force our way through and behold the whole sky beyond clear and pure, and find as we near the throne that God is no blood-loving monster, but the source of all justice and mercy. Come, let us ascend to where He sits enthroned, and there seek the means to rescue our poor mother-earth from this deluge of blood.'

" As I spoke we ascended into the air and passed the veil of blood, and found that as we passed it vanished, rolled up like a scroll, and was no more seen. And the vision departed, leaving us mounting higher and higher in the clear blue of the empyrean."

And the time came when we recognised it as an exquisite and prophetic allegory of the state to which the world has been reduced under a priest-constructed religion and a civilisation wholly materialistic, and of the way in which our own and all other redemptive work must be done, in that only they who have first ascended in themselves can—returning—enable others also to ascend and accomplish their needed salvation—a luminous commentary, it seemed to us, on Eph. iv. 8–10.

Whatever the method employed for our spiritual education, the results were invariably such as to indicate a high order of influences as their source and control. Not only could they read our thoughts, they knew better than we ourselves knew what we really sought and desired to express. Of this the two following experiences are instances :—

I was wishing that our invisible friends would call me by some typical appellation, such as they had given to Mary, but I had neither made mention of my wish, nor formed any idea of a fitting name. Yet at our next sitting they wrote, " This is to Caro, the Beloved, Philemon "—designations not a little gratifying to me, as showing their recognition of the predominance of the affectional side of my nature. Mary was delighted with the " Caro," and occasionally used it for me as a simple designation. That it was intended as my " initiation " name was shown by the fact that I was always called by it by our genii. The message which followed showed their superior knowledge of our aims. It was this :

" Finish your novel, which is the work to bring you in money. But it must have a new title—not the one you have now. Take *Usque ad Aras*, and work up to this idea. We are all ready to help."

On reading this aloud, Mrs Going, who was present, asked the meaning of the Latin phrase, whereupon, before I could tell her, it was written :

" ' To the very altars. We mean you to lay bare the secrets of the world's sacrificial system.'
" ' And you will show me how ? ' I asked.
" ' Yes. We can, and we will make it succeed. Before finishing, we want you to go and see S——; he may tell you of a fitting publisher. You must not go to T——. And there is one in London who will give you good terms.' "

The " S " proved to be the name of the principal publisher of Swedenborg's writings, which struck us as significant in view of the nature of our work. In reply to my inquiry concerning the personality of the communicating influence, it was answered, " Your genius."

Not only was the fact that I had some considerable time before commenced the novel referred to, but the description now given of it, and the title proposed, expressed its leading idea with a clearness and fulness altogether beyond what I had yet attained. The task had, however, proved beyond my ability to accomplish to my satisfaction, the theme and conception containing possibilities to which I felt myself unable to do justice. But so far from being dissatisfied with my title, I was fascinated by it, both for its terseness and its suggestiveness, for what it concealed and what it implied. As there is now no prospect of my

needing it—seeing that for me to write a novel now, from my present standpoint, would seem to me to be fiddling while Rome is burning—I do not mind placing it at the service of some other writer, even at the risk of adding one more to the already large number of good titles wasted on inferior books. It was "Saint or Sinner?" the intention being to exhibit certain individuals as developing and exalting their *characters* at the cost of their *reputations*, through the inability of the generality to distinguish the real from the apparent, and the moral from the conventional, and their consequent crucifixion of the noblest and best for lack of the spiritual vision whereby to recognise them. By which will be seen how singularly appropriate were the title and description given me in writing by my newly discovered "genius." It has been no small compensation to me in abandoning the project to know that the form only, and not the intention of my work, has been changed, as will be obvious to every percipient reader of the latter.

It should be added that Mary was so taken by the idea, that she made several attempts to induce me to carry it out; and to my plea that not only would no publisher undertake a book containing such a portraiture of a "sinner" as would be necessary to an artistic and literary success, but that I myself felt the task of drawing either saint or sinner satisfactorily to be beyond me for want of the necessary knowledge, she made the reply to me, enigmatical at the time, and only long afterwards made clear, that she was quite sure she could supply any deficiency of knowledge on my part in either direction.

Another experience received at this time struck me as a crucial proof of the continued existence, identity, and power to communicate of the dead, so utterly inexplicable did it seem on any other hypothesis. It was in this wise.

A widowed friend, unknown even by name to any of the circle present, had written to me from Italy, where she was studying painting, asking me to try and obtain from her late husband some advice about her work. Keeping the application secret, I took the first opportunity of preferring the request, which I did mentally, my own mind being a complete blank as to what, if anything, might come of it; for I had never thought of the spirit in question as likely to communicate with me, though I knew that his widow believed herself to hold relations with him.

The reply was so immediate as to produce the impression that he must have been aware of what was wanted, and perhaps had himself prompted his widow's application to me. The response was, moreover, accompanied by characteristics so marked as to indicate unmistakably his identity. The answer to his wife's question was as follows :—

"Let her study the modulating of colour in the works of Titian, taking some one face and going over the same several times. Do this first, and then ask for more advice."

The apparition of Sir William Fergusson occurred on the night of the Wednesday before Easter. We had arranged to leave town on the following evening, on a visit to Mary's mother at Hastings ; but our departure was delayed through an occurrence which, while in itself singular in the extreme, threw an unexpected light on an obscure part of the Bible, and on the spiritual significance of certain animal forms. When Mary next awoke after her final interview with the phantom of Sir William Fergusson, it was broad day. While thinking over the experiences of the night, she suddenly saw before her in waking vision a collection of dragons, scorpions, serpents, lobsters, and various creeping things, large and small ; while a voice said to her, "Keep him from touching these ; if he touch the flesh of these, you must not suffer him to come near you." Her first thought had been that the vision was in some way a continuation of her previous visitation, of which her mind was still full.

She told me of this vision in the course of the day, and drew for me some of the forms of the animals ; for so vivid had been her sight, that she had every detail perfectly impressed on her mind. But through some interruption to our conversation, she omitted to tell me of the prohibition. She had, moreover, no apprehension of any of the animals shown coming in my way, or of my eating of them should they do so.

In the afternoon, however, owing to the presence of a visitor who desired something different from the diet usual in the house, a lobster appeared on the table. At this she was somewhat dismayed, for it gave rise to the suggestion that her vision might be prophetic, and have an unanticipated significance. Even now she did not tell me of the positive prohibition, but imagined it was intended as a test ; and that *if* I partook, she was not to go on her journey with me. Consequently, after a general re-

mark from her, intended as a dissuasion against the eating of anything that had to be put to so cruel a death as is reputed of the lobster, I, regarding it as fish, and "cold-blooded," and, therefore, in the absence of a sufficiency of perfectly insensitive food, allowable, partook of it, but through some cause I could not define did no more than taste it. Shortly after this she rose and quitted the room, saying she should not be able to go that evening.

After venting her disappointment alone—for she had been eagerly looking forward to her holiday—she returned and said that she saw now that she had been wrong in not having told me the whole vision; but that she had mistaken the meaning of the words uttered, and that, as she now perceived, they were not a test, but a positive prohibition. And we then sat down to consult our genii through the planchette concerning the occurrence, deeming it likely that the vision had been of their sending.

We both, as usual, placed our hands on the instrument; but after waiting for some time, there was no response. I then withdrew my hand in order to reduce the amount of the light in the room, but sat down again without doing so on finding that the writing had begun. On replacing my hand, it ceased. I withdrew it, and it went on again. And so again the third time. Thereupon I withdrew it altogether. It then wrote:

"'Let him go. We can do nothing with him now.'

"'For how long is this? Can we go to-morrow?' we asked. To which it wrote:

"'If he purge himself to-night you may go; but he may ask nothing of us for seven days.'

"'What is the meaning of this prohibition?'

"'The spirits who hold intercourse with you belong to an order which can have no dealings with eaters of reptiles, whether of sea or land. For all things which move upon the belly are cursed for the sake of the evil one, whose seal is set on all serpents, dragons, and scorpions, such as we showed you.'"

In answer to further questioning they said—

"If he take the purge you may go with him to-morrow."

I complied with their injunction, and the next morning we asked some further questions respecting this strange affair. Among other queries, we inquired whether they endorsed the

whole of the Levitical code, for we had recognised and found a passage corresponding to the above. To this they replied—

" ' No, else you would have been destroyed already.'
" ' Is it right to eat flesh ? ' was then asked ; to which it was replied :
" ' We do not say it is right ; and, even, for you it would be unlawful to eat flesh.' "

To the question whether I might now put my hand on, an answer was given in the affimative by rapping.

It was the morning of Good Friday. Placing my hand on the planchette, I begged the spirit to tell us the precise truth respecting the events for which the season was celebrated. What were the facts of the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension ? And we awaited in grave eagerness what we hoped might be authentic information respecting these great problems.

Presently the planchette moved under our pressure, which we made considerably greater than usual in order to obtain a lasting impression. It wrote three lines, and then stopped, signifying by a tap that the message was finished. Hastening to see what was written, we found it to be this :

" We are not of a high order. We know no more than you. He who sent us has withdrawn."

I was still " unclean," and the controlling spirit of the communication had departed on my approach, leaving the inferior spirits employed to perform the mechanical act of writing without further guidance ; for, as we subsequently learnt, the genii, being of the celestial order, do not themselves manifest on the physical plane, but employ the elementals for that purpose.[1] And these had not the knowledge we sought. When thus controlled the elementals would speak in the names of the genii, saying, " We are your genii," their own personality being set aside in favour of those whose instruments they were.

A question respecting the probability of the editor of a certain weekly paper publishing Sir William Fergusson's letter—for we had not then come to a decision—elicited the following :—

" We have but restricted power over the wills of men. Try your best. He wishes it."

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[1] The writing of the last message was totally unlike that of the previous ones. They had had nothing like it before (*The Soul and How it Found Me*, p. 208).—S. H. H.

The following questions were asked, and answers given, while at Hastings during my period of retirement, Mary sitting alone :—

" ' Why must we hold in abhorrence creatures who go on their bellies, and crawl in sea or on land ? '

" ' They are the receptacles of unclean spirits.'

" ' Please explain.'

" ' These spirits cannot exist in the pure elements, save to engender mischief and trouble, such as blight, fever, storm, hurricane, and the like. Wherefore the Lord, for the sake of His creatures, has given up to them certain forms which they may inhabit, that they may be shut up in them, and that the world may be saved from the destruction they would otherwise bring on it.'

" ' Then it must be wrong to kill these creatures, for they are thereby let loose to work mischief.'

" ' Not so ; for they are evil beasts doing injury to all things about them. And, moreover, the vitality of the unclean spirit being given off to that of the animal energy of the beast he inhabits, perishes in great part with it ; so that by its death he is partly consumed, and returns to the elements by so much weaker than before. It is good, therefore, that all such evil beasts should be destroyed. Whoso cherishes them, cherishes evil spirits.' [1]

" ' Why, then, does not the " Lord " destroy these evil spirits ? '

" ' It is the nature of them to burn out and expend themselves.'

" ' Of what animals in particular do you speak ? '

" ' The worst of these evil spirits dwell in serpents, in adders, in scorpions, and their kind. Others in creeping things. Others, less pernicious, in the races which rend and devour ; such as the lion, the jackal, and their kind. Others, yet less potent, in the swine and their kind. But these last are redeemable.'

" ' What do you mean by redeemable ? '

" ' I mean that to kill such creatures is not a merit, but an offence.'

" ' How do you divide the evil spirits ? and is their difference of degree or of kind ? '

" ' Of kind. The worst are poisonous spirits. Of such is the brood of Apollyon, the falsifier of all things. Others are selfish spirits. These are encased in horny exteriors, their only soft parts being internal ; such are lobsters and their kind. They are of the brood of Belial. Others are cruel spirits, as the tiger, the wolf, and the cat. These are the brood of Saturn, the father of priestcraft. They are redeemable hereafter. Others are impure spirits, eaters of dung and uncleanness ; such are swine, dogs, and the like. They are redeemable here. To slay them, save for crime's sake, is unlawful. These are of the offspring of Balaam. Many among men are also under his dominion. Such are the most common. Others are foul spirits, against nature, cursed of God and detestable, suckers of blood, begotten of foulness. They are the brood of Beel Zebub.

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[1] Edward Maitland says : " We gathered from this reply that immortality is by no means a matter of course for all. That those who care to preserve their souls must tend and cultivate them : otherwise they shrink away and expire, though not until many opportunities have been afforded for repentance " (*The Soul and How it Found Me*, p. 210).—S. H. H.

Such are lice and creeping things, to destroy which is a duty and a good work; for they shall neither be redeemed here nor hereafter, but are vile as serpents and scorpions. Such as these abounded in ancient times, when the earth was full of monstrous reptiles, offspring of Abaddon and of Belial. But their forces are weakened, and their might decreased. Adonai reigns, and shall reign. Amen.' "

The above was received on Easter morning. On the expiration of my prescribed term, they wrote :

" We want to give Caro some advice. It is that he should not wear next his flesh garments of wool, but of linen. This is an ancient law—the law which we gave to the priests. Look in the Scriptures. It is because of cleanliness. Let him wear drawers next his thighs, therefore. We will permit the vest and the coverings for the feet, because of your infirmity, so that you wash them every third day in summer, and every sixth day in winter. But we prefer silk or linen. It is the law of cleanliness."

The concession to my " infirmity," and with it the change of person, were made in instantaneous answer to the thought that passed through my mind as I followed the message, to the effect that I was afraid of taking cold by exchanging wool for linen.

In answer to my question, whether they had given these laws to the Hebrews, or whether the latter had inherited them from the Egyptians, they wrote :

" The genii of all the nations had these laws."

And to my question whether I had been right in asserting the interior identity of the ancient religions, they wrote :

" It is truly so."

In answer to a question respecting the meaning of their phrase, " The Evil One," and who were Beel Zebub, Abaddon, etc., they gave this enigmatical reply :

" You are seeking to know the origin of evil. Know that this cannot be told you until Mary is ready for her mission. She must first die and be spiritually raised from the dead, then she shall know all things. But the time is not yet. In the meantime, seek the kingdom of God and the law of a perfect life. Follow the rules we give you both. They are of rigid necessity. And prepare for us a writing-table of cedar-wood. We will give you directions to-morrow. Buy the drawers first."

I at once complied with their injunction respecting the linen clothing, but refrained from mentioning it. They showed their knowledge of my movements, however, by writing at our next sitting :

" You have done well."

Interpreting the previous message as a caution against pressing at present for information respecting the mysteries of the spiritual world, we forbore to seek further in that direction, leaving it to them to choose their own time for enlightening us.

They were as good as their word respecting the writing-table, giving us at two sittings minute directions for its construction, and showing Mary, moreover, in a waking vision, a pattern of it so distinctly, that she was enabled to make a perfect drawing from it. There was much that was symbolical about it, and their minuteness reminded us of the directions for the Hebrew tabernacle. It was to be in the form of a cross, and have in the centre a plate of metal or fireproof stone, able to bear an intense heat, which no one was to approach, "lest," they said, "we suffer by the contact." Of the need of such a caution for our own sakes we had already had notice, Mary having been once burnt on the hand while sitting at the planchette, no fire or lamp being near.[1] The table was to contain no bone or ivory or animal product, and no base metal. It was, moreover, to be provided with a pen, so as to make a permanent record.

From this, and their frequent reference to a "mission," we were led to believe that they entertained a serious desire to institute some order corresponding to the ancient mysteries, for the future continuous enlightenment of the world.

Of the importance they attached to the quality of our food, and the disposition of our sentiments, we had repeated proofs. To the question whether shrimps and prawns came under the same ban as reptiles (it was when we were about to cease from intercourse with them for a time), they wrote :

> "When communicating with us do not eat either ; but now that you do not wish to hold intercourse with us, you may eat them, but not lobster." "Man's perfect diet," they subsequently said, "is grain, the juice of fruits, and the oil of nuts."

We had a planchette constructed after the pattern prescribed, but it proved cumbrous and otherwise defective in the use, and

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[1] In *The Soul and How it Found Me*, Edward Maitland, referring to this incident, says : "Chancing one day to place her hand over the centre of the instrument immediately after the delivery of a message, 'Mary' received a somewhat severe burn which exhibited itself in the form of a large watery blister on the finger, accompanied by much pain, no light or fire being near at the time" (p. 162, and see p. 397 *post*).

was accordingly soon discarded. In an instruction received some years later from a source we had learnt to hold in supreme respect, we were informed that its contrivers were elementals of the order of the Salamanders or fire-spirits, who—being employed by our genii—had sought to use us for their own ends, but had been restrained by a higher power, and that only under such control is it lawful to have recourse to the elementals.

Among the intimations given to her for me at this time, was one to the effect that in order to qualify me fully for my part in the work assigned us, it was needful that I be "isolated from every interest and every tie that might attach me to the world." As already indicated in this narrative, much had been done to bring about this result. As time went on, the process was enforced with a rigour so severe, as to make it obvious that only by the utter renunciation of all other associations and interests, and the unreserved acceptance of the conditions imposed, could the work required of me be accomplished, or life itself be rendered tolerable. No ordeal was spared, no mortification withheld, that might minister to the suppression of all incompatible tendencies. The one reward held out was the joy of achieving the world's emancipation from the tyranny of false beliefs by replacing them with true ones. And the very enhancement of the consciousness resulting from the suffering endured proved an indispensable condition of the perception of truth.

In a dream received during this period, she found herself in a group of grey-headed men, who were discoursing together on many profound subjects. They talked long and earnestly, and as if for our especial benefit. Everything said struck her as most admirable, but she was unable to retain more than these fragments. To the question put by one of the elders, "What do you mean by Almighty God?" it was replied by another:

"God comprehends all things, but is no person in the sense in which we understand person. Divinity is the substance of all things. It throws off rings which become individuated as spirits.

"And in answer to another question it was said, 'The Jews are undoubtedly right regarding the nature of Jesus. To conceive of God as incarnate, or having a son, in the way supposed among Christians, is a blasphemy against the Divine Essence.'

"We had previously received in writing the following reply to a question concerning the method of creation: 'Divinity is diffused at first. It is individuated in forms, gradually becoming stronger, as nebulous light is concentrated in consolidated orbs.'"

The vision in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, called "The Counsel of Perfection," was received at this period. Mary was especially delighted with it, as affording high recognition and encouragement of her labours on behalf of the animals. And I accordingly reproduce it here, for the benefit especially of those who might otherwise fail to see it. It is, moreover, a complete answer to the allegation that the Gospels are silent on the subject of man's treatment of the animals.

"I dreamed that I was in a large room, and there were in it seven persons, all men, sitting at one long table; and each of them had before him a scroll, some having books also; and all were grey-headed and bent with age save one, and this was a youth of about twenty, without hair on his face. One of the aged men, who had his finger on a place in a book open before him, said—

"'This spirit, who is of our order, writes in this book: "Be ye perfect, therefore, as your Father in heaven is perfect." How shall we understand this word "perfection"?' And another of the old men, looking up, answered, 'It must mean wisdom, for wisdom is the sum of perfection.' And another old man said, 'That cannot be; for no creature can be wise as God is wise. Where is he among us who could attain to such a state? That which is part only, cannot comprehend the whole. To bid a creature to be wise as God is wise would be mockery.'

"Then a fourth old man said, 'It must be Truth that is intended; for truth only is perfection.' But he who sat next the last speaker answered, 'Truth also is partial; for where is he among us who shall be able to see as God sees?'

"And the sixth said, 'It must surely be Justice; for this is the whole of righteousness.' And the old man who had spoken first, answered him, 'Not so; for Justice comprehends vengeance, and it is written that vengeance is the Lord's alone.'

"Then the young man stood up with an open book in his hand and said, 'I have here another record of one who likewise heard these words. Let us see whether his rendering of them can help us to the knowledge we seek.' And he found a place in the book and read aloud:

"'Be ye merciful, even as your Father is merciful.'

"And all of them closed their books, and fixed their eyes upon me."

The time was approaching when she was to return to Paris for a lengthened stay, and it would have to be decided in which direction lay the balance of duty for myself. Whatever of hesitation there was about my accompanying her, was on my part; not that I was not prepared, and even eager, to sacrifice all personal considerations in the pursuit of the knowledges of which we were evidently on the track; but I was not prepared to sacrifice *her*, and I failed to see how the requisite association

could be contrived without exposing her to injurious misconstruction. It was a matter in which I had to do the thinking for both; for her aversion to the existing order of society was such as to render her indifferent to its opinion. "So long as a thing is not wrong in itself, by reason of its falsehood, injustice, or cruelty," she would say, "I do not care. For mere conventionalities I have no respect. And, besides, if my husband approves, no one is entitled to object. Who and what is the world that one should respect it?" And so forth. Considering, however, that it was in the world that her future life and work lay, and that only by keeping in touch with it could she hope to influence it for good, and being, moreover, exceedingly doubtful whether, when put to the test, her strength would equal her courage, I felt the difficulty to be great, and was accordingly much exercised in the matter.

Of course we did not fail to consult our invisible monitors. But they seemed unwilling to give positive directions. In answer to one question they said—

"We can do nothing for either of you if you separate." To another, "Our power over human will is restricted. For both your sakes it would be wiser not to part. But we can only counsel. You are free. You must be led by reason and consideration for others."

Still divided between conflicting duties, I pressed for something more definite. Her destination was Paris. On asking whether I should go there, they wrote, "Do you wish to know? . . . GO."

It so happened that during the writing of this message her little daughter entered the room—for we were at the parsonage at the time—and for the first time placed her hand on the planchette; and at this moment it quitted the line it was writing and travelled to another part of the paper, and then wrote, in a large and firm hand, the word "Go." Thinking this implied an objection to the child's presence, we dismissed her, and expressed to each other our surprise at their disliking contact with a purely-fed child such as she was. Hereupon they resumed their communication, and with unwonted vigour wrote:

"You misunderstand us entirely. The child gave us force and courage to say to you—Caro—the best for you spiritually—Go!

"We said *spiritually*. If you go with our Seeress to Paris, we will send to you men who will spread before you stores which you and she only are able to sift—ore full of gold, oysters rich with pearls." On asking further, they added, "We have told you all that is needful for the present."

Their determination to associate us together in their communications was evinced by their refusing to write for me with anyone else, save only to give such answers as, "You are not to write to-day. Mary is not here." On parting they said, "We will give her messages for you."

"Can we communicate together by means of the planchette?" I asked, thinking that some system of spiritual telegraphy might be contrived.

"No. But she will see us in visions far better than we can tell her in writing."

"Have you any final instructions?"

"Only this. You are right in forecasting great tribulation." (This she had done in a trance.)

"For whom, and of what nature?"

"It is Mary's flight into the wilderness and persecution by Apollyon of which we speak."

"Can she escape it?"

"Yes, if she gave up the mission for which she was born."

"What is that mission?"

"You shall know in time."

During this visit we received the following experience in direct clairvoyance without possibility of explanation by thought-reading:—

Shortly before leaving London, I had met at my club my particular friend, the Rev. John Winstanley Hull, who said that he wished for the advice of some good clairvoyant in a matter which was causing him anxiety, and asked if I could tell him of one. I promised to do my best, and proposed, by way of making a crucial test, that instead of telling me what he wanted, he should write it and enclose it in a sealed envelope in such a way as to render inspection impossible. This he accordingly did, and I put the packet in my pocket, which it never quitted until, soon after my arrival at the parsonage, we sat for some writing. Then, placing it on the table, I asked for a reply to its contents, neither of us having the smallest suspicion as to their nature;

while I alone knew from whom it came. Presently the instrument wrote, " It is a question about which we must consult the guardian-genius of the lady concerned, and we must find him."

On my asking for more it was added, " No more information for J. Stanley Hull ! " On my enclosing these replies, together with the packet still unopened, to the writer, he returned me the paper containing the question he had written. It ran thus : " Good spirits, will you kindly say what is wrong with my daughter, and what shall I do now ; take her elsewhere, or leave her ?—J. Stanley Hull."

Not only was I unaware that his daughter was ill, and had been sent from home for special medical treatment, but to make the test more complete he had altered his mode of signature. On my asking Mary for her explanation of the *modus* of this experience, she said that, although she was in no conscious way a party to the writing, she had by some means been made aware of the question and answer at the moment of the writing.

CHAPTER X

PERSECUTED OF APOLLYON

It was not yet, however, that I was to accompany her to Paris; for it was arranged that she should take her daughter and governess and live with them in an apartment. She accordingly took up her abode in a small street in the Chaillot quarter, No. 26 Rue Boissière, about midway between the Arc de Triomphe and the palace of the Trocadero, then in course of erection, an elevated and healthy situation, her choice being influenced by the near propinquity of the family with whom she had formerly resided, and who had lately removed thither. The arragenment was one about which I had great misgivings, on account of its failure to provide her with the sympathetic surroundings so essential to her; and it was, moreover, by no means in accord with the evident desire of our unseen friends. Nevertheless, for the reasons already given, I concurred in it, hoping that when the time came—as I had no doubt it soon would come—for our reunion, the means to that end would be of a gentler kind than on the previous occasion. A. accompanied her, and remained until she was settled in her apartment. But he had no sooner quitted her than she was overtaken by one of those attacks of depression in which her constitutional pessimism was wont to manifest itself, in which mood she wrote the following reply to a letter in which I had mentioned the projected marriage of some mutual friends, and the little prospect there was of any changes being made in the university system in England in time to enable her to obtain a degree at home :—

"A. has gone, and I am all alone in Paris. Your letter is not one to cheer me. The news about the university is none of the brightest. And then, that engagement. Oh! how *can* people think life a desirable thing? How *can* they deliberately set about bringing into existence more people to share it? And how *can* you write calmly about it? I read that part of your letter with an absolute shudder, lest you, too, should seriously wish to find some

such woman as the imaginary ' she ' you speak of ; and of downright horror at the notion of any man who *knows* anything, and has *felt* anything, desiring to introduce a new sentient creature into hell. For this *is* hell, and nothing else. It is a terrible thing for the ignorant and thoughtless to do ; but they who know should surely give thought to the capability to suffer, which they are about to bring into being, and refrain accordingly.

" I have just come from the hospital, where I have seen a man who for months has lived in horrible torture. Last time I saw him he was lying back on his pillows panting for breath, with great drops of sweat on his forehead, his whole body exhaling a fetid odour which sickened the bystanders. This morning he is dead—white, and still, and calm, and indifferent. I stood and looked at him. ' *It is living,*' said I to myself, ' that is the only real disease. Why should we seek to prolong it ? To be dead is to have triumphed over the fever, and to be convalescent. What fools we doctors are ! Then I went upstairs into the women's ward. Among them was a new patient—a woman twenty-six years old. She had ankylose of the coxo-femoral articulation, arthrite of the knee, and was bed-ridden. When the *chef* turned down the bed-clothes—behold, she was eight months gone in pregnancy ! ' What,' he cried, ' you suffer all this, and you are about to be a mother ! ' Miserable wretch ! Could she not have learnt one lesson of forbearance and charity to the unborn from all her own sufferings. Incurably diseased at twenty-six, and she thinks life so fine a thing that she will bring into it another unfortunate to share it with her !

" ' There is no way out ! ' These are the words I saw in my dream. They are burnt into my brain ; I go all day repeating them. And there are moments when I feel like the hero of the old Hebrew poem,—' Cursed be the day in which I was born ; and the night in which it was said, " a child is conceived ! " '

" This morning I had a letter from Florence Marryat, enclosing a cheque and a copy of the February number of *London Society* containing my story. A. has the MS. of another for America to post in London."

These tales were of a comparatively frivolous order, and represented the revulsion to the other extreme of her nature necessary to the maintenance of its equilibrium, and were written far rather as a relief from spiritual over-tension than from motives of gain. It was her intention later to include them in a volume of her collected stories ; but during her last illness she withdrew them from the list, not wishing to have her name permanently associated with anything of so exclusively worldly a character.

For the next few weeks but little communication passed between us ; we were both absorbed in our respective work. Then came a letter, which I interpreted as signifying that our guiding influences were once more preparing to bring us together again ; for it said :

"I think that they who have the guardianship of you are, above all things, anxious to detach you from your present surroundings. I think they wish to place you in circumstances wholly different from those of your previous life, and to 'isolate' you, as they themselves said, from all worldly influences. In order to do this you will have to leave London, and certainly to withdraw yourself from your immediate family. . . .

"A most extraordinary thing has just happened to me! As I wrote that word 'family,' I suddenly *saw*, with all the clearness of actual vision, the figure of Christ, with Mary Magdalen beside Him, going forth together over a plain towards Jerusalem, and in the far distance a group of persons, men and women, standing at the door of a cottage, shading their eyes with their hands, and looking after their departing forms. It must have been a vision of Christ leaving *His* family to go out and preach the gospel. I must go and rest a little. This sudden appearance has disturbed me. . . .

"What I propose, then, is that you should join us so soon as you can after A. leaves me. For he is coming first. I am going to send away E.'s governess, and have her taught at a school close by, to which she will go for certain hours in the daytime. We three should constitute a pure household, and our work would be easy and peaceful. I cannot do real, worthy, and valuable work apart from you. I think your magnetism imparts a vigour to my brain which nothing else gives me.[1] And I earnestly believe that this proposition of mine is the actual end towards which we have long been being conducted. You *must* detach yourself from your present world. You *must* be one with me. It is not permitted us to serve both God and Mammon. The tongues of the world will die away and be hushed when the world knows our lives and sees our work—work which we cannot produce apart, and which it will be idle to attempt unless we are together. I write with the strong conviction that I speak the truth, and that you *must* and *ought* to hear it. I will ask Miss D. to write to you; for I know she will take my view about the governess, and the school, and your being with us.

. . . . . .

"I have spent two hours with Miss D., and she does take my view; so pray look upon the arrangement as a settled one. Ah, what happy communions we shall have, and how great the work we shall accomplish! A. is sure to be pleased, for he himself mentioned it to me as a feasible plan, and said he was certain you and C. would never get on together—he with his student chums, and you with your serious work—in the same rooms."

"Why Mary Magdalen and her reappearance on the scene?" I asked myself, as I pondered this strange recital, and recalled the corresponding incident which had led to her joining the

[1] This is not to be taken as implying any mesmeric or kindred process. There was nothing of that kind between us, but only the flow of vital energy which always, consciously to both of us, seemed to set in from my system to hers when in propinquity, and which was almost as exhausting to me as invigorating to her.—E. M.

Roman communion. And then, as I continued to think, the words came to me: "You will know in time"; and before I could frame further questions, there were projected into my mind these words:

"Meanwhile, what she wrote was inspired, and must be heeded. You are to go to Paris, and live with her as John the Beloved would live with Mary Magdalen were the two to come back to tell the world what they knew about the Christ."

"And how is that?" I asked; but there was no response. Clearly I was to think it out for myself. And while endeavouring to do this, there recurred to me a passage I had written in the previous winter. It is on p. 428 of *England and Islam*, and is as follows:—

"Fancy a Paul redeeming a Magdalen by sheer dint of out-loving her! Fancy his exhibiting the divine tenderness and patience which could go on enduring and loving without stint, while the frantic hysterical woman was rent by one devil after another of the seven which possessed her! Tormented and fretful himself, the Alexander Pope of the Apostolate, save for his unfeigned enthusiasm—so far from the feverish hand of Paul soothing the excitement of those inflamed nervous centres—as we may conceive was done by the sympathetic magnetism of the touch of Jesus, it would have but aggravated the symptoms until, in place of peace and salvation, despair and madness had supervened. Paul might boast of being all things to all men. Christ could be all things to all men, and to all women also."

Seeking for the reason why such a train of thought was suggested to me, I found myself impressed with the conviction that it was for my own guidance, and was on no account to be communicated to her. She was to be frank with me in all things, but much that was given to me was for practice, and not for speech.

It was yet several weeks to the time suggested for my visit to Paris, and the period proved one of no less anxiety to me than of suffering to her. Thrice had she been warned of "severe illness in the spring or later"; and thrice had I been charged to be in readiness to join her when required. Thus, while the accomplishment of these predictions would involve misfortune and disaster, their failure would throw doubt on the trustworthiness of our overseers.

May was within ten days of its close when word came of an illness so severe, as to make it a question whether we should

ever meet again unless I started forthwith. The summons came at a moment when compliance would have involved what seemed a serious dereliction of duty in another direction. In my dilemma I bethought me of having recourse to clairvoyant aid. I was acquainted with two ladies, each of whom possessed the requisite faculty, and who also knew her, but they were unknown to each other. Each had a "control," that of the one I consulted first purporting to be the spirit of a brother of the medium, some time dead. In neither case did I give any hint as to the subject of the consultation. In the first instance it was said to me :

"Mary is exceedingly ill, but she is not to join us yet. You can help her by writing to her, and keeping up her spirits, and by stimulating hope and faith. Do not go until summoned by your Guardian. The crisis is passing."

In the other quarter the control professed to be the soul of a woman who was now one of an order of ministering spirits, and was then engaged in tending the souls of the victims of the war in the East, but had returned voluntarily in order to tend Mary in her illness. And she had, she declared, just left her sleeping soundly and doing well; and as she could not herself stay away longer from the scene of war, she had left another spirit in charge, who would be of great use to her. Before going away the control represented in the strongest terms the necessity of paying the utmost regard to Mary's health, physical and spiritual, if she was to accomplish the purpose for which she was born, in respect either of her own soul or of her work; and added, "Her time is by no means too long for what she has to do."

As these communications coincided both with each other and with my own feeling, I decided to postpone my departure, at least, until the next day. The morning brought news that the crisis had passed, and with it the need for urgency on my part.

The latter of the foregoing experiences had a remarkable termination. Declaring the necessity of her immediate return to the battlefield, "Terése"—to give the control the name used by her as that of her order—enabled the clairvoyante to see a number of the spirits of the newly slain, whom the latter described as ranged in rows, habited in white, and all weeping. On the departure of "Terése" the medium, being still in trance, was controlled by another spirit, evidently a male, who, making

her seize pencil and paper, wrote through her with vehement haste for my instruction :

" ' Wake her instantly, or she will follow Terése to the war, when her ears will for days be full of the howlings of the newly dead, who cannot bear the sudden chill of the spiritual state, and her eyes will be full of figures, horrible, like raving maniacs. Open the window for air, and recall her instantly.' The difficulty of recalling and waking her was considerable. For she was eager to go, and already could see, she declared, groups of the spirits of the slain, each one surrounded by ministering angels, and weeping bitterly."

The information thus obtained proved correct in respect of Mary's spiritual no less than of her physical state. Her depression had become extreme, sinking her to depths corresponding to the highest altitudes previously attained. And " Apollyon, the falsifier of all things," had fulfilled the prediction made to us, by discerning and seizing his opportunity. Seeing, as was her wont in such mood, but one side only of things, and the under and dark side, she no sooner was able to resume her pen than she wrote :

" I long for a little rest and peace. The world has grown very bitter to me. I feel as if every one were dead !

" Ah, what a life is before me !—a life of incessant struggle, reproach, and loneliness. I shall never be as other women, happy in their wifehood and motherhood. Never to my dying day shall I know the meaning of a home.

" And behind me, as I look back on the road by which I have come, all is storm and darkness. I fought my way through my lonely, sad-hearted childhood ; I fought my way through my girlhood, misunderstood and mistrusted always ; and now, in my womanhood, I am fighting still. On every side of me are rebuke and suspicion, and bitter, abiding sorrow. Pain and suffering of body and of spirit have hung on my steps all the years of my life. I have had no respite.

" Is there never to be peace ? Never to be a time of sunlight that shall make me glad of my being ? "

This was the opportunity taken by the enemy to sow in her mind the seeds of distrust and doubt as to the reality of the world which had been opened to us, and the truth of the teachings thence received. Nor was he at a loss for an instrument through which to operate. This was a certain fellow-student whom, at the recommendation of the *chef* of her hospital, she had engaged as her professor. He proved to have attained considerable proficiency in occultism, but of the kind we have since learnt to recognise as " Black Magic " or sorcery. In common

with the votaries of this cult, he insisted that the soul—though it does indeed survive the body—does so but for a brief space, and then too dies, and the individual becomes extinct. And it was to this evanescent efflorescence of the physical organism that he ascribed all experiences of the kind received by us. Of course, in a system which comprised a doctrine of the soul such as this, the idea of God and of moral responsibility could have no place, and that of the world's redemption became the vainest of dreams, and life itself the ghastliest of riddles. True, there were demons, or rather nature-spirits, powerful but non-moral, but even these must yield to man, whose will—short-lived though he is—is the most potent thing in the universe. And it was the dominion over these that was the supreme object of man's desire and attainment.

With these teachings, backed as they were by large scientific knowledge, and a strongly magnetic presence, enforced with evident sincerity, and coming at a moment of collapse on all planes—physical, mental, and spiritual—Mary found herself powerless to cope. Her "walls" were down, and the enemy was free to make incursion. Nevertheless, the issue proved that "they who were on our side were more than they who were against us," and she was enabled to come off victorious. This is her narrative, written to me, of the first encounter:

"We must take care that we do not deceive ourselves, and fall into some snare at these times when our spiritual faculties are open to presences of which, in ordinary states, we are unaware. I suspect that in many cases vanity is made an occasion to mislead us. A circumstance which happened to me last night has somewhat instructed me as to the true source of those 'immaculate conception' theories we have been hearing about of late from a certain class of spiritualists.

"The night was very hot; I was but lightly covered, and the casement was open, the Venetian shutters only being closed. Thus lying, I had a very curious dream, or rather vision, beginning—as sometimes before—by the sound of a sweet voice saying, 'Salve! Salve Regina!' It then seemed to me—mind, I was asleep all this time—that a number of spirits gathered about me, spirits with male faces, attractive and even fascinating to look at, caressing and flattering me. One in particular, whose appearance I perfectly remember, sat at my feet, and began a long discourse about the sanctity and holiness of a life apart from mankind, in which all ordinary intercourse with the other sex was impossible. I replied that such a life was not for me, and that I did not see any sanctity in it, to which came the answer that I might if I chose be among the most blessed of women, and in exchange for earthly love enjoy the higher delights

of equality and affinity with angels ; that it would be better than any love for one of my own kind, and would procure me all sorts of gifts. Thereupon the rest chimed in in the same strain, and I presently added, ' If such a thing be possible—if such loves can take place—does the woman so " blessed " have but one lover among you, or is she the property of as many as please ? ' ' We are free in our affinities,' said the spirit sitting at my feet ; ' you may have as many of us as you please for lovers.' Hereupon, as if with one accord, the whole troop of them assailed me with caresses and flatteries, throwing their arms about my feet and round my waist. At this I jumped up and cried out, ' Be off, all of you ! I believe all this nonsense about spiritual affinities is a mere temptation of Apollyon, who is your chief. I stick to natural human love, and faithfulness to one of my own kind—that is God-given and good—and I will have nothing to do with other beings. That which you suggest is a kind of new crime, strange and monstrous ' ; and I drove them from me, and woke up to find the room empty and quiet. It may have been only a dream ; but I distinctly felt on awaking the sense of a recent weight where I had been touched or pressed. I believe it was an attempt to get over me through any weak point in the way of vanity which they might find in me. Save us from conceit. I am sure this is a fatal loophole for witchcraft of the kind for which miserable women used to be broken on the wheel and burnt at the stake. Write to me at once. I am anxious to know what you think. There is no one else I can tell who would understand."

After a short interval the visitation was repeated. The spirit particularly mentioned before came alone, when the following colloquy was held in familiar French :

" ' Dost thou love me ? ' I asked, wanting to know his motives. He answered—

" ' No, I do not love thee ; but that does not mean that I shall not love thee hereafter. The time will come when I shall love thee, but it is not yet.'

" ' Then why comest thou hither if thou dost not love me ? '

" ' I have never yet loved anyone. I know not what love means.'

" He seemed to be a young man of about twenty, with a face that changed from one moment to another, and at one time looked so infantile that I cried out—

" ' How young thou art ! Thou art a boy—a child ! '

" ' Thou, too, art young,' he said ; ' but thou hast never yet had a young lover.'

" I am in a very singular state of mind ; for though quite well, steady application to work is impossible, all my thoughts being occupied with the face and form and tone of voice of my demon lover. I go about as one in a dream. I forget everything, and don't hear when people speak to me. I seem to be living in a kind of reverie which cannot take account of outward things. I do hope and trust I am not going to fall in love with my phantom. What a dreadful thing that would be ! It will do me good to have you with me, and will bring me back into a more natural frame of mind.

As it is, I have a conviction that though I can't see him, he is always with me. It is a strange condition to be in, but has no pathological aspect, for my pulse is steady, and my appetite good, and my sleep sound. . . . I don't believe my 'demon' is so bad as you make him out to be. He *could* not have been so beautiful and attractive had he been wholly evil. I look on him rather as an *undeveloped* creature, ignorant of the true nature of love and of all good. And he is such a child to look at, the expression and colouring of his face so thoroughly infantile. The more I examine my feeling towards him, the more I am convinced it is but one of compassion mingled with fascination. . . . I should like to know what my professor would say to it all, but I cannot on any account tell him. I am rather afraid he is too much interested in me already. The last time I saw him he quite startled me by asking, with an odd look, if I ever fancied I saw him in his absence. Of course I said 'No'; and even if I had seen him, I should not tell him so. But his question reminded me that he had more than once suddenly come into my mind without my knowing why."

I had written to her my conviction that whatever the agent of these visitations might be in itself, it was altogether evil for her, and for our work, and must be steadfastly repelled. It was only through the weakness of our wills that such things could have power to injure us; and as the influences which had directed us thus far were, by their own admission, powerless to help us while separated, the only plan was to look beyond them to the Source of all Power, and, meanwhile, to keep up her courage and resolution, and never forget the immensity of the interests at stake. And I promised to join her at the earliest possible moment, feeling that in the presence of a danger so real and insidious I should not be justified in hesitating longer.

The first week in July saw me in Paris, and determined to remain until A. could replace me, which would probably be in about a month; for I felt very strongly the danger of leaving alone and unshielded a sensitive who had developed such abnormal liabilities, and was actually associated with one who was evidently not only able, but eager, to turn them to his own ends, irrespective of the consequences to her—for the sight of her professor, whose acquaintance I made, served to confirm my worst apprehensions on her account. To an extraordinary power of concentration, both of mind and of will, he added a temperament so ardent as to be beyond his own control, while the peculiar and sinister fascination of his glance bespoke him a born sorcerer if ever there was one. It was at once obvious to me that only by dint of exceeding tact and caution would

some terrible catastrophe be avoided. And it was no less evident that he keenly resented my appearance on the scene, and that some way for his dismissal must be devised without giving him cause to suspect my hand in it. The first difficulty was to obtain the pupil's consent to part with her instructor. She had never found one so competent. His intellectual superiority over other men, and his very unlikeness to them, made him an object of interest to her; and she was unable to realise the danger to herself and her aims which would arise from the establishment of his influence over her. The consciousness of her own strength of will served to give her a confidence in her power of resisting his fascination altogether delusive. She did not know that, as a sensitive of sensitives, her very will was at the mercy of one who knew how, without opposing it, to turn it in his own direction. Already had she begun to see and speak from his point of view, under the impression it was her own, and not knowing that she was but reflecting him. It was as if she had descended to a plane of consciousness in which all cognisance was lost of her higher experiences and perceptions; hence I looked to the renewal of these as the best counteractive.

I was at this time engaged in writing the record of our experiences up to that date in *The Soul and How it Found Me*, and had completed the seven chapters which brought it down to that present time. One of my hopes in rejoining her was to obtain materials for an extension of the book, and to this end we resumed our sittings for writing. The failure of our first attempts showed that owing to the presence of some disturbing element our invisible friends were unable to approach us, and we had no difficulty in finding the cause in the new influence introduced into our spiritual atmosphere. By perseverance, however, we were brought into tune, and the necessary condition of harmony restored, the results being such as to surpass my most sanguine hopes, and this both as to method and to material; for after a few slight communications in writing, mechanical means were entirely discarded in favour of direct perception and suggestion. The written messages were, however, noteworthy on more than one account.

We had placed on the table both our original instrument and the one made after the directions given by the elementals. On placing our hands on the former, and inquiring whether any

one was present, and which instrument was to be used, it was written :

" Yes, but the new writing-table is reserved for the genii."

The next message was as follows :—

" Teach the doctrine of the Universal Soul and the Immortality of all creatures. Knowledge of this is what the world most needs, and this is the keynote of your joint mission. On this you must build ; it is the keystone of the arch. The perfect life is not attainable by man alone. The whole world must be redeemed under the new gospel you are to teach."

She had sought to gain her tutor's adherence to our larger views of the nature of existence, and especially as regards man's relations to the animals. And one of her chief reasons for retaining him was the hope of enlisting in our anti-vivisection crusade one who had it in him to be a potent ally. Thus far, however, the notion of a man having any duties or obligations beyond the limits of his own immediate self or belongings, or any moral standard of conduct, was wholly strange to him, and had been suggested only to be repelled with disdain as a vain figment of the priests ; and similarly with the application of the terms " beauty " and " ugliness " to character and conduct. They were meaningless for him, except in relation to the bodily senses.

Mary had been expressing to me her disappointment at her failure to impress him, when the following message was written for us :—

" This to our Sea of Bitterness, Mary, and to Caro. She has done well ; but she shall save him yet. We have named him ' Heart of Stone ' ; but she may grave on it. If she do not, none ever will."

The relation of the terms Mary, Sea and Bitterness, as we came to learn, is in this wise. The word " Mary " means both sea and bitterness, and is the mystical name for the soul, as representing the individuation of the " Sea " or Substance of Space, the lower mode of which—the astral ether—must be surmounted and transcended by the soul for her to attain her proper divine condition ; and the bitterness refers to the experiences to be undergone in the process. This astral sphere is the " sea " spoken of in the Apocalypse, as also in Shakespeare. " There is no more sea of troubles " for the perfected soul. The latter

part of the above message had a remarkable sequel, as will duly appear.

In the early morning of July 17 she received in sleep the vision recorded in *Clothed with the Sun* (I. xxx.), "Concerning Paul and the Disciples." It was wholly independent of any train of thought in our minds at the time, but accorded so closely with what I had been impelled to write in *England and Islam* as to prove the identity of the source of our inspirations.

July 21.—I was reading aloud some parts of my book, then in preparation, when, on coming to the passage describing my evocation of the soul of a tree, Mary was touched on the hand and told that further instructions on that subject would be given to us in the evening, when our experiences would enter on a new phase. When the time for the sitting came she was impelled to discard the planchette for a pencil which, though held by her, was not to be consciously directed by her; and at her desire I placed one of my hands on her head, the idea, doubtless, being to duplicate her forces by my own. Whether or not it had this effect, I am unable to say. It was the only occasion on which any physical action was used between us for this purpose, so that it may be presumed that the mental and spiritual bond between us was deemed sufficiently potent. It was always harmony of this kind that was insisted on, and "whatever ministered to affection." On the present occasion the usual phenomenon of a cool afflatus soon manifested itself, and the impulse to write became strong. But she resisted it on the ground that the words to be written had been simultaneously presented to her mind, and she wished, if possible, to be unaware of them. Her wish was gratified, so far at least as her external personality was concerned, for she had no sooner been compelled to commence writing than she fell into a profound coma, in which she was unconscious of everything external saving only my voice, to which she responded readily. In this manner was written Part I. of No. xix. in *Clothed with the Sun*, "Concerning the origin of Evil, and the Tree as the type of Creation."

At the conclusion the pencil fell from her hand, and she passed from coma into a deep sleep, in order to encourage which I transferred her to a sofa and lowered the light. After a little while she re-entered the lucid condition, and called to me to come and

hear about the wonderful things she was seeing. I was still writing them down from her dictation when she awoke and asked in surprise why I was writing in the dark; and she was incredulous on being told it was what she herself had just been saying. It was Part II. of the Illumination just cited. In neither instance had the utterance reached her outer consciousness. They contained what was new and even startling to both of us, especially the expressions "Materialisation of God," and "the nearest to God is a woman," and also the declaration of the possibility of the soul's final loss; but each one found its place as a necessary and self-evident truth in the system of thought gradually unfolded to us.

And here I may remark that on no occasion in all the years of the unfoldment did we find a defect of coherence or logic. True, there were utterances which, at the time of their reception, surpassed our power to comprehend them, generally because couched in a mystical terminology, but they never failed sooner or later to become clear; and we noted that it seemed as if sometimes points were purposely left obscure or half-stated expressly in order that we might exercise our minds on them before having them fully disclosed; and this, we learnt, was because in the school in which we were being educated it is not the memory, but the understanding that is paramount, this being the Rock on which the true Church is built.

It was, too, with no little satisfaction that I noted the com plete accordance of the teaching given to me while working alone in the past year with that now coming in greater fulness through my colleague, showing it to be in very truth one and the self-same spirit that informed us both, and that such minute discrepancies as had occurred were but due to my own imperfect apprehension of what had been intended. Every fresh experience, moreover, served to enhance our recognition of the appositeness of the exquisite parable of "The Wonderful Spectacles," setting forth the microscopic character of her faculty, and the necessity of it to supplement and complement mine; for that which was now being done through her was to fill up in detail the various compartments of the vast framework which had been shown to me, in such wise as to make our respective functions correspond to those of the microscope and the telescope, or of the carpenter and the mason, the latter to build the

outer walls of the edifice of the system of our thought, and the former to construct and fit the inner chambers.

The following night afforded another and a striking confirmation of the identify of the teaching received by us separately, as well as an illustration of the exquisiteness and manifoldness of her faculty; for the vision then received seemed designed expressly to confirm and amplify what I had seen and said in *England and Islam* (pp. 332 *et seq.*), while the beauty of the scenes beheld by her surpassed all previous experience. This vision is given at length in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, under the title of "The Forest-Cathedral." Her delight in it was intense, and after writing it out nothing would do for her but to go to St Cloud and pass the afternoon in the lovely woods there, that she might preserve the impression undimmed by the sights and sounds of the city or the hospital-wards. But exquisite as were the woods through which we roamed—then in their richest foliage—they failed, she declared, to approach those beheld in her vision, partly, no doubt, because of the superiority of the spiritual eyes with which she had seen them to the physical. And as we talked, point after point of beauty and truth recurred to her memory, showing that the relation she had written, striking as it was, was but a meagre sketch of the reality, and giving me hope of a yet fuller account. But this was not to be. Further revealments were in store, the pressure of which precluded the realisation of the hope. Only the leading idea deposited in her mind can be added. It was this: That the Divine Idea in creation, as expressed in the Tree, finds through evolution its final unfoldment in a perfected Humanity. Hence the sanctity of the Cross as denoting at once the tree of life and the instrument of man's perfectionment, inasmuch as he attains this through the crucifixion of the lower self, which is the process whereby he rises into the higher and becomes one with God. We conversed much on the method and function of inspiration and prophecy. And in her character as a keen resenter of the wrongs of her sex, she was disposed to find a new and flagrant instance of man's chronic injustice to woman in his assumption of the prophetic office to the almost total exclusion of her. She expressed the conviction that she herself was but one of many of her sex who had been similarly endowed, but that their male associates had generally taken all the credit to themselves; and

she was obviously alive to the possibility of a further injury to her sex through a like misappropriation of the products of her own faculty. This was but one form of many in which the feeling of distrust of her kind showed itself to be so deeply rooted in her nature as to constitute for me a psychological problem, and one for the solution of which I had yet long to wait, and far to advance in my thought and knowledge before it was vouchsafed; and the nature of which, when it came, proved to be altogether beyond anticipation, for it proved to be due to prenatal causes.

The approach of night brought her an access of the sensations which we had learned to recognise as heralding a call to spiritual communion. It had been intimated to her in the previous night that something was in contemplation for her which would require special preparation, and she now proceeded to carry out the instructions. These consisted in taking a bath, anointing herself with fragrant oil, brushing out her hair and allowing it to hang loosely down, baring her feet, and enveloping herself over all in an ample flowing robe of a white gauzy material, which was fastened at the throat with such gems as she possessed, the opal only being excluded, as having a malign influence. Of these preparations I was unaware until she emerged from her room after making them, already in a comatose state, as I learnt afterwards she had been during the whole time. The main object of these devices, which proved to be in accordance with the ancient usage of the Sanctuaries in the Sacred Mysteries, was to impress her imagination with a sense of solemnity, and thereby to enhance the magnetic forces of her system. Thus every gem allowed to be used was possessed of a magnetic potency of its own; and the feet were bared in accordance with the practice of putting off the shoes when treading on holy ground, in order to allow free passage through the aspirant's system of the earth's magnetism, for the excess of which such spots were selected.

The night was one of exquisite beauty, and as thus symbolically arrayed the slender form stood by the open window, with the fair hair streaming behind, and bathed in the soft light of a moon wanting but two days of its full, and closely attended by the king of the planets, with Saturn and Mars not far removed—a conjunction at once rare and of high astrological significance;

while far below lay outspread the city, so fair to the sense, so foul to the spirit, and within the darkened chamber rose wreaths of burning incense—the scene lacked nothing to give to it a character appertaining to spheres angelic rather than human, so that the sense of the artistic well-nigh dominated in me over any other. And, as if divining this, she said solemnly, being the while in the somnolent state, "Fix your thoughts steadfastly on the Highest, and keep them there"; and then asked me if there was any subject on which I especially desired information. I enumerated several on which light would be welcome—the origin of evil, the genesis of the soul, the motive of creation and method of redemption, and the truth about Jesus; adding that I would rather leave it to those who were directing us to determine according to what they saw was our need. On the table lay materials for writing, and by her desire I seated myself at it, for she was impelled to utter aloud that which was given her. This was a new feature, and one that betokened a further development of her powers. Presently she extended an arm upwards, and with one hand over her eyes as if to intensify her sense of hearing, she spoke with the halting utterance of one repeating what was with some difficulty heard from afar. Looking at her, I perceived that the afflatus had descended, and the spirit of prophecy was upon her.

The utterance which followed is No. xxxi. in *Clothed with the Sun*, and entitled, "Concerning the Manichæanism of Paul." Remarkable and important as it was, it produced in me a feeling of disappointment, as—although I had no definite expectations—it was not for a message of that description that the scene before me had prepared me. It proved, however, to have been interpolated into the programme, as it were, in response to my suggestion of the origin of evil and the motive of creation as subjects on which I desired light.

On finishing the writing of this utterance, I looked towards the seeress and found that, though in a state of profound somnolence, she had quitted her erect position, and was kneeling in a rapt attitude, and praying silently with her hands clasped and uplifted. To whom or for what she was pleading I knew not. Had I known, I should have been spared a period of severe uneasiness; for, as I learnt on the following day, she had, under the entrancing beauty of the planet-illumined skies and an in-

tense access of spiritual exaltation, yielded to a sudden impulse to pray that she might be taken to the stars and shown all the glory of the universe. My uneasiness arose from the impression that she had been taken unawares, and that, therefore, our directing influences could not be trusted to refrain from rash enterprises. But, as appeared from the sequel, that which occurred was in compliance with her own request—a request which, however, had probably been made at their suggestion; and they knew how to avert any ill consequences.

Presently she rose, and after gazing upwards in ecstasy lowered her eyes, and clasped her arms round her head to shut out the view, precisely as if it had been an external one, uttering the while in tones of wonder, mingled with moans and cries of anguish, expressions indicative of the intolerable splendours of the vision she had unwittingly invited. We called it variously, "The Vision of the Worlds," "The Vision of God and the Universe," and "The Vision of Adonai," under the last of which titles it is given in *Clothed with the Sun*. Its repetition here is due to the presence in it of certain allusions of a profoundly occult character, the explanation of which still remains to be given, and also to its biographical interest and psychological value. It will be remembered that after my reception of the same experience I had been withheld from communicating it to her by the intimation that it would be given to her also, but on the condition that she have no anticipation or prior knowledge of it.

"Oh, I see masses, masses of stars! It makes me giddy to look at them. O my God, what masses! Millions and millions! WHEELS of planets! O my God, my God, why didst Thou create? It was by Will, all Will, that Thou didst it. Oh! what might, what might of Will! Oh, what gulfs! what gulfs! Millions and millions of miles broad and deep! Hold me!—hold me up! I shall sink—I shall sink into the gulfs. I am sick and giddy, as on a billowy sea. I am on a sea, an ocean—the ocean of infinite space. Oh, what depths! what depths! I sink—I fail! I cannot, cannot bear it!"

Observing here that she was becoming unsteady, and swaying to and fro as one on ship-board, I approached close, in order to catch her in case she fell. This presently happened, and I placed her in a chair, from which, however, she presently slid to the carpet, where she insisted on remaining during the rest of her trance. But so wholly independent were her spirit's sensations of her bodily position, that this change afforded no

relief from the feeling of rising and sinking by which the soul's passage across the gulfs of space was accompanied; and during the rest of the vision, and through the night, and far on into the next day, she endured all the miseries of a rough sea voyage.

The intensity of the body's distress, however, effected no abatement of the spirit's ecstasy; and the paroxysms of wonder, fear, and adoration alternated continuously with those of the physical malady. So unrestrained were her expressions of anguish and apprehension at the sights presented to her, that it became necessary to close the windows to prevent an alarm out of doors; and mingled with her exclamations to the very end were descriptions of what she felt and saw—things, persons, and scenes, so novel and unanticipated—described so vividly and graphically as to leave no doubt either of their reality or that of the journey she was making to the centre of her own and of all consciousness. She declared repeatedly that her soul had quitted her body, and was being borne through the universe by invisible guides, herself also being invisible. It appeared as if it were through the occasional failure of her own faith that she experienced the sensation of falling which was so distressing to her. Her exclamations continued:

"I shall never come back. I have left my body for ever. I am dying; I believe I am dead. Impossible to return from such a distance! Oh, what colossal forms! They are the angels of the planets. Every planet has its angel standing erect above it. And what beauty!—what marvellous beauty! I see Raphael. I see the Angel of the Earth. He has six wings. He is a god — the god of our planet. I see my genius, who calls himself A. Z.; but his name is Salathiel. Oh, how surpassingly beautiful he is! My genius is a male, and his colour is ruby. Yours, Caro, is a female, and sapphire. They are friends—they are the same—not two, but one; and for that reason they have associated us together, and speak of themselves sometimes as *I*, sometimes as *We*. It is the Angel of the Earth himself that is your genius and mine, Caro. He it was who inspired you, who spoke to you. And they call me 'Bitterness.' And I see sorrow—oh, what unending sorrow do I behold! Sorrow, always sorrow, but never without love. I shall always have love. How dim is this sphere! Oh, save me—save me! It is my demon that I am approaching. It is Paris—Paris himself, once of Troy, now of the city that bears his name. He is floating recumbent. He turns his face towards me. How beautiful and dark he is? Oh, he has goat's horns—he has goat's horns! Save me, save me from him! Ah, he sees me not. I forgot, I am invisible. Now I have passed him."

This very unexpected identification of her nocturnal visitant recalled to my mind certain passages in *England and Islam*,[1] in which I had been led to speak of Paris and Helen of Troy, as being at this day the presiding evil genii of the French capital, the idea being then suddenly and vividly impressed on me, as if by the recollection of a lost knowledge, that whatever may be the historical basis of the *Iliad*, it is really a spiritual allegory, and that by these two characters were denoted certain evil influences recognised as subsisting in the lower spheres of consciousness, and finding manifestation in and through the people with whom they have the closest affinity of character. It had also been suggested to me that the whole of the Homeric scriptures have a spiritual import, and are allegorical expressions of the sacred mysteries of antiquity, corresponding to those of Alchemy, as the science of Regeneration was called, and being, therefore, essentially Biblical.

Remembering that my own ascent in the like vision had been direct to the centre, and without divergence to any inferior or outlying sphere, I was somewhat at a loss to account for this part of Mary's experience, until I found that she was being borne in various directions in order to visit the "heavens" of the different races among which—we were subsequently given to understand—she had been incarnated. With Paris lost to view, and his sphere left behind, she exclaimed—

"I am entering a brighter region now. What glorious form of womanhood is that, so queenly, so serene, and endowed with all wisdom? It is Pallas Athena—a real personage in the spiritual world! And yonder is one of whom I have no need to ask. I am passing through the circle of the Olympians. It is Aphrodite, mother of love and beauty. Oh, Aphrodite, spirit of the waters, firstborn of God, how could I adore thee! And men on earth now deem the gods and goddesses of Greece mere fables! And I behold them living and moving in strength and beauty before me! I see also the genii of all the nations dwelling serenely in heavenly circles. What crowds and crowds of gods from India and Egypt! Who are those with the giant muscles? They are Odin and Thor, and their fellow-gods of Scandinavia. Not dead and lost for ever; only withdrawn from the world whereon they sought in vain to stamp their images for ever.

"Oh, the dazzling, dazzling brightness! Hide me, hide me from it! I cannot, cannot bear it! It is agony supreme to look upon. O God! O God! Thou art slaying me with Thy light. It is the throne itself, the great white throne of God that I behold! Oh,

[1] *England and Islam*, pp. 253, 257–8, 260–2, and 341.

what light ! what light ! It is like an emerald ? a sapphire ? No ; a diamond ! In its midst stands Deity erect, His right hand raised aloft, and from Him pours the light of light. Forth from His right hand streams the universe, projected by the omnipotent repulsion of His will. Back to His left, which is depressed and set backwards, returns the universe, drawn by the attraction of His love. Repulsion and attraction, will and love, right and left—these are the forces, centrifugal and centripetal, male and female, whereby God creates and redeems. Adonai ! O Adonai ! Lord God of life, made of the substance of light, how beautiful art Thou in Thine everlasting youth ! with Thy glowing golden locks, how adorable ! And I had thought of God as elderly and venerable ! As if the Eternal could grow old ! And now not as Man only do I behold Thee ! For now Thou art to me as Woman. Lo, Thou art both. One, and Two also. And thereby dost Thou produce creation. O God, O God ! why didst Thou create this stupendous existence ? Surely, surely, it had been better in love to have restrained Thy will. It was by will that Thou createdst, by will alone, not by love, was it not ?—was it not ? I cannot see clearly. A cloud has come between.

" I see Thee now as Woman. Maria is next beside Thee. Thou art Maria. Maria is God. O Maria ! God as Woman ! Thee, Thee I adore ! Maria-Aphrodite ! Mother ! Mother-God !

" They are returning with me now, I think. But I shall never get back. What strange forms ! how huge they are ! All angels and archangels. Human in form, yet some with eagles' heads. All the planets are inhabited ! how innumerable is the variety of forms ! Oh ! universe of existence, how stupendous is existence ! Oh ! take me not near the sun ; I cannot bear its heat. Already do I feel myself burning. Here is Jupiter ! It has nine moons ! "

" Are you sure ? " I cried. " Look again."

" Yes ; nine—some are exceedingly small. And oh, how red it is ! It has so much iron. And what enormous men and women ! There is evil there, too. For evil is wherever are matter and limitation. But the people of Jupiter are far better than we on earth. They know much more ; they are much wiser. There is less of evil in their planet. Ah ! and they have another sense, too. What is it ? No ; I cannot describe it."

" Is it like that of the migratory birds ? " I inquired.

" No ; I cannot tell what it is. It differs from any of the others. We have nothing like it ! "

" Come, you are nearing earth now."

" No, no. I cannot get back yet. I shall never get back. I believe I am dead. It is only my body you are holding. It has grown cold for want of me. Yet I must be approaching ; it is growing shallower. We are passing out of the depths. Yet I can never wholly return—never—never ! "

Her apprehension was not without justification, for several hours passed ere her consciousness was once more wholly replaced in her body.

It is impossible for anyone who did not witness the intensely dramatic action and tone with which these ejaculations were

uttered to form anything like an adequate conception of the sense of reality they inspired. Following every step with eager sympathy, I seemed to be repeating my own experience of the same vision, only with the difference that what was then shown to me in general outline, was now being seen by her in all fulness of detail. And of my vision, as well as of the possibility of such a vision at all, she was wholly unaware ; for, as already said, I had been constrained, for the reasons stated, to maintain absolute reserve respecting it.

Thus had she, no less than myself, been able—like the " nobles of Israel "—to receive the vision of God without the imposition of human hands. But while with me there was no consciousness of the presence of spiritual hands, and it required all my power to make the ascent, she was palpably to herself uplifted by celestial agents, and instead of the mental effort necessary to me, had but to let herself go whither they would. In this, doubtless, lay one cause of her ability to gaze around and behold so much more than was beheld by me — this and the great superiority of her faculty.

The experience was fruitful of suggestions tending to the solution of many problems of the profoundest kind. That which chiefly struck me was the contrast between the emotions excited in us by our respective visions. With me—as already related —the demonstration of the love-principle in Deity, as indicated by the feminine aspect of Adonai, had produced a joy so intense as to make me eager to hasten back to earth to proclaim the glad tidings that God is in very truth a God of love ; " that our Father in heaven is merciful," and is not the blood-loving God of a priest-constructed theology, but is really Father-Mother in one. Mary, on the contrary, while recognising and adoring the feminine aspect of Adonai, had shown herself ready to bandy words with the Almighty, by reproaching Him for not having refrained in love from exercising His will in creating. I took it as showing how profoundly ingrained in her was the pessimism which found so emphatic and frequent expression ; and I marvelled as to its possible origin, and what could have been the history of a soul thus conditioned. To the same cause I ascribed it that, while she retained such clear recollection of the masculine aspect of Adonai as enabled her to make the drawing of him given in *Clothed with the Sun*, on neither of the two occasions on

which the feminine aspect had been presented to her was she able to remember and to reproduce it afterwards. It was as if there were some temperamental disqualification for the recognition of this side of the Divine Nature.

Her description of the planet Jupiter as being of a reddish hue was strange to both of us, having been accustomed to credit Mars only with that peculiarity; nor had we thought of the cause of this colour as due to the preponderance of iron in the composition. It was, therefore, with no little surprise and satisfaction that we read a few months later in the newspapers that precisely such a discovery of iron in the atmosphere of Jupiter had been recently made through the spectroscope. Upon this I sent to the *Standard* an account of our experience in this respect, which duly appeared, but of course with a bantering heading, being prefaced by the words, "Reliable Information." The discovery yet later of the possession of a satellite by the hitherto "moonless Mars," suggested the possibility of a yet further discovery of satellites to Jupiter. And this also has been fulfilled by the discovery of one, if not of two, satellites in addition to the four known at the time of Mary's vision; so that Jupiter may yet prove to be in the enjoyment of the "nine, some exceedingly small," satellites beheld by her with her spiritual eyes. The experience is further suggestive of the means whereby, in the absence of telescopes, the Chaldeans were able to discern the multiple belts of Saturn, as proved by the fact—mentioned by the astronomer Proctor—that they represented the divinity thus named as girt with a threefold ring. We explained the sudden overwhelming burst upon her vision of the vast multitude of luminous orbs described by her, by the supposition of a spiritual and substantial universe corresponding to the physical and phenomenal, lying within the latter, and perceptible only to the spiritual senses.

The name Salathiel was interpreted to us as meaning "lent of God," Divinity having a separate name for each individual aspect assumed in creation, one of which is that of the angel-genius. The letters A and Z are the equivalents in our alphabet for the Alpha and Omega of the Greek and of Scripture.

The accompanying drawing made by her of the planetary angels is an approximate, rather than an exact, representation of the forms under which they were beheld by her.

When the time came for the re-delivery of the Divine Gnosis so long lost, the following utterance concerning Adonai was received by Mary, in continuation of a chapter defining the Elohim of Original Being as consisting of the two constituent principles of All Being, called in Scripture the Spirit and the Water, and meaning the Force and the Substance, by the mutual interaction of which Deity generates the universe, as implied in the opening sentences of Genesis, which really read as follows :— "In the beginning God, the Unity, created, or put forth from Himself, the Duality, the Heavens, or Spirit and Deep, Force and Substance, and their ultimate phenomenal resultant, generated of them, the Earth or Matter. And the Spirit, or Force, of God, moved on the face of the Waters, or Substance, of God, and God said, or found expression, and there was Light, or manifestation of God."

"Then from the midst of the Divine Duality, the Only Begotten of God came forth :

"Adonai, the Word, the Voice invisible.

"He was in the beginning, and by Him were all things discovered.

"Without Him was not anything made which is visible.

"For He is the Manifestor, and in Him was the life of the world.

"God the nameless hath not revealed God, but Adonai hath revealed God from the beginning.

"He is the presentation of Elohim, and by Him the Gods are made manifest.

"He is the third aspect of the Divine Triad :

"Co-equal with the Spirit and the heavenly deep.

"For except by three in one, the Spirits of the Invisible Light could not have been made manifest.

"But now is the prism perfect, and the generation of the Gods discovered in their order.

"Adonai dissolves and resumes ; in His two hands are the dual powers of all things.

"He is of His Father the Spirit, and of His Mother the Great Deep.

"Having the potency of both in Himself, and the power of things material.

"Yet being Himself invisible, for He is the cause, and not the effect.

"He is the Manifestor, and not that which is manifest.

"That which is manifest is the Divine Substance."

We at once recognised in this utterance the original from which the opening sentences of the Fourth Gospel were derived, and in due time were enabled to discern both the fact and the

cause of the error by which the Church has falsified the truth entrusted to it.

The greater part of the day following the vision of Adonai was passed by Mary in her bed, where her sufferings from the continued sense of the heaving and sinking of her transit were still very severe, for all surrounding objects continued to rock and sway as with one unaccustomed to the sea recently off a stormy voyage. It was late on the second day when she presented herself, and then it required all her power to receive her wonted lesson from her professor. Of renewed communication that evening we had no thought, her nervous system being far too much shaken, and her force reduced, to allow of further exhaustion without danger. I found, on conversing with her on the subject of her vision, that she had a perfect recollection of nearly the whole of it, and was able even to amplify my account and supply sundry details, and make the drawing of Adonai given in *Clothed with the Sun*. Her lesson over, she was still further lowered, and this by reason not only of the intellectual exertion, but of the nature of the subject. For it had been a lesson in physiology; and her instructor had insisted on detailing a number of experiments he was engaged in making upon rabbits and guinea-pigs, and other highly sensitive living creatures—experiments which consisted in tying the passage between the kidneys and bladder in order to produce blood-poisoning through the diversion of the secretions from their proper course; varnishing their bodies in order to produce another form of poisoning—namely, that which arises from the suppression of the cutaneous evaporation, and ends in a lingering death by asphyxia; together with other favourite barbarities which come under the category of "experimental physiology," all of which have been hundreds of times repeated, and are wholly useless for any purpose of therapeutics—a purpose, indeed, contemned as "sentimental" by the ruthless worshippers of the god Knowledge. Her teacher had, moreover, in answer to a question, admitted the fallacy of arguing from the animal to the human economy.

Having already embittered her relations with other of her teachers by her energetic remonstrances on this behalf, she had endured in silence a recital that to her was simply agonising; but her demeanour showed what she had suffered, and that she

was yet further unfitted for a renewal of spiritual communion. Hence we had on parting for the night no anticipation whatever of that which was about to take place.

I had slept for about two hours, when I awoke to find my door had been opened, and a strong and fragrant odour pervading the room. Hastily arraying myself, and joining her, I found her semi-conscious, and arrayed as on the previous occasion, the table by which she was standing presenting evidence of the manner in which she had been occupied; for it was covered with sheets of paper, of which several were filled with writing. Pointing to these, she said that she had summoned me in order that I might place them in safety until the morning, and then give her something to restore her to life, as she was chilled to ice, especially in the region of the head; a symptom I recognised at once as indicating an access of trance-lucidity. When at length, by the administration of food and warmth, she was restored to full consciousness, I learnt, in reply to my remonstrances, that the impulse to communicate had seized her during a brief glance she had taken at the moon before retiring with a force she could not resist, and that she had mechanically obeyed it. She added, that of the nature of the communication received she had no conception, except that it referred to the sea, the saline odour and moisture of which she had felt as palpably as if she had been on the shore, where, indeed, it proved she had been in spirit. On the following morning we eagerly perused together the message that had been so strangely delivered, when we had no doubt that it had been in order to avail themselves of the moon's full that our genii had insisted on thus using her at such a time. Doubtless, too, they were the best judges of what she could bear without injury, and of the effect upon her of the experience. It proved to be a re-delivery, accompanied by the interpretation, of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception [of Maria], purporting to come—as there is no reason to doubt that it did come—from the same celestial source from which it was originally derived—the "US" denoting the hierarchy of the Church invisible and celestial—and restoring it to its true place as the expression of a truth no less reasonable than sublime, inasmuch as it is the supreme product of the soul's perception of its own nature and destiny; and that the time of full moon had been ordained for the communication of what we could not

but recognise as one of the most precious of all "the precious things put forth by the moon" (as said in Deut. xxxiii. 14) was because, as the reflective faculty of the soul, the Intuition has the moon for its symbol, and hence its dedication to Isis. And whereas before our reception of this instruction we were so entirely unaware of an intelligible or a credible sense for the dogma as to regard the promulgation of it by Pius IX. as an outrage on the common sense of Christendom, we were now disposed to suspect him of having acted—albeit unwittingly and unintelligently—under some superior control by those who knew, whether in the Church visible or in the Church invisible. That the Pope's action was not due to knowledge possessed by the visible Church, was implied in the assurance that "the Church knows neither the source nor the meaning of its dogmas." Possibly, therefore, it was due to his own unconscious mediumship.

Although published in *Clothed with the Sun* [Part I. No. iii.], the importance of this utterance, as well as its biographical interest, renders its reproduction here indispensable, if only for the sake of those who may be unacquainted with the book just named.

"I stand upon the sea-shore. The moon overhead is at the full. A soft and warm breath, like that of the summer wind, blows in my face. The aroma of it is salt with the breath of the sea. O Sea! O Moon! from you I shall gather what I seek! You shall recount to me the story of the Immaculate Conception of Maria, whose symbols ye are!

"Allegory of stupendous significance! with which the Church of God has so long been familiar, but which yet never penetrated its understanding, like the holy fire which enveloped the sacred Bush, but which, nevertheless, the Bush withstood and resisted.

"Yet has there been one who comprehended and who interpreted aright the parable of the Immaculate Conception, and he found it through US, by the light of his own intense love, for he was the disciple of love, and his name is still—the Beloved;—John, the Seer of the Apocalypse. For he, in the vision of the woman clothed with the sun, set forth the true significance of the Immaculate Conception. For the Immaculate Conception is none other than the prophecy of the means whereby the universe shall at last be redeemed. Maria—the sea of limitless space—Maria the Virgin, born herself immaculate and without spot of the womb of the Ages,[1] shall in the fulness of time bring forth the perfect Man, who shall redeem the race. He is not one man, but ten thousand times ten thousand, the Son of Man,

[1] Vol. II. p. 99.

who shall overcome the limitations of Matter, and the Evil which is the result of the materialisation of Spirit. His Mother is Spirit, His Father is Spirit, yet He is Himself incarnate ; and how then shall He overcome evil, and restore Matter to the condition of Spirit ? By force of Love. It is Love which is the centripetal power of the universe ; it is by Love that all creation returns to the bosom of God. The force which projected all things is Will, and Will is the centrifugal power of the universe. Will alone could not overcome the evil which results from the limitations of Matter ; but it shall be overcome in the end by Sympathy, which is the knowledge of God in others—the recognition of the omnipresent Self. This is Love. And it is with the children of the Spirit, the servants of Love, that the dragon of Matter makes war.

" Now, whether or not the world be strong enough to bear this yet, we know not. This is not the first time we have revealed these things to men. An ancient heresy, cursed by the Church, arose out of a true inspiration ; for the disciples are ever weaker than the Master, and they have not His spiritual discernment. I speak of the Gnostics. To the Master of the Gnostics we revealed the truth of the Immaculate Conception. We told him that Immanuel should be the God-Man, who, transcending the limitations of Matter, should efface the evil of materialisation by the force of Love, and should see and hear and speak and feel as though He were pure Spirit, and had annihilated the boundaries of Matter. This, then, he taught ; but they who heard his teaching, applying his words only to the individual Jesus, affirmed that Jesus had had no material body, but that he was an emanation of a spiritual nature ; an Æon who, without substance or true being in the flesh, had borne a phantom part in the world of men. Beware lest in like manner ye also are misled. It is so hard for men to be spiritual. It is as hard for us to declare ourselves without mystery. The Church knows not the source of its dogmas. We marvel also at the blindness of the hearers, who indeed hear, but who have not eyes to see. We speak in vain—ye discern not spiritual things. Ye are so materialised that ye perceive only the material. The Spirit comes and goes ; ye hear the sound of its voice ; but ye cannot tell whither it goeth nor whence it cometh. All that is true is spiritual. No dogma of the Church is true that seems to bear a physical meaning. For Matter shall cease, and all that is of it, but the Word of the Lord shall remain for ever. And how shall it remain except it be purely spiritual ; since, when Matter ceases, it would then be no longer comprehensible ? I tell you again, and of a truth—no dogma is real that is not spiritual. If it be true, and yet seem to you to have a material signification, know that you have not solved it. It is a mystery ; seek its interpretation. That which is true is for Spirit alone."

The satisfaction and delight with which I read and re-read this deliverance were beyond expression. For although a full appreciation of its significance and value came only with my own advance, I saw in it at once the doom of the sacrificial system hitherto in vogue, the rescue of the world from the

grossest of idolatries, and the restoration to men of the knowledge of their Divine potentialities.

And while rehabilitating both God and man, it convicted the Church of having anathematised as heretical the school from which its own supreme dogma was derived—that of the Gnostics, the fundamental tenet of whose system was that of the Divinity of the Substance of Existence. Thus was this tenet first divinely affirmed to us, the subsequent assertion of it being contained in the revelation already recited of Adonai, in the words, " That which is manifest is the Divine Substance " ; to which it was later added, " Which is the Substance of all that is ; the soul of individuals, and the receptacle of the Divine nucleus ; whose veil is the astral fluid, and who is the potential essence of Matter."

While appreciating it equally with myself, Mary confessed herself somewhat appalled when, viewing it from the standpoint of orthodoxy, she perceived the immensity of the issues involved in the removal of the Virgin Mary from the plane of the physical and personal to that of the spiritual and universal, and the making of her a principle, and no actual woman at all. Indeed, so vast and momentous seemed to us the import of this revelation, that we found it difficult to imagine a worthy sequel to it, and were disposed to regard our mission as accomplished when thus crowned. But, as events proved, this was very far from being the case. We had but crossed the threshold of the temple of the mysteries awaiting disclosure to us, and it was as if expressly designed to dispel this impression and prepare us for what was yet to come that a few nights later—July 29—Mary received in sleep the following intimation, which I entitled in our archives

A Vision of the Secret of Youth

" I saw myself seated at a table writing in a great white book ; but what I wrote I knew not. At my right hand sat Caro, and it seemed to me that another person, whom I could not see, stood behind me and guided my pen. All about me was light, and of a white colour. My dress was white, the walls of the room appeared argentine, the letters of the words I wrote were themselves traced in silver. I said, ' If I write so much I shall grow old.' And some one answered, ' Not while the sun stands in the centre of all things.' "

According to a frequent Scripture wont this vision was in token of its significance thrice repeated, and it was accompanied

by a strong impression that though the present series of communications was near its close, the amount yet to come was unlimited. The concluding sentence of the utterance was, of course, a symbolical way of representing God as the life of the soul; and the silvery whiteness denoted the intuitive faculty of which, as described above, the moon is the symbol. But that this faculty was the source of the revelation, and what precisely the faculty itself is, we had at this time yet to learn.

My sojourn in Paris was nearing its close, the time being at hand when A. had arranged to relieve me. My return was necessary, also, for the sake of my book, now enriched beyond all anticipation by the fresh unfoldments which had been vouchsafed expressly for it. There was, however, a point on which we desired immediate guidance, and respecting which we were not agreed. I was doubtful as to the extent to which our experiences should be divulged, and especially whether, for the present, her name should be given in connection with them. She, on the other hand, was bent upon admitting her professor into our confidence, and even into our circle, in the hope of effecting his conversion to our doctrine and rule of life. To the latter proposition especially I was strongly opposed; partly because of the possible effect of the presence of an unknown, and possibly an inharmonious, and certainly a very positive, element; and partly because of the publicity it would give to our work, and the interference to which it might expose us. For such was the temper of the medical faculty, that they would be far more likely to resent whatever tended to demonstrate the fallacy of their philosophy, than to become converted to ours; in the former of which events her prospect of obtaining the coveted diploma would be hopeless.

The eve of the day on which she proposed to carry out her idea, by imparting our secret to the professor and inviting his attendance at our sittings, found us still at variance on the subject, and she was so possessed by her idea as to be inaccessible to any counter-considerations; so that when we separated for the night it was with the most earnest desire on both sides for some positive guidance. To my great relief the morning found her completely converted to my view. She had received two striking dreams, the intention of which was so obvious, and the

lesson so wise, that she abandoned her project forthwith, and joined me in eliminating from my book all references by which she might be identified by others than our own personal intimates. The dreams in question are those entitled "The Bird and the Cat," and "The Treasure in the Lighted House," which are printed as Nos. V. and VI. in *Dreams and Dream-Stories.*

Our precautions were only partially successful. The imminent danger was averted; but, as was presently predicted, there was a danger ahead which was not to be escaped. The relation only of the prediction belongs to this stage of our narrative; that of its fulfilment to a period some years later, as will be told in its place.

On the evening of August 5, having entered the lucid state, she spoke as follows, nothing having passed between us to lead up to any part of the utterance:—

"The music of the spheres is a fact! a tremendous fact! It opens upon me so fully and richly, and the subject is such a vast one, that I could speak volumes about it; but I must not touch it now. I wish I could have music, though. The spirits could do so much better with music, especially that of the organ, which has neither strings nor metal, but uses the air itself. That is why the organ is used in churches. The wind represents the Spirit. They prefer melody, too, to harmony. Melody produces such exquisite order among the particles of air. Any interruption, like the barking of dogs, which I hear, disturbs the order and breaks up the image, as the throwing of a stone into water destroys its reflection of the heavens.

"You wish to know the meaning of the dream concerning the Bird, and the Treasure in the house without shutters. We mistook it. It referred to that which MUST be, which *must* come, no matter what you say or suppress. It was not so much a warning or an admonition as a prophecy.

"The world will cast us out. You saw, though you did not tell me, that you and I were the 'Two Witnesses'; and the Dragon is the materialistic philosophy that will fight against and slay us, and for some time have the empire. But in the end we shall prevail, for the death is a spiritual one, and the rising again is spiritual. All this is written in John's Apocalypse. I see now that you and I are one; our genii wish us to be one, because you supply that which I have not, and I supply that which you have not.

"I perceive that all the Christs of the world are precisely those over whom the veil of Matter is thinnest. This is why the painters and poets of all times have always represented the saints, and especially Jesus, with the aureole. It is the spirit shining through the veil of flesh. This is why the face of Moses and of Stephen shone.

"We have the Spirit shining through us in two different ways. It is the love and expansiveness of your spirit that burns through the veil, making your colour blue. I have not the love; with me it is

courage and aspiration that appear as a red flame. I see you as the woman and myself as the man. A web of Matter encircles each of us, and in only one point does the light within seem to pierce through it: it is love with you; with me it is courage. I have no love; I have courage—any amount—but no love. That is why I want the love of others so much. Oh, what a fierce thing I see myself! My Genius is here, close beside me. How splendid, how colossal, how beautiful he is!

"There is a verse in the Apocalypse which stands thus: 'And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days clothed in sackcloth; and they shall have power to shut heaven, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy; and over the waters to turn them into blood.' This signifies that the world is on the brink of a terrible convulsion, and that you in the days of your prophecy shall foretell—nay, have already foretold—the woes that must come to pass. It is in this way that the prophet is said to occasion that which he prophesies. The Dragon is always Materialism. He must make war upon us and slay us, yet shall we triumph at the last. As I said just now, with us the veil of Matter is thin; hence our spirits are accessible to the angels; they get at us readily. And the part of the veil rent around you is rent by love, and with me by courage. You are Latitude and I am Longitude, and yet the Sun is in the centre for both of us. It is so curious! I wish you could see it! The sun is in the centre of the two lines which cross each other and comprise all the world—the lines of expansion and of aspiration. I have no trust, I have no love; all is courage and determination; the love is yours alone. Nothing can get near me; I am inaccessible, as though it were rocks that must be climbed, and I myself am the rocks! Oh, I see so much, I could not describe it all in years.

"If you have any question to ask, ask it now, before the power grows weak. (In reply to further questions about the dream of warning)—Publish all as proposed, taking what caution you can; but the dream was a prophecy, and must be fulfilled.

"Concerning the Resurrection, Ascension, and other Christian dogmas. What was told us about the Immaculate Conception is true of all these. All are of spiritual significance. Materialism is a mere veil. Whatever is true, is true for Spirit. Matter has no part in it whatever. This, and a great deal else which we are beginning to know, was seen in part by all those different orders of the Catholic Church which have been separated off by her into monastic grades. These were the Franciscans, Benedictines, Dominicans, Carmelites, and others. They were bodies of philosophers, and their doctrines were veiled under allegories, always adapted to the Christian faith, which faith they held in a spiritual sense. And the Church knew it, and gave to the vulgar the fable instead of the truth. Was this wise, was it right—knowing so much, to withhold so much? Having the truth, but refusing to impart it, the Church of the Middle Ages at last lost the truth. It is twilight now in the Church.[1]

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[1] This was recently well exemplified in a letter (published in *Light*, 1893, p. 360) of the late Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, who, in reply to a letter addressed to him containing the questions (1) "Is it true

" I will look at the Pope. . . . Why, Pius the Ninth knows nothing ! He began life by being a soldier ! He knows nothing. He is good-hearted, but he never thinks. He lacks the faculty for thought. It seems to me that he is being specially preserved to see the beginning of the changes that are coming. The spirits take no account of the Protestant Church. The sun is not in its centre. The Catholic Church alone is within its sphere, but the sun is very far above it. I see no sun at all above Protestantism ; it is quite out of the sun's influence. Protestantism represents only half a system ; it is the woman's half that is wanting. It is Humanity without Woman ; God without Mary ; Divinity *minus* its feminine element, that is. Ah ! we must try to save these poor Protestant sects : they are in a terrible state ! Better be anywhere, almost, than where they are. They are nowhere within the sun's system, so far are they circling and wheeling beyond his reach !

" It is shown to me that the Catholic Church has the whole of the truth in a parable ; but the truth is wholly spiritual, and the Church has materialised it. I see the rays from the sun streaming down upon her, but as they pass into and across the atmosphere which envelops her, each ray becomes encased in a sheath of matter, so that the sheath only is apparent, and the true impalpable ray within it is concealed. It is like the cylinder-axis of a nerve—the true nerve—which, passing from the inner substance of the spinal marrow into the periphery, becomes then—and only then—encased in a sheath of medullary matter, and an exterior membrane of connective tissue ; so that beneath these the true axis is hidden, and the volume of the nervous cord increased by a foreign substance. But as for Protestantism, it is far aside ; no nerves from the great trophic centre reach it to vitalise and nourish it. We shall never have a perfect revelation until you come out wholly from it. There are immense revelations for us in the future, but only on the condition of your quitting Protestant communion. The Catholic Church has all the truth, but the priesthood has materialised it.

" I perceive a great war in Europe. There are multitudes of soldiers in white uniforms, and some in red. All Europe seems at war. I see Paris again. Poor Paris ; he is in a terrible state of mind, waving his arms frantically and lamenting. He has lost his city again ! There is with him a figure, that of a woman, and fair, but of whom I cannot see. I am not afraid of him now. He is far, far away.

" It seems to me as if France were about to be destroyed utterly. The invaders' helmet has a spike. I could draw it better than I can describe it. Ah, what a pity ! No, not a pity ; for these French are

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that there is an esoteric side of the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church ? " and (2) " Is it true that the Church holds, and has ever held, that the Blessed Virgin represents the Motherhood of God ? " wrote as follows : " The Catholic Church has no esoteric doctrine. Her whole teaching is accessible to all the world in her published books ; and there are no private books, and no private teaching. The Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God, but she is not a Deity, nor part of a Deity ; she is a pure creature, and the notion of a feminine nature in God is simply Asiatic, and foreign to the teaching of the Catholic Church."—S. H. H.

a terrible people. France deserves all her misfortunes. O Paris, utterly destroyed ! But when is this to be ? Years hence, perhaps. A prophet can never judge of time. Even Jesus did not know the time of the fulfilment of His predictions. The Hebrew prophets generally thought their prophecies on the eve of realisation.

" ' Of the day and the hour knoweth no man, not even the Son, but the Father only.' All France is doomed. Part will be a German province. I see England in possession of Calais, Normandy, and the Brittany coast ; yes, of all the northern shore of France. Belgium seems to me to be Prussian.

" In spite of all, the Catholic Church holds on without end. She has a new dogma, the Divinity of the Blessed Virgin. They *will* have Matter. It is impossible to help laughing at the horror of the Calvinists and Protestants over this new declaration of Church doctrine. They see and know nothing. They call the dogma ' blasphemous,' not comprehending its inner truth and spiritual meaning. The spirits are full of humour, and they, too, are merry over the confusion and alarm of the ' heretics.' I see Dr Cumming writing a book about the ' number of the Beast,'—666. He says the dogma of the Divinity of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the ' filling up of the cup.' Spiritually, of course, the Church is quite right, but he understands nothing. I cannot tell whether the Church is on the verge of this new dogma or far off.

" We have much tribulation before us in the shape of persecution. It is not want of money ; of that we shall always have enough. There is no way of seeing closely into our own particular future, but I know that we have abundant and great work before us.

" It is strange that John the Seer should have understood and beheld all this so plainly so long ago. I wish you could see it as I do. It seems to me as though I stood in the midst of a vast system, and saw around me Past, Present, and Future, all as one. That is why it is impossible to prophesy precisely with regard to time. I know what is past, and what is future, but not the *when*.

" There is nothing in my life to regret. All has been educational. You and I have a tremendous career before us. Whatever my health shall be, it seems to me that I shall live long enough to do a great deal of work. Many whom I know are about our orbit, but I can distinguish perfectly only such as are in the Spirit. Those who are too materialistic for the spirit to shine through them do not reveal themselves to me. They appear dark ; they are in an outer circle. I see women chiefly. Near me are Letitia G——, looking sweet and beautiful ; and another, who is larger in figure and fair, and has a generous face and full lips. It is Marie C——. I see also Anna W——. They pass before me one by one. I see neither Gladstone nor Lord Beaconsfield. The Prime Minister of England seems to be a man of about forty-five years of age, of middle stature, and fair or brown complexion. Some of those near me would be nearer but for their carnivorous mode of life."

Some of the points in this utterance call for remark. It was true that I had, during my term of special illumination in the previous winter, recognised the mind's two modes, the intellec-

tual and the intuitional, as always the "Two Witnesses" for God on the earth, and applied them in interpretation of the passage in the Apocalypse. And I had also recognised the work on which we were entering as coming under the category implied, in such a way as to constitute us members of the order of those who, in virtue of their devoting their intellect and intuition to the interpretation of divine things, are in their measure the "Two Witnesses" in question. And it was true also that, as with much else then discerned, I had been constrained to hold it in reserve. Nor did I then, nor did we now, entertain the idea that the prophecy referred to us either personally or exclusively, but regarded it as a declaration, having universal application, of the method by which, always and everywhere, the knowledge of divine things is attained and the "dragon" of Materiality overcome and cast out. It was not persons but principles—it was shown to me—that it is the function of Revelation to declare and exalt, persons being of importance only in so far as they exemplify principles. And the time came when we were explicitly instructed that the reversal of this procedure —namely, the exaltation of persons instead of principles—is precisely what constitutes idolatry, inasmuch as it implies the preference for the form to the substance, for the appearance to the reality. And, besides shrinking instinctively and inveterately from anything approaching to self-exaltation, we were warned both by experience and by precept against it as the most insidious of snares and most frequent cause of downfall to those who indulge in it.

The injunction against my remaining in any Protestant communion I regarded as confirming the position I had already taken up, rather than as prompting to a new one; a position, namely, of independence of all visible communions, contenting myself with knowing myself to be a member of the Church Invisible, and not identifying myself with any particular section of the Church Visible. In insisting on my detachment from all limiting influences, it could not be intended that I was to exchange the Protestant limitations of thought and knowledge for the Romish limitations of faith and practice. So inveterate, moreover, was my aversion to the idea of association with a body which had so hideous a past behind it as the Church of Rome, that I declared it to be my conviction that if the gods

had required such a step as the condition of their work, they would have selected some other instrument. Rather was it my conviction that even though Catholic doctrine, purified and spiritualised as was being done through us, is destined to be the religion and philosophy of the future, the Catholic Church will cease to have its centre at Rome, or to be called by its name, that place having forfeited its right to the primacy hitherto accorded to it. For the true Christianity—that which is not nominally only but really a religion of love—cannot, under the regeneration to come, have for its pivot and centre a place which both by its name and its nature represents the opposite and negation of love. For, whether pagan or papal, *Roma* has always been *Amor* reversed.

The allusion to Dr Cumming is not necessarily invalidated by his death. Taking his name for that of an order, and himself as the type, the Dr Cumming of the future will inevitably occupy himself like his prototype of the past, and indeed is even now doing so, to judge by the utterances of the ultra-Protestant Press. And, besides this, it is the wont—as we duly came to learn—of the souls of those who, when in the flesh, have been engrossed by their present ideas to the exclusion of any fresh and higher ones, to continue the same pursuit after death for periods corresponding to the intensity of their prepossessions and the strength of their lower wills. So that we may, without violence to probabilities, conceive of that redoubtable champion of Protestantism as continuing his work in the sphere of the astral, with as much of energy and cleverness, and as little of spiritual knowledge and perception, as when in the sphere of the material.

An explanation of the reference to her "demon" Paris is necessary as the prelude to the striking incidents of the next few weeks. Mention has been made of the nocturnal visitations by which she had been harassed previously to my arrival, and of the perplexing demeanour of her professor. The two things proved to be intimately related. The nightly visitant described by her as so infantile and fascinating had, shortly before my arrival, developed a strong resemblance to Monsieur O., and its visits had become a regular persecution, which my arrival served for a time to interrupt and abate, but not wholly

to prevent. For even while we were sitting together it would, though impalpable to me, be visible, audible, and tangible to her as any real person. And she described it as no longer being wholly demon, but partially human, as if compounded of the two natures, the human part resembling her professor. Of the possibility, now familiar to the world, of the projection by a person of a palpable image of himself into the presence of another we were wholly ignorant, having never even heard of it. But that such was the fact was made certain by the professor's own conduct. For he never failed, on the day after each such apparition, to importune her to admit that she had seen him, saying, "Now, did you not see me last night? I am sure you saw me last night! Do confess; I want so much to know." And "I believe I am as clairvoyant as yourself. Try me. I will describe your room, and you will tell me if I am right." He was accurate on all points; but, much to his vexation, she refused to make any admissions, and told him plainly that, if he had nothing better to talk about, she must decline to receive him at all. Meanwhile, rather than risk an open rupture, I sought by an energetic exercise of my will to counteract his, and being—as I had reason to believe—reinforced from unseen sources, I succeeded in baffling him to such a degree as to put a complete stop to his projections of himself. Unfortunately, he became aware not only of the fact of his failure any longer to penetrate our sphere, but also of the cause of it, and conceived accordingly a violent animosity against me, partly, no doubt, through wounded vanity; for his confidence in the strength of his own will was such as to lead him to declare his conviction that there was no will in existence which could withstand it. In this mood he made himself so disagreeable to his pupil that she devised an excuse for breaking off her lessons for a time in order to be free of him, and he had accordingly ceased his visits during the latter part of my stay. And it was owing to the weakening of his influence that she had been able—on again beholding her "demon" in her trance—to say that she was "not afraid of him now." Such was the position when I left Paris, which I did not do without strongly urging her to break with him altogether, and to obtain another professor. I also represented to A.—whose arrival I awaited in order to do so—the advisability of keeping him at a distance, but without

disclosing my reasons, as these lay so far outside the range of his recognition that the communication of them to him would only have caused him to doubt my rationality. I took my leave on the 8th, my anxiety being relieved by the understanding that they would return to England together early in September. On the 13th I received the following letter :—

"PARIS, *August* 12, 1877.

"I have a great deal to tell you. Breakfast was scarcely cleared away this morning, and it was not ten o'clock, when the bell sounded, and I heard Christine show someone into the sitting-room. A. and E. were in the back room. Then Christine came and announced 'That gentleman.' 'Which gentleman?' I asked. She did not know his name. It could not be O., I thought as I went, for he never leaves home on Sundays. But it *was* O., white, and old-looking, and horribly ill. I had not seen him since Thursday morning, and the change in him was wonderful. 'I am come,' he said, shutting the door, 'to tell you I have acted unpardonably. I cannot ask you to forgive me. I can only say I have been mad, and have meditated horrible things. Is *he* gone?' (meaning *you*). I stood facing him, and answered 'Yes.' 'Since he is really gone,' he went on, 'I will tell you that I have been in a fever about him and you. I had wished to assassinate him.' 'I knew it,' I said. 'I have not slept for three nights,' he continued; 'and I was so mad that I could have killed anyone out of pure despair and rage. My own mother could not speak to me. I shut myself up in my room and raved to myself. Well, it is over now. I have got the mastery over myself. I am sorry. Look at me in the face.' I looked. He stood silent a moment or two, and then said, 'I am a vile wretch. I am no better than the lowest of beasts. I know myself now.' 'Courage,' said I; 'if this be so, there is hope. I thought you had a heart of stone.' He caught at the words and seized my wrist. '*Cœur de pierre!* How extraordinary! Why do you use those words?' I was astonished in my turn, and said, 'Why not? You have indeed a heart of stone.' 'It is extraordinary,' said he, 'because in my fever last night I heard someone say those words to me: *Cœur de pierre! Cœur cuirassé!*' 'I, too, heard them,' said I; 'they are not mine.' 'Nor *his*?' 'No, nor *his*.' [They had been written for us about him, it will be remembered, a month before this.] He sat looking at me steadfastly, and then said abruptly, 'Feel my hands; feel my forehead. I am in a fever now'; and they were, indeed, burning hot. 'I could not stay at home,' he said. 'My mother wondered where I was going. I would not tell her. She thinks I have had a sunstroke.' We sat silent a little while; then suddenly he leant forward, caught my hands, and kissed them with a kind of fury. 'I cannot live without you,' he said; 'I thought I hated you; but *j'étais poussé, j'étais poussé*. It was stronger than I. I could not help myself.' '*What* was stronger?' said I. 'What pushed you? What is "*It*"?' 'I don't know; something that took possession of me and tried to make me kill *him*—or you—for vengeance—*pour un rien*. It is all over now. In the future, you will see, I will never speak a word

against him. He may be right after all. I was not myself. I believe in God.' The extraordinary juxtaposition of two phrases so little connected struck me ; I asked him what he meant. He seemed unable to explain ; all he said was, ' I was a miserable wretch,—now *je comprends* ; *voyez-vous, je comprends* ; you will see. I, too, have a heart and eyes. Oh, how much evil I have done you ! ' ' No,' said I, ' not so much as that. For myself I did not care greatly ; but it was the evil you said of *him*. And there I was most to blame ; I ought to have held my tongue about him. I ought not to have told you what I did.' I was going on, but he stopped me. ' It was no fault of yours,' he said ; ' I should have known it all if you had never opened your lips. I have done you evil both in body and soul, and it has fallen on myself in the end. When I began I did not love you—frankly, I did not love you ; now, I shall never have peace any more all my life. I have been a cursed wretch.' He excited himself so much that I sat trembling, and dared ask him no questions ; I don't know what he meant. He went on like this for about an hour and a half, alternately accusing himself in the bitterest terms and declaring his absolute and perfect penitence. At last I begged him to go, for I feared he might forget himself again, though he assured me there was no chance of his doing so. What am I to think ? This unexpected humiliation on his part has utterly disarmed me. It seemed that to reproach a man so changed and fevered would be like kicking one's adversary when he is down. His face was quite white except when he spoke, and then he flushed crimson from forehead to chin with wonderful rapidity ; one could *see* the blood *sweep* over his face. Tell me what I ought to do. I want to be just, and he seems to accuse himself of everything we had laid to his charge.

" Virginia Gabriel—Mrs March—is dead ! She was thrown out of her carriage and killed last week. You will be very sorry." [1]

The course I advised was the only and obvious one—to keep the man at a distance and exert all her power of will, seeking for reinforcement from a higher source to repel the demon, and this not only from troubling her, but from obsessing him. The latter would be the hardest task, for unfortunately he had invited it and given himself up to it ; and not only was there for him no higher source from which to seek aid, but the will to deliver himself was feeble or wanting. A week later—August 21—she wrote :—

" The devil has returned to O. I saw him to-day as I was leaving the hospital. He looked as black as a thundercloud and as white as death. Curiously enough, Mrs A. has taken a fright and horror of him. ' He is possessed,' she declared, ' by an evil spirit. There is something in his eyes that looks like a demon. He makes me shudder when my glance meets his. Something looks out *through*

[1] Her death and the manner of it were a great shock to me, for I had known her well, and she had set some of my songs to music.—E. M.

his eyes which is not himself. It is a devil.' I noted him particularly to-day, and said to him, 'You are not well?' He answered me between his teeth, but without looking at me, 'If I had anything between my hands now I should crush it to powder.' I laughed and said, 'Then I am glad my head isn't there.' He only said, 'Don't touch me, then.' It is my belief he will either go mad or assassinate someone before long."

In a postscript, written next day, she added :—

"I dreamt last night that O. fired a pistol at me as I left one of the wards, and that I put up my hand with a cry, and the bullet hissed over my left shoulder and grazed it. I felt the blood spurt over my cheek, and heard distinctly the sound of people running towards me and a great din of voices. When I woke it was the middle of a peal of thunder; there was a storm going on. . . . Yes; I mean to work straight on through summer, autumn, and winter. I mean to pass my two first *doctorats* before the spring, so as to finish all in the year. I have gone in for it hot and strong. I work all day, and this very day have entered myself in a new service of medicine from eight to ten every morning; so I am securely fastened down now, and can't leave on any account. I shall have to be alone here all September if you can't come, for A. *must* leave me on the 7th; and my birthday—upon which I counted so much—will be passed in solitude! Well, I must take what the Gods send. Doubtless they have many trials in store for me yet. I am very tired this morning, having had a spell of work lasting from eight until twelve, and I am only just sitting down for the first time. And I have a lesson after lunch; so I must go to my work again almost directly."

This letter reached me on the morning of the 23rd. The prospect disclosed by it caused me the profoundest uneasiness; for, while loneliness meant for her a descent into the depths of a melancholy amounting to hypochondria, the companionship that would, as I perceived, to a certainty be forced on her was, if possible, yet more dangerous, through her utter inability to resist the occult influences which would assuredly be again brought to bear upon her so soon as her unprotected situation was known. Even were I prepared to accede to her proposition by going to live in Paris, disregarding the danger of compromising her as the least of the evils threatened, I could not make the necessary arrangements in time to prevent her from undergoing exposure for a season to the risks of loneliness. All that I could do, therefore, for the moment was to write, strongly urging her to come home with A., and trust to my being able to return with her to Paris. The tone of her letter, however, had not been such as to lead me to hope that my advice would

be taken ; and the next one confirmed my apprehensions by telling me that A. and O. had become acquainted, and had taken to each other ; for I knew that this meant unlimited opportunity for the re-establishment of O.'s influence over her.

The event proved my apprehension to be well grounded. But it proved also that " there are things in heaven and earth undreamt of in our philosophy " even at the point we had already attained, and that there were " larger other eyes than ours " on the watch over us, and, severe as might be the ordeals to be endured, we should be enabled to pass safely through them. But the narration requires a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XI

THE BAFFLED SORCERER

ALMOST immediately on my return to London accounts reached me, which seemed trustworthy, of the powers exhibited by a sensitive or "medium" lately come from America, so remarkable as to make me curious to test them. I hesitated, however, to do so, partly through my distrust of professional mediumship, and partly because of the magnitude of the fee. Could I anticipate any beneficial results to my work, this would not have deterred me; but, curious as the results might be psychologically, they were hardly likely, I thought, to be valuable spiritually or exegetically.

As the time went on, however, I found the impulse to make the visit in question recur with a frequency and an intensity so great as seriously to interfere with my work, and to make me consider that the outlay would be well incurred if only by freeing my mind. In this view I called and made a verbal engagement with the servant for the following afternoon, but without giving any name. It was August 21,[1] the date of the letter last given, and two days, therefore, before it reached me.

On keeping my appointment I maintained the same strict reserve, allowing myself to be announced as the gentleman who was to call at 4.30. No one was aware of my design. The sensitive and I were absolute strangers to each other. I was very slightly known in London, and all who knew me were then out of town. And, to make the test unexceptionable, I carefully refrained throughout from making any remark which might either afford a clue to my identity or serve to suggest replies. On entering the séance-room, the sensitive, whose name was Fletcher, after cautioning me against being alarmed if he went into a trance, motioned me to a chair, and seating himself close

[1] *I.e.* the date for which the engagement was made.—S. H. H.

in front of me, took hold of one of my hands, but presently let it go that I might make notes, and after a few slight convulsive movements, passed under the control of what purported to be the spirit of a red-Indian girl named Winona, who was his familiar. Having obtained control of him, she greeted me with a nod of her medium's head, and then began to speak. Her speech was illiterate and replete with homely Americanisms, but highly vivacious and intelligent, and her deportment pleasing and without vulgarity or pretentiousness. Then, speaking very rapidly and in a tone of amazement, she exclaimed—

" What is the meaning of all that I see ? There is something here very unlike what most people—what all other people—have. I do not want a lantern to see into you. There is no lack of light, as with most. But you have about you, not only spirits, a number of them, and greater and higher than any I ever saw before, but a number of things—I don't know what to call them—things which look odd and unmeaning to other people ; but they have a meaning in them, a very deep meaning, and you understand it ; and when you do not, your high spirits tell it to you. Sym—sym—thank you " [this as to an invisible prompter]—" symbols, they are called, though I do not know what that is, for the spirits who have come to tell me what to say to you are forced to use higher and harder words than I and my spirits require. You did not come here of yourself. You tried not to come ; but you had to come. Your spirits sent you that they might speak to you through me. You must not think that what I say to you comes from myself or my medium. I shall say only what they tell me, so far as I can say it after them. And, oh, what spirits yours are ! There are three by you now ; they are so high they overshadow the earth, and they give you truths which are not personal, not national merely, but are for all men, for all the race. I see them reaching far, far away beyond the planet, beyond the system, to bring you from the stars the fruits of the universe ! Yes, that is the phrase they tell me to speak, the fruits of the universe. All these they bring to you and pour into your mind. But not for yourself only. You would not care for them if they benefited yourself only. They are for the world, which you are working, with the great world-spirits' help, to improve. Let me see, let me see." [Here she spoke musingly, as to herself.] " How is this ? Oh, I see. It is the love in the man. The love is so strong it has drawn these great spirits to him." [Then in her previous tone she continued.] " Between them and you there is a medium, one who was long ago in the earth-life, and who had such a career as you appear to me to have before you,—a career that only one man in numberless ages has. And he acts as medium between the spirits and you, as I do between my medium and the spirits who tell me what to say. But there is a difference, a great difference. I will tell you what it is. I have to put my medium's consciousness aside when I speak through him, because I cannot impress on his mind what I wish. But your spirits have no need to do this with you.

They are able to put their thoughts into your mind. That is because you are in perfect harmony with them. They do not set aside your consciousness. They make it more, larger, without altering it; they —yes, that is the word no doubt—thank you" [aside]—" they tell me to say they *enhance* your consciousness without depriving you of your own individuality. And they are able to do that by reason of your being in perfect harmony with them. Your, your—intuition? —yes, your intuition is pure. It is through this that they can bring you the fruits of the universe. I know only one man now on the earth who sees thoughts at all like those you see. It is the American seer, Andrew Jackson Davis. Your spirits will do much, oh! so much more for you yet than they have done. All you have done is as nothing to what you will do. But it will only be after a time. It is for you to rest now. Your rest will not be idleness or waste of time. It is necessary for your future work, when you will require all your power."

After a short pause, passed in silence, she continued:—" Dear me, how oddly you live! No stimulants! no—what people call—generous food! Oh, I see why it is. Your spirits have put away from you all those things, not for your own sake—you are sound, you have no disease whatever—but for the sake of the work they have for you to do. Yet you want more strength, more nourishment. Yes, you live too much alone, or with people who are too much like yourself, and who take from you instead of letting you take from them. You must give this up and go among people who are exactly the opposite to yourself—people who will amuse you. Why, you never are amused! You are always thinking and feeling! You live as if you had had your physical life and your intellectual life, and had passed out of them into your spiritual life. That would be all very well if you had not still a physical and mental organism, which are to be used and cared for while you have them. And you have them and will want them. Why do you not let yourself have amusement?

" Ah! I see the *how* of it; you have lost your friends. They have dropped off as you have risen to the spiritual life. Yes—and they are not far from thinking you mad. Let them think so now. Some day, not very long hence, they will all fall at your feet and acknowledge you. Even if they do not fully understand you, they will not think you mad then. I said you had no friends. You have no relations either! Those who are your relations in the flesh are not your relations in the spirit. There is no kin between you; and they have left you now. That comes of your spiritual growth. You have been incarnate so many times that you are a long way advanced. I think you will be incarnate again. People are incarnated so long as there is an experience to be gained in the flesh-life by which they can benefit spiritually."

Here, speaking for the first time, I asked, with a theological motive, " May one not be incarnated for the sole benefit of others? "

" No; if you can do no good to yourself, you can do none to others. What a reserved life you have led! No one has ever known you. You have lived among people as a stranger, seeing right through them, but letting no one see through you. Always silent! Oh, how silent you have been! And you have resisted so

many impulses, refused so many things, which, if accepted, would have given you valuable experiences. You have looked at them and wished for them, and not being able to see clearly what they would lead to, have let them slide by. You could not be satisfied with phenomena. Your own spirit always seeks towards spirit in everything. And now, by waiting and thinking and wishing, you have got something far above and beyond all you ever imagined, something all spiritual too.

" Can I see anything about your work and associates ? I am looking only at you and what is about you now ; but I am impressed to follow you and learn more about you. You are, and have, and will be what I have never known before. I may help you, though I am but an Indian girl. They call me Winona. I can do good by helping you. I shall follow you and find out all I want to know. I never was in such company as that of your spirits. They sent you to me, and not for nothing. One thing was for your health. They want you to live a grosser life. That is not a nice word. I don't know how to put it,—yes, generous ; that is the word again. You must get up your physical strength by living more in the lower world, and resting your mind and spirit. That is all I am to say to-day."

All deductions being made for vivacity of expression, this was a truly wonderful piece of portraiture, and such as to give for me a significance altogether new to the expressions, " Knowing as ye are known," and " Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did." I had been turned inside out and held up to view to myself, with a fulness and accuracy altogether surpassing my own ability. For, while I could recognise the traits described as my own, I could not myself have specified them, or have explained myself to myself as I was now explained.

And there were other proofs that it was not mere thought-reading ; for that which was uppermost in my mind was the situation at Paris, and of this no word had been said. And with a view to obtaining information on that subject, I made an appointment for four days later, so thoroughly satisfied was I about the trustworthiness of the communicating influence. Desirous of knowing how far the medium was cognisant of what had been said through him, I questioned him on the point, but only to be assured that his mind was so entirely displaced by the control that he knew only what she might subsequently tell him about what had passed on such occasions.

On resuming the sitting on the 25th, Winona, after greeting me, turned to a chair beside the medium, and similarly greeted a spirit by whom she said it was occupied. This, she declared

was the spirit of my wife, who had long since passed away from the earth and out of my present life, but was often with me. Many spirits, Winona added, were in the habit of visiting me for the sake of learning what I was being taught by the spirits who had me in charge, and whom, through the wide difference of their respective spheres, they could not approach in their own world; while they could all come to me and use me as a common meeting-ground for communication. And she continued—

"Among those who are in the habit of coming to you is your father. He is an orthodox man—oh, so strictly orthodox! You and he could not agree about religion in the earth-life, but now he is forced to come to you to learn. He learns very slowly, for his mind was always covered with locks and keys to keep out anything that was not orthodox. You consider him a conscientious man."

The word was in my mind as applicable.

"So he was in his human relations; but I do not consider him one in his religious opinions, else we must mean different things by that word. I do not call it conscientious when one refuses to look at an opinion because it is new to one, and does not appear to harmonise with what one already holds. That was what your father did. He had made up his mind, without any reason, that he had all the truth, and so would not look at anything that was new to him. In that he was not conscientious, as I call it. He has now opened only a few of the locks on his mind, but he is learning from you as fast as he can."

This description of his character and opinions, and of our relations, was absolutely exact.

"You must not let so many spirits come to you. They take all and leave you nothing. You are exhausted by them. Sometimes your spirits come to your rescue. They open the door, as it were, and drive away those who are living on you. All your strength is wanted for your work, and you must preserve it.

"I know the matter you wish to consult me about, and will speak of it later. At present your spirits desire me to speak for them. You have a ring, a very curious one, with those odd things—symbols—on it. You do not wear it on your hand, but—yes, there—on your neck-tie. It has a curious meaning, and is connected with your history. It has no meaning as regards the giver—that is, it is not a pledge of affection."

It was a small gold circlet, marked with the signs of the Zodiac, which had been given me by a sailor nephew, who brought it from Ashantee, in the expedition to which place he had borne a share.

" The spirit who desires to speak through me is spokesman for a group of other high spirits, who with him form a constellation. The stars of this constellation are your stars. They pour down their influences and concentrate them upon you, in order to inspire you with all their rays at once. He tells me to show you his name, as, he says, you will then know who the others are " ; and she formed in the air the letters which make OSIRIS.

" Do you mean that the Egyptian sungod was a real person ? " I asked.

" I do not know what you call sungod," she replied, " but he is real in heaven and was real on earth ; and he died on the cross, as also did all the other spirits in his constellation."

" What are their names ? "

" The spirit says you know. Tell me."

" Did one begin with M ? " I asked.

" Yes, yes ! that is right " ; and we both exclaimed at the same time " Mithras ! " I then named Krishna and Buddha, to which she as eagerly assented ; and then added Jesus, saying, " Nearly all these, and many others, died on the cross after an hour's sharp agony. They were the great souls who perished in seeking to save the world ; whom the world slew, and afterwards worshipped. And they now form a great spiritual constellation, and from their high place are seeking again to save the world ; and on you has the task fallen to represent and combine all that they were and taught. Where they were crucified to the death in one short agony you will be crucified, but not to the death. Your suffering will be longer, but not so sharp—at least not your physical suffering. The world you are to save through love will turn against you—as it has already begun to do—and will vilify and denounce and threaten you. And you will keep on your course, knowing that you are right and are guided by high influences, and that the love which animates and impels you will at length melt the hardest heart. And so the time will come when you will stand with one hand reaching up to heaven and clasping the great spirits of God, and the other reaching down to earth and clasping all mankind ; and thus, through you, as medium between earth and heaven, will flow down in an abundance never known since the Fall all the blessings that God has in store for His redeemed children. Thus shall you stand, escaping the death of the cross on which you will be stretched, and succeeding this time in accomplishing the work of redemption. Then will all they who scourged and persecuted you come to you on their knees, and deem no offering too rich, no flower too fair, to be cast at your feet. And you, seeing them and their gifts, will smile, but will not stay to enjoy ; for at that moment your work on earth will have been accomplished, and you will—not die, as men call dying, but—part, gently and without a pang, to enter upon the fruition of those gifts and flowers of eternity, of which the best that earth can boast are but a faint reflection. Thus translated, you will still rule over men, by force of love drawing them up towards you. That is what the spirit tells me to say. I don't half understand it, only I know it is something very grand. I never had to speak to anyone in that way before, I reckon."

This is but a fragment of a discourse which, for elevation,

dignity, fervour, tenderness, and purity both of diction and accent, was by far the most impressive piece of eloquence I had ever heard; while the interest of the subject, the blaze of light it threw upon what had been for me an absorbing problem —that of the genesis of the Christs—and the intense sincerity with which it was uttered, completely enthralled me, making me drop my notes to listen. And when, on returning home, I endeavoured to reproduce it in full, it was as if the words had, for some purpose, been withdrawn from my mind, so utterly unable was I to recall them. Not so, however, with the lesson they were intended to convey. If such indeed, I thought, had been the teaching under the impulsion of which the divinised men of old had attained to their pinnacles, the courage with which they had accepted the renunciations and endured the persecutions imposed on them was fully accounted for. And this, too, I noted, and with no small amount of thankfulness that it was so—that instead of being in the smallest degree affected in the direction of personal vanity at the prospect of so sublime a career,—as I was keenly aware might happen with most,—I found myself regarding the utterance as indicating only the nature of the goal to which the course before me led, and by no means as implying my power to succeed in the enterprise. In fact, while in the act of listening to it, the saying was forcibly borne in on my mind, "Many are called, but few are chosen"; so that rather did it serve as an instruction and an encouragement than minister to self-exaltation. And if there had been on my part any tendency in this direction, it would have found adequate rebuke in the reply given to the first remark I made after the speaker had concluded. For, on my saying, musingly and to myself, rather than interrogatively and to the spirit, "Why to me rather than to some other has such a task been appointed?"—my dominant thought being that it would help me to know what special quality or faculty, if any, had determined the selection—it was replied with some asperity, the control relapsing into her usual accents—

"When a man finds he has got a particular thing to do, he just sets about and does it, without troubling himself about why it is he, and not someone else, who has to do it."

It may be worth recording that, deep as my enthralment had been, I had never failed to maintain a critical attitude, or to

keep in mind the possibility that what purported to be a divine call might in my case be, as it had doubtless been in many cases, but an infernal temptation. That it was not so I took to be proved by the fulness of the response evoked in my own inmost nature. The recognition by my own central spirit was without reserve or limitation. My keenest scrutiny failed to detect the smallest jar or false note.

Not the least striking part was the reference to Osiris and his fellow-Christs, the "Solar Myth" having been for me a subject of special study. But the utterance did not coincide with the conclusion to which I inclined. This was the conclusion that, while all such personages represented the higher potentialities of man, some only of them had an historical existence, the rest being imaginary personifications of one and the same doctrine. Respecting the actual presence, as alleged, of any personage of the kind, I was exceedingly sceptical, notwithstanding our experiences with the "demon" Paris, and was disposed to regard the entity described as operating on my behalf as, possibly, one of an order of spiritual influences bearing that name in token of some special function.

I was presently recalled from my ponderings by Winona, who recommenced her discourse, saying—

"I now see her for whom you wished to consult me." [It must be remembered that not a single word had escaped me on the subject.] "She somewhat resembles the spirit who was here at first, the one who was associated with your past life and has long passed away. She is thinner, taller, and fairer, with a large forehead and more deeply set eyes." [This description was absolutely correct.] "Oh, she is in a bad position. Her surroundings are terribly against her. She ought to be taken out of them at once, and go where they cannot follow her. She has a good body, but it is ailing in one point. It is the lung. That is very bad. We must do something for it. I will consult my doctor. We have a doctor in my circle who is very skilful in diseases of the flesh. But now the thing is to see what is best to be done about the matter which presses. If she cannot quit her present surroundings, you and she will have to be exceedingly cautious and wise, or you will all come to destruction. The risk is very great. As I see her now, she is a young spirit, who has not been incarnate in the human many times; and though she has an advanced intellectual organism, it is not able to control her spirit, which is still too much that of an animal. If she loses you, she loses herself for—I cannot say how long. *He*, about whom you are uneasy, will drag her down. He, too, is a young spirit—all will and self, and no love. They are too much like each other in that; only that she is above him in that she does care for something not herself.

This will save her if it be suffered to grow under your influence. He has been mad, through jealousy of you. And she was too much of a child in spirit to see the necessity and understand the way of managing him. An evil spirit has taken possession of him through this feeling. And when under its influence he is not responsible for his deeds. He is then as one mad ; but he is responsible for having produced the conditions which made him accessible to the evil spirit. [In answer to question.] Yes, I know who his demon is, and you know it also.

" Now, I know human nature perfectly, and I am going to tell you how to act. You cannot ignore him, as you have tried to do ; he is too strong. And you must not oppose him ; he is too wilful. She has tried that,—has tried to argue with him. It does only mischief. You must make friends with him by flattering him. He is vain, and will be won in that way. Make him think he can teach you. Ask his advice, and do not avoid him. Do not, either, refuse to talk with him about her if he mentions her. Only tell him nothing about her, and do not seem to be his superior. That is what he cannot endure ; he is so vain. And she, when with him, must not be frank and free as she has been. He will not be as brother and sister with her. And all you would say to him must be said by her as from herself. He must not see your hand in it. So, she may teach him. They must not meet often or be much alone together. She is too weak, too impressible. That is why she is so good a medium. Her spirit has not yet acquired those high and firm principles which would make her safe from assault. She reflects evil as well as good influences. When with you, your influences pervade her and keep off the evil, except at times when she sides with them against you, and you are powerless to help her. She trusts to her own strength, and she has none. All women are so—it is their nature—until the masculine element is developed in them. She has the masculine will, but not the other qualities to control it. These will come with experience, if she does not let her will destroy her first.

" Not only are you necessary to her, but she is necessary to you. If you lose her your work stops, and you will be crucified through her. Ah !——"

Here an expression of agony came over the medium's face, making him wince and bite his lips, as one surprised and disappointed. The spirit continued—

" Shall I tell you what is in my mind ? I will. No. I am forbidden. It will do harm." Then the expression changed to a smile, and she said, as if soliloquising, " Jesus loved His Magdalen. It was necessary for Him to love her in her way, before He could teach her to love Him in His way. His life was the richer for it. We cannot save anyone except by going down to them. It is necessary to get below to raise them up. People cannot be raised up only from above. You must stay by her for both your sakes, and for *his*. So may he too be saved ; but for you, I wish you could be rid of him. I will look further and tell you more, but not now."

Throughout this part of her discourse I recognised her as speaking of herself, from the plane of her medium, and not under instruction from higher sources. And being aware of the ideas held by certain spiritualists, especially in America, I was not surprised by her enunciation of them, violently as I dissented from them, at least from the meaning they seemed to me to bear. I was struck, however, by this fresh reference to the Magdalen ; but I refrained from remark, and after making another appointment for the 30th I took my leave.

On the next occasion Winona spoke as follows, no word having been uttered by myself :—

" Wait a little till I get up the hill to you. For most people I have to go down, far down below my own level, but for you I have to climb as far above it. And when I have been down for someone first, I have two hills to climb to get from them up to you. I expected you, and sent out my medium to get refreshed, and would not let him take anyone else. I can't always make him understand. But someone came to-day whom I would not let him see at any price, —someone who wanted me to find a lost trunk.

" I have been where you wanted me to go, and this ring helps me to remember the name, that is part of it, K. i. n. g., that is like ring. And the other half begins with F., and is the same length. Will that tell you I have found the right person ? You did not tell me she is not in London ! I came to you and looked round and round, and could not find her. So I watched you, and I saw a letter come which made you very uneasy. It was meant to make you easy, but you saw through it, and it did not, and then you wrote an answer and put it in a letter-box, and I followed it,—followed it all the way to the water, that nasty Channel, which I crossed for your sake, though I did not like it. But it was nice on the other side. And so I went to Paris. And there I saw her write what I knew would make you uneasy, and I wanted so much to give her a good shaking. Like all other young women spirits, she likes to run her fingers over the keys of a man's heart, to see what sound they make. Their own hearts are not fully come yet, and they play with those of men, not knowing by themselves how deeply they feel.

" Then I looked round to see who was about her, and I followed her when she went out. And she went to such a big building where there was a man who seemed to be watching and studying things, but he was watching *her*. There were a number of people sick and hurt. It was, I suppose, what is called an hospital. She goes there, not to help the sick, but to learn. She is a student. I heard him talk to her there and in her own house. She was angry with him. He tried to undermine your influence, and to persuade her that he is well-meaning. But his only desire is to conquer, for the sake of the triumph. He has no heart, no principles. The victory is all he wants. You had charity for him, and tried to think the best of him. But he does not deserve such consideration. She has no affection for him, but he completely psy—psychologises her, by his strong—

not spiritual, but—animal magnetism. And every time they meet he strengthens his hold, and impresses himself more deeply on her system. And as she does not know how impressible and weak she is, but thinks herself strong because she has will, she is on the high-road to yielding to his control completely. The only safety lies in his being dropped out of your lives altogether, and at once. She will never convert him, and he would ruin her mediumship the very first sitting. She is so impressible and powerless to resist a strong influence that she would reflect his evil influence and return it. That intense eye of his binds her ; and when he leaves her she is so imbued by his magnetism that she longs to call him back. It is hopeless to think of doing any good with him. He must grow for many more lives yet for that. If she would only have the sense to dismiss him *now*, while you are absent, and to take all upon herself ! Not when you return ; that would be fatal. She must do it now, or all will fall upon you. She has any amount of tact—of ability ; she *can* do it, by degrees, if she will. The blame is not all on his side. She likes his attentions, and excites him by her womanhood, and puts him in a frenzy. There is no half-way possible. She must act at once, and alone, without you. It must and shall stop ! And such a slight acquaintance to risk so much for. If she could but see him as I see him ! He has been incarnate in the human only three or four times. He was a tyrant, a petty despot last time. His early stages were carnivorous, and hers herbivorous. When among fishes he was a shark, and he retains all his shark nature. She was a gold-fish, all beautiful colours. No tests such as you or she might like to give him would convince him. He would take the facts in only to cast them out again. He is not sufficiently advanced to—to —assimilate them. I tell you he is no real student, no lover of truth, but only of power ; all is for self.

" I saw someone else with her, a kindly man, who, though not her father, is parental to her. She is fond of him, but his influence over her is weak. Intellectually she is his superior ; for, though young spiritually, organically she is advanced. That is one of Nature's an—an—omalies—thank you [aside]—to educate spirits and make human existence richer in illustrations. He might take on himself the responsibility of a rupture. For—I see the link now—he is her husband, and that *chef* knows it. If the separation is not effected now, so that you may not be suspected of causing it, it is impossible to say what his frenzy may incite him to against you. I see your work, your life, tremble in the balance. Your spirits are most anxious that it should be settled at this present time, while you are away. His spirits are powerful and evil. She has angelic influences of her own, but she is not an angel herself, and she renders them powerless. For she insists on going down to a depth of her nature where it is too dark for them to follow and rescue her. Oh that she would let herself see that he is not repentant, but scheming —acting with all his might and talent, which is very great, to entrap her, and triumph over you ! He was serpent as well as shark. He is very shrewd and cunning. And he knows his power, for he is well up in psychology. When away from her, he puts forth all his power to influence her by his will. There is only one way to withstand this ; it is to meet force by force. She must banish the thought of him

with all her might. Her husband, who is so anxious about her and careful of her, might help her by bringing her away. Oh that he would do this ! Her great, beautiful spirits are longing to separate her from the bad influence. If only she will come ! I do not think you ought to go unless she comes away first. Let her say to him that her husband insists on a complete separation, as it is doing her mischief. It is so. *His* influence is poisoning her ; and when she returns with you to Paris it must not be renewed—only the most distant acquaintance, if any be necessary—and the husband will have the credit of it. I will tell you why I started and winced so on your last visit. I saw, directly I looked close, that you and she were well and rightly placed together for a great work, and were happy in doing it. But then I saw in your Eden the snake, with his forked tongue out of his mouth, and I started in horror, the danger was so imminent. I hope I have not hurt you by my plain speaking. You came to me for help. I have not spared her ; but she has a very good and beautiful side, and will do very great and excellent things if she escapes this snare and keeps you by her.

" I am glad you have brought that ring. You remembered my telling you of it. I should like to keep it a little while. It has something particular about it. It was not bought, and not given to you for love. It came from a strange place, in a strange way. It refers to something very, very old, high up in the spirit-world."

This was my ring representing the signs of the Zodiac.[1]

" She of whom we have spoken has a spirit called Joan, a namesake of hers, and linked to her. She was a great world-heroine—yes, thank you [aside]—of Arc. Joan of Arc has come, and is here now, brought by your and her spirits. She has come to you first, and is going to Paris to put matters right. Her colour is the same as your friend's, red, and mixed with yours it makes——? [turning to another spirit to ask for the word]—yes, purple, thank you.

" She who was your wife is coming to speak to you through me about your boy. . . ."

Failing to hear from Paris, and my uneasiness increasing, I called again, without having made an appointment, on the afternoon of September 3, and the medium not being able to receive me immediately, I was shown into the sitting-room of his wife, with whom I was unacquainted. After a few minutes' conversation, in which she told me that she also was a sensitive and clairvoyante, but was not then exhibiting her faculty in public, she became lucid, and said that she beheld two spirits standing over me, the angel of the planet and the spirit of light, and that they had come in reference to someone connected with me, a

[1] See p. 214 *ante*.

medium or seeress, who was in trouble, and required to be delivered from an evil influence which was besetting her.

" They tell me," she continued, " that she is in France, and they show me a name beginning with a K. Winona told my husband about three o'clock that you were coming to-day, so he is expecting you." [It was exactly at that hour that, after thinking about it all the morning, I had made up my mind to go, and left home at once for the purpose.] " You have, I perceive, a world-wide work. Bands of light proceed from you which encircle the whole earth. You have an innumerable family of spiritual children. Your great spirits come and strengthen this band by their influences, and give you force to enlarge and confirm it. In the accomplishment of this work there is joined to you one to whom, necessary as she is to you, you are still more necessary. But she is surrounded by evil influences. A heavy chain is bound to her—oh, so heavy ! The angel of the planet lifts one of its great links and lets it fall again to show me how heavy it is. You have got to free her from that. It is more than even you, with all your love, can do, unless your angels help you. ' Ah ! ' the angel says in joy as he looks into the future, ' thank Heaven, he has freed her ! he has freed her ! ' meaning you.

" Another spirit is with you now. He has one hand on your head, and with the other he points to Mr Gladstone, and says, ' Yes, yes, you are right ; yours is the truth, and it will prevail. And Mr Gladstone will come round to you and join with you and become the saviour of this country. You have been right in all you have said about him. He is the true man you have declared, but his mind is in confusion. There is a thick crust to be pierced and a strong will to be conquered ; but it will all be done and come right in time.' Prince Albert tells me to say this."

The mention of this name here, and presently afterwards, in connection with my work struck me very much, at least as a proof of the reality of my previous experiences and the genuineness of the faculty of these people. For while writing *England and Islam* I had been powerfully impressed by a conviction that various persons not long deceased had come to me in order to deliver themselves of thoughts for which they desired expression ; and that among them was Prince Albert, who had dictated the passage on pp. 309–311, rebuking the Queen for her immoderate grief at his death and her seclusion of herself. But no word or hint of this had ever escaped me. I had used the substance of the message, but without indicating its source. The medium continued—

" I see your seeress has her husband with her. I thought he was the chain. I took it for granted and did not look further. The angel now tells me that he is an aid ; that his sympathies are with you. It is from another that she requires to be detached. She has

not broken away from that other yet. But do not be afraid ; your cause is in good hands. You are necessary to each other. Her success is altogether dependent on her maintaining her relation to you.

" I see you have been longing to go to Paris to help her. You will not be allowed to go at present ; you have work here. Prince Albert appears to be very fond of you. ' Your friend,' he says to you, ' was born to elevate woman, and you to elevate the world. Do not fear that the wrong will triumph. We have placed a crown upon her head and a sceptre in her hand. And we have been too proud of her and her work to allow either to be trailed in the dust.' She suffers even more than you at this time ; for she feels that her better nature is being held captive by an inferior influence. A letter from her is at hand. I am not sure if it will come to-night. It is on the way. It will both please and displease you. It seems to me to be very near. Is not her name Kingsford ? I see a child about her, a girl. . . ."

Here followed an account showing a perfect knowledge both of the child and of the spiritual relations subsisting between it and its mother, and in all respects so identical with that given by Winona that I asked the sensitive whether she too was controlled by that spirit. She said no, but that she also had an Indian spirit who was friendly with Winona, and exchanged news with her, and had become interested in us through her.

I then joined Mr Fletcher. He immediately passed under control, and Winona, speaking through him, said—

" When a great man, a man like a king, almost a king, yet not a king, is present what does one do ? Make a bow, isn't it ? Yes. Well, there is the spirit of such a one here now. He stands up by you. He has not been dead many years, only several.[1] He is one who always cared for others, and thought more for them than for himself. What could he have been—to be so nearly a king, and have a queen for his wife, and yet not be a king ? They show me the word *consort*. What means that ? " " Prince Consort," I remarked. " Thank you. It is Prince Albert. They have given me his name now. He has come here with you. It is his first visit here. He has come to tell you through me a most important matter of state for your people and his, for whom you are to work ; and you are to utter his words to the people. Some day—soon—not at present. It is a short but a great work that is at hand for you. It will not interfere with your own work. You, too, have been a prince, he says.

" This prince, who is not a king, says that yours is a great prophetic work, and that you are going to take your last book and put it through a sieve, and bring it out again all strained and in order. You were not responsible for its in—in—co—herency. It was due to the conditions you had been thrown into. The spirits

[1] The Prince Consort died on December 14, 1861.

tell me you are going to revolutionise the minds of people more than anyone who has lived for a very, very long time. You have no notion how much you will do,—what a change you will make."

The above description of my book, *England and Islam*, and what it required, was absolutely correct. As I have already stated, it had been rushed through my mind and into print at such speed that I had no time to select, condense, or revise, and hence it represented rather the loose materials out of which a book should have been made, than a finished book. But I have never seen my way to a revision of it.

"You have been working," she continued, "all this time, and your spirits with you, to prepare you for the great work before you. It was their business to try you, to prove your trustworthiness spiritually, and the soundness and strength of your organisation. Your spirits have put you through many and hard trials such as would have broken you down if there had been a weak place in you. It was necessary for them to do this before they could go to the great spirits and say they had found a man for the work they want to have done in the world. They have now demonstrated to these great ones your fitness for their work in all parts of your nature. And the great ones have accepted you, and are using you as a proved fact. And they have now joined with your own spirits, and are attracting others to you from distant systems and spheres; and they all together will range themselves behind you, so that when you stand forth to face the world you will be a great commander, stretching forth a sword flaming with truth, and having the arms of legions of great spirits to sustain you. You have worked much, and are now turning the last furrows. A new dispensation is dawning on you. Your past, in regard to what you have done and been, is but a rushlight to the brightness of your future. It will come with a force and a rush you cannot control. And no time will be lost in bringing it about.

"You are to found a school of Thinkers, of male and female intellects of the best order. They will be Thinkers, not Spiritualists. You are not to touch Spiritualism; that is not your work. My medium would not like me to say this; but he does not understand; and I tell you what your great spirits bid me. Spiritualism, as commonly understood and practised, is to your work as a misprinted book to a perfect work of art. You have nothing to say to that. You belong to the Bible-school of prophets. You are not a Spiritualist, but an Inspirationist. You are to introduce the religion which the most advanced spirits are revealing to the world through you. Your work lies outside the ranks of Spiritualism. If you enter them it will be the devil spoiling the work of God; and people would say you had gone down to Spiritualism. Whereas you are no follower or partner; you are a founder, a discoverer, bringing back in this nineteenth century a power long lost. The mantles of the prophets of old have descended upon you. All must be of your school—your own school—independent quite. You will help others by giving

to them ; but you will not receive from others, or be associated with them.

" All this you have seen and thought for yourself in a mass. I pull the thoughts out of the skein and arrange them.

" Your last book must be revised—not at once—not hastily, but soon, and completely, as *you can* do it—in your best way. People do not like its method. It only wants rearranging and condensing. And it will then make your best work—your best yet, I mean. Not your best of all. For your work in the future is to be so great—ah, so great ! I must not tell you. It would spoil it for you by the anticipation.

" I saw you write a letter. The answer is very near. I see it on its way. Joan of Arc is still there, trying her best to help her. It is difficult, the evil influence is so strong. But Joan is working ; she has collected a number of spirits, and they are concentrating their forces to bring them to bear on *her*. It is not done yet. Here is another spirit. It is Josephine. She says what is unpleasant, but I must tell you. It is that you have to hold your friend, as it were, in your arms all the time ; so much does she need protection, so helpless is she of herself. I know her well, for I am much with her ; and I say that you must all the time guard her as a mother guards her babe. Sometimes, it is true, you must be apart, or your force would be exhausted ; but not for long, and she must never be alone among evil influences, for she is utterly powerless to resist them. In some respects you have not been wise with her. You have let her think that she holds the reins, because you saw that she liked to believe she held them. You are too tender, too considerate ; whereas she needs to feel the master-mind exerted over her. You need not be afraid of her feeling that with that other *chef*. She sees no master-mind in him, and never will. He comes only from the magnetic plane, and she is on her mettle to conquer him because he is strong. Each tries to beat the other—like two racers—but the victory would not be worth the having.

" Guard against two things : Make her feel that it is for her good that you want him dismissed, and that it is for no jealousy of yours. I know it is so, and that jealousy is not in your nature ; but she is too young yet to see that. I should like her to come to me, that I might talk to her alone. I want to speak freely to her.

" The spirits are still waiting for Mr Gladstone, and working on him as they did on you. But he has so much to overcome, so much to get rid of ; he has such a multitude of dark influences about him to bind him down to the wrong. You are both Bible-persons, in the spring of the New Dispensation. You thought you were not being helped when you began your new book. You were not then impressible, because you were too much exhausted by your previous work. But I reckon you were helped towards the end ? The spirit says so."

This was indeed the case, and could not have been known to anyone except by abnormal means.

" I see some trouble for you, but your future is a very bright pathway in which you rise out of yourself and reflect the great spirits, as if losing your own individuality. You have wide sympathy, large

love, a nature that is not like a small box shut up. It is through that that you will do all things."

In answer to a question respecting the secret of mediumship, she said : " Spirits go through many changes of form. My medium has been both male and female ; it is that which makes mediumship possible. Only they can be mediums who have been incarnate in both sexes."

The predicted letter duly arrived, and excited feelings of both the kinds announced. It pleased me by the warmth of its expressions at the prospect of my return to Paris, and it distressed and alarmed me by the tone of its references to our joint work, my forthcoming book, and to what I had communicated of my recent experiences ; for, although the hand was that of my colleague, the tone was that of my foe, her professor, being one of scepticism as to their reality and value, and showed her to be unconsciously dominated by him. But far more serious was the announcement that she adhered to her resolution to remain in Paris after A.'s return, which would be in a very few days.

To my letter urging a reconsideration of this intention, and promising to accompany her back to Paris so soon as I could get free, I received no reply. But early on the morning of September 6, having fallen into a deep sleep after a night made restless with anxiety, I was roused by a voice saying to me with great distinctness—

" *She has taken back O. to be her professor !* "

At this I started up and exclaimed vehemently—

" It is a falsehood ! I cannot believe it. She could not possibly do such a thing ! "

There was no reply, or any visible presence to make reply. So I impatiently waited the post in hope of a letter which would reassure me. As no letter came, I commenced to write one, relating the incident. It was still unfinished when A. entered the room, having just arrived from Paris. He looked, I thought, somewhat embarrassed. Presently he said, handing me a letter from her—

" Nina was afraid to write and tell you what she had done. *She has taken back O. to be her professor.* O.," he went on apologetically, " was by far the best teacher to be found, and she was resolved to let nothing stand in the way of her success." For his own part he liked O., and had found him a very agreeable companion.

As it was clear that my objection was ascribed to personal dislike, I refrained from reiterating it, or betraying my discomposure, though my uneasiness was at its height. And her letter only proved of a nature to confirm the feeling; for it indicated her as concerned only to reconcile me to the step she had taken. The only redeeming point in the situation was, that A.'s return enabled me to write to her unreservedly.

We exchanged two or three letters. They were not without effect; but the effect was the opposite of that which I intended. Her alarm was aroused, not on her own account, but on mine. For she had become subject to her professor's influence to such a degree as completely to have forgotten his past misconduct in regard to her, and to ascribe my references to it to some hallucination of mine. It was as if he had been able to suppress her memory. This impression of hers was strengthened by the fuller account I now gave of my interviews with Winona, through her inability to credit them; by which I gathered—what subsequently proved to be the case—that he had succeeded also in shutting off the recollection of her own experiences. In her alarm about my supposed illness she resolved to come to England. On communicating this intention to O., he replied that she could not go without his permission. And in answer to her amazed look of inquiry, he added that his will was now paramount, and she could do nothing that he willed her not to do. For his own purposes this declaration was as great a mistake as for mine it was fortunate. It showed, too, that he did not really know her; for, by arousing her opposition, it put her on her mettle to withstand and disobey him, thus inducing an attitude which weakened his influence and facilitated what—as it presently turned out—was in preparation for her deliverance.

At this juncture, in order to lose no possible chance, I went again to the clairvoyante. This was on Friday, September 7. Observing my usual caution, I said only—

"Look at the situation, and give me your advice."

"She must come away at once," said Winona after a short pause. "The time has come for which the spirits I told you of have been waiting. The conditions are favourable."

"Shall I go or write?" I asked.

"Neither; only project your will around her with all your force, and it will serve as a barrier to shield her from him, and

will help the spirits too. Do you do this, and they will do the rest."

I complied, but not with any great feeling of confidence, notwithstanding the good reasons I had for trusting my adviser. For the rest of that day, and during the two days following, I fairly poured myself out in the requisite direction, till I fully expected to find myself completely exhausted by the expenditure. I did not, however, trust to my own unaided powers, but directed my will upwards in order to unite and blend it with a higher Will, not limiting its range to any merely individual influences, but aiming beyond and above these to the highest accessible to thought. During this I found, to my surprise, that not only did the effort cause me no exhaustion, but that rather was the reverse the case. I had, of course, no means of judging of the effect at the time; nor had I any definite conception of its nature, if effect there were. I simply projected my will to the utmost with the idea of its serving to strengthen her and act as a shield against him, subordinating the result to the Supreme, to that end directing my mind to the apex of the triangle which had for its base the line between her and myself. When in after years I made a study of occultism, I found that I had been instinctively practising the "white magic," as the divine is called, in distinction from and opposition to the "black magic," as the infernal is called.

I was not kept long in suspense about the issue of the conflict. Sunday brought me a telegram from her saying that she was coming to England at once. On Tuesday morning she presented herself at my chambers, her indispensable little friend "Rufus," in his travelling-basket, in her hand, having come by the night mail-boat. Besides looking ill and fatigued, she bore the aspect of one dazed, bewildered, and even alarmed. Reassured by my presence and unconcealed delight at her escape, she gradually recovered herself, and in reply to my wonderment said, "I was frightened about you, and I was frightened about myself." She then told me of O.'s strange remark about her being unable to come without his permission. "And while I was wondering what to do, and not feeling strong enough to tear myself away, or able, if I did so, to make the journey alone, a friend was unexpectedly sent to me in the person of Mrs A., who, you may remember, lives near me, and had from the first

conceived a horror for O., always calling him 'Mephistopheles.' Well, she at once understood my difficulty, and with the greatest kindness—for it was at much inconvenience to herself, though she did not say so at the time—offered to come with me and to start at once. O. had been with me on Saturday morning, and was to come for my next lesson to-day, so there was no time to be lost if I was to avoid seeing him again. Indeed, I tried to leave on Sunday, but we could not make our arrangements in time. And such a strange thing happened on the way. The night was lovely and the sea bright with phosphorescence; and we sat together on the deck during the passage. Mrs A. fell asleep, and I think I must have nearly done the same, for just at the point between sleeping and waking I saw something that made me just about to cry out, 'Why, Mrs A., you have got armour on!' when, on looking closer, I saw the figure of Joan of Arc standing over her; and before I had sufficiently recovered from my surprise to speak, it vanished, leaving me with the impression that Mrs A.'s visit and offer, which had made it possible for me to get away, had been prompted by her."

Upon this I told her of Joan's coming to me at Winona's and saying that she was going to help to free her from O.; and I added that there was no absurdity in supposing that—granted the survival of spirits at all—one who had worked so great a national deliverance for France in the past might be interested in the spiritual deliverance to which our work pointed, especially as so great a share in it belonged to a woman.

At which she exclaimed, "Oh, but Joan has always been like a patron-saint to me! Ever since I read her history, as a child, I have had a passionate admiration for her, and have longed for the Church to canonise her.[1] It was partly after her that I took Johanna for one of my names. And she was like me in so many ways; for she, too, had visions and conversed with spirits, and hated women's clothes, and loved fighting against oppression just as I do. I can quite fancy myself her but for my wretched health!" As this was the first time of my hearing of her affinity for Joan of Arc, I was the more impressed with the coincidence.

The strength of will that enabled her to break away from the

[1] Joan of Arc has since been canonised. The decree was published by Pius X. on April 11, 1909 (*The Catholic Encyclopædia*).—S. H. H.

spell which sought to detain her found recognition in the following note in Mrs A.'s diary, written at the time, and shown to me for the purpose of this biography :—" With her weak body, Mrs Kingsford is a most marvellous woman. All she said made me respect and admire her. I was especially struck by her courage in confiding in a woman. She is made of an iron will in spite of her ill health."

Having breakfasted, Mary dropped asleep on the sofa, but not for long ; for presently she rose, and, speaking in a tone unlike her own, said that she must go now.

" Go where ? " I asked.

" To O. He is drawing me. I *must* go ; I cannot stay away longer." And she began to put on her hat and cloak.

Looking at her closely, I saw that she was in the somnambulic state. The eyes were open, but their vision was closed. It was with some difficulty that I dispelled the condition, so strong was the influence. She declared that she saw O.'s figure distinctly. I recognised that as possible without any conscious or actual projection of his image. But if I was right in thinking that I also saw it, it must have been really there.

We discussed O.'s character, and differed in our estimate. She would not allow him to be so unprincipled as his conduct led me to believe him. It was not so much wickedness as weakness, she maintained, which had brought him under the power of influences which used him for their own ends.

" And those ends are —— ? " I inquired.

" I do not know."

" But I do," I replied. " It is to make our work impossible by separating us and degrading your faculty. I take the whole affair to be a fulfilment of that prediction about ' Apollyon.' "

" Give me your clairvoyante's address," she said at length. " I cannot believe in her. You *must* have put leading questions. I will go and see her myself."

Remembering Winona's wish to see her, and having no reason for objecting, I assented, begging her only to take notes of the interview. Before setting out she carefully disguised herself, completely enveloping face and hair in a large mantilla. She insisted on going alone, and on her return she told me that she had withheld her name, and declined all preliminary conversation with the medium, saying only that she was passing through

town, and must sit then or not at all. To him, of course, she was utterly unknown.

Not so with the spirit. Winona knew her for all her disguise and secrecy. After a short scrutiny she began, speaking in her familiar American :—

" I guess I know you—some. I went over the water lately to see you, for a friend of yours—a chief, with a red cross over his head—and found you in a big building, studying the sick and hurt. You have three friends, all chiefs. One is more of a protector to you than anything else. [This, of course, was A.] Then there is the one with the red cross, who sent me over the water to look after you. Your name is Mary ; but they call you something beginning with N. Nin—Nin—" I suggested Nina, my husband's name for me. She said, " No, not Nina. It is Ninon." [This was the name her brother had given her, and by which she generally called herself.] She continued : " There are only two or three people in the earth-life who are on the same plane as you and your chief with the red cross. You have constellations round your head ; guess I don't often see such constellations. It's rather muddy with other people."

" Tell me about the other chief."

" I am looking. He is a student, and so are you ; not quite a doctor yet, but on the track. Ah ! I see now. It is not a very nice word to say, but he's wild after you. He is always with you—if not in one way, he is in another. He is more good than bad. He doesn't mean to do ill by you, but he is all impulse. He is very magnetic. You are like a magnet to him—draw—draw ; he's obliged to come. And you are like that with him ; he magnetises you too. There can be no neutral ground between you. He can't be an acquaintance only. He wants you altogether for himself, and would give up all his life to get you. Yet you must not make him your enemy. You will need great care. He must never be your enemy. He will ruin you if he should hate you. You must keep him as a friend somehow. It will be very difficult ; yes, very difficult, but you must do it."

" Can I do him any good ? "

" Yes ; but you must be very careful. With him it will be always coming to a point—I mean he'll go on just so for a little while, and then it will be a crash again and an unpleasantness. He can't help it. I should say he is a serpent to you, and yet he isn't bad. You have done him some good already ; but he has not what I call a religious mind. He can't be a spiritualist ; he is scientific. He is one to be very successful as a surgeon. You, too, will be successful, but not in the same way. I see a great many people—oh ! crowds of people—listening to you. You are lecturing. You are writing, too. You are always writing or thinking, and in other countries besides this one. You vibrate between the lands on each side of the sea."

" Alone, or together with someone ? "

" Not altogether one or the other. Your work will be mostly in connection with your profession."

" Shall I be associated with the chief with the red cross over his head ? "

" Yes ; but only for a time. He is engaged in a work which will

have great success, and it must be done through you. It can't be done without you. But after some time—many months, perhaps some years—you will be separated ; at least you will not be together so much."

" Can you tell me about my trances ? Am I a trance-medium ? "

" No, you are not a trance-medium at all ! My medium is a trance-medium. You are far beyond that. Shall I tell you what you are ? I can't tell you. Oh, what a lot of long words they show me ! There are only one or two spirits who can tell me. They tell me to say you are a spiritual Lens. You are a mirror in which the highest spirits—the Gods—can reflect their faces. I don't understand what I am saying in the least, but they tell me you will understand it. They say that the earth and the universe are full of light, —of truth, that is,—in which people move, but they do not see it. You are a *spectrum*,—thank you [aside]. You have the power to break up this great light of truth and to an—thank you—analyse it, so that the common eyes of people may see what it is made of, the various colours and—re—thank you—refractions of its rays. You take the light of the whole universe and divide it so that it can be understood as it has never been understood yet. Your gift is very extraordinary. You are a glass to reflect the highest and the greatest to the world. Oh, I can't read these long words I am shown."

" Can you see if I am on the same plane with the red-cross chief ? "

" Well, not quite. That is to say, you are beyond him in some things, and he is beyond you in others. He is an older spirit than you, at least in the earth-life. Your incarnations have not been in the same sphere. I cannot explain. Yours is a new organism—an organism of new particles." Here she seemed puzzled, and stopped. Questioned again about the young doctor, she said that he is full of unrest and resembled lightning, while the influence of the red-cross chief is like sunlight, smooth and abiding, and that it is impossible for me to retain both together. Then, after a description of some of my relations extraordinary in its nature and startling for its accuracy, she added—

" There is something I could tell you if it was for yourself alone, but not for him, the red-cross chief. It is, that he has no thought in life but for you. He is all love, and you are his will ; everything he thinks or wishes ranges itself round you as his centre."

As Winona had truly perceived, Mary and the work were identified in my mind, it being personified in her, making a common centre and object. And the control's sympathy being with me and our work, she had sought, with a shrewd diplomacy which argued much for her knowledge of woman's nature, to enlist a sense of personal regard among the motives by which beneficially to influence Mary.

One result of her visit to Winona was to remove for her all doubt as to the necessity for leading questions to give her a clue to the facts, by proving her to be altogether independent of such suggestion. But the difference between the description

of O. given to her and to me suggested the liability of her statements to be tempered by the mind of the sitter, inasmuch as they seemed to be modified according to our respective estimates of him. This, however, is readily conceivable without imputing bad faith to the control. And the remarkable account given by her of Mary's faculty, and her insistency on our continued association as the condition of its highest use, did good service in restoring the confidence which had been impaired by the hostile spell. But it was not all at once that this spell was dissipated. It continued to assert itself in varying degrees and modes, all of which were of a highly distressing character; and in my anxiety to save A. from witnessing a condition so abnormal and, to him, so inexplicable, I sought to detain her in London at least until the distractions to be found there should have had time to operate in recalling her to her normal state. Fortunately my housekeeper was able to provide accommodation for her, so that I could keep her under my eye.

She was, however, bent on going home forthwith, and on the third day after her arrival we took train for Shrewsbury. Meanwhile her demeanour and speech were of a character to cause me the gravest apprehension; for, while perfectly calm and coherent, and logical from the standpoint from which she spoke, that standpoint was an altogether new one, and as strange as if belonging to some personality other than her own. Not that she had forgotten our history up to that date, but that she conceived herself bound irrevocably to associations and obligations of a kind different from and incompatible with all that had hitherto been hers, even to involving the severance of all existing ties. No longer were humanity and the interpretation of religion to be the objects of her devotion. She had seen the folly of such ideas and aims as had hitherto engrossed her; it was to science pure and simple that she now belonged, and she had no doubt that in the collaboration before her she would achieve such triumphs as would astonish the world. But, even were it not so, she was bound to her new collaborator by ties which could not be broken.

I had, of course, no difficulty in recognising the obsession which thus manifested itself as the work of her professor, O.; but I had great difficulty in recognising her as so entirely subjugated as not to be a consenting party to the compact implied,

or in placing an interpretation compatible with our continued association upon utterances which, if accepted in their apparent sense, pointed to the ruin both of our work and of herself. The strain of the crisis was so tremendous as entirely to transcend and eclipse that of all the many tremendous crises I had known, in such wise as to make it appear as if they had been contrived expressly in order to fortify me for the endurance of this supreme crisis. It was myself alone who had been at stake then, but now it was she and our divine mission. Regarding it as my supreme ordeal, I resolved to shrink from no sacrifice of myself and my feelings which might be necessary for their salvation.

During the five hours of our journey the tension, already extreme, steadily increased, the anguish of it being intolerable. We sat apart, and maintained an almost unbroken silence. If our outward demeanour corresponded in any degree to our inward states, we must have seemed to our fellow-travellers as persons going to execution without hope of reprieve. For me the single mitigating element was the reflection that I had not for a moment faltered in my resolve to sacrifice myself to the utmost. Be my cup bitter as it might, there should be no shrinking from it.

We had reached our station, and taken carriage for the seven miles' drive to the parsonage, without any abatement in the situation. Were, then, the powers of hell really to triumph, and the divinest work to which man and woman were ever called to be brought to naught at their bidding? This was one thought that occupied me. Another was, how to render to A. an intelligible account of what was so mysterious to ourselves; and in another hour an account of some kind would have to be rendered. Meanwhile I strove with all my force to project my will upwards in imperative demand for light and aid.

We had proceeded but about a third of the distance when suddenly, and as if in response to a mental appeal paroxysmal in its intensity, the spell that bound my companion was broken and the obsessing influence removed; for, addressing me, she said, speaking for the first time with her own natural tone and look—

"What are you so upset about? You look as ill and gloomy, and are as distant and silent, as if you were overwhelmed with misery, and I, somehow, were the cause of it."

Not at once recognising what had happened, I replied by saying—

"And how else should a man look and act when he finds an association and a work such as ours brought to an end, and all the highest and dearest hopes of his life utterly wrecked, without any fault on his part, and for what seems to him a mad caprice? The things you have said and the way you have acted all this week bear no other meaning."

An explanation followed, the result of which was to show beyond any possibility of doubt that the utterances which had driven me well-nigh to despair related, not to actual things and persons and events belonging to the physical plane, but to the sphere which later we learnt to know as the magnetic, phantasmal, and astral, and involved no real compliance or responsible participation on her part, physical or spiritual, inasmuch as this "fluidic" element in her system had been the passive subject of a force she was unable to withstand. This was an obsessing spirit of enormous power, who sought to control her through her astral system, in order to break down our work, her fault having consisted—as had been truly intimated through "Winona"—in imagining herself strong where she was weak, and relying on her own strength and judgment to the rejection of mine.

So soon as I was reassured on the matter, and become able to realise the fact of the great salvation which had been wrought, the revulsion of feeling from a strain so intense and prolonged was such as to deprive me of all self-control and render me powerless to resist the impulse to find relief in a violent outburst of weeping, which presently proved contagious, though she evidently had no conception of the severity of the ordeal I had endured. By the time we reached our destination all was composure and joy, and the need for the dreaded explanation to A. had vanished. It was some little time, however, before she quite got over the soreness she considered herself entitled to feel at my having for a moment attached any importance to her unconscious utterances, though she could not but allow that the circumstantiality of some of them which I recited to her was such as to make it very difficult to avoid referring them to the physical plane.

No rebuke was administered to her by our illuminators on

account of her share in an experience which so seriously menaced their work and ours. It had grown, we were shown, out of the nature and conditions of that work, and the liabilities inherited by her from her past existences, and it had, therefore, to be gone through.

"One neophyte," we were told, "cannot protect himself." The responsibility in respect to her which devolved upon me had been intimated in the utterance already recorded—"Yes! yes! I have trusted all to you!" That alone which would have seriously endangered the work was a lack of faithfulness on my part.

On the 22nd I returned to London, with the fullest, and yet the lightest, of hearts, to complete the revision of my book, *The Soul and How it Found Me*, and to make my arrangements for a lengthened sojourn abroad. For—in view of the terrible object-lesson I had now received—there was no longer a shadow of doubt as to where my duty lay, or any room for hesitation. I had therefore undertaken to return with Mary to Paris early in the following month, and to remain with her as long and as continuously as might be necessary, so that on no account should she be again exposed unguarded to the influences so malignant and so potent from which we had suffered so much. And it was so ordered that the plan fell in exactly with the requirements of my own belongings, by enabling me to transfer my chambers to my son, whose time was at hand for pursuing his medical studies in London, and who was desirous of having one of his fellow-students to live with him, a purpose for which my rooms were adapted.

That "the night of the powers of evil" had indeed been succeeded by "the day of the Gods," the following letter, written on the day after my return, bore ample witness:—

"Hinton Hall, *September* 23, 1877.

"I am somewhat inclined to feel a little resentful against the Gods for preserving silence while you were with me, only to grant me as soon as you are gone a new revelation of great import and of an astonishing nature.

"You must know that I passed yesterday afternoon in reading through the book *Fruit and Bread*, which had been sent me anonymously. The book struck me much, but I am bound to say that I did not attach any great importance to it, and never dreamt that it had come into my hands in any other than an ordinary chance

fashion. It was not, therefore, exclusively in my thoughts when night came; and I was by no means prepared for the vision which the (full) moonlight brought me after I had gone to rest. I might keep it till we meet; but as, possibly, it might by that time lose something of its vividness, or some of the words spoken might slip my memory, I think it best to commit it at once to paper while it is fresh in my mind.

"I saw in my sleep a great table spread upon a beautiful mountain, the distant peaks of which were covered with snow, and brilliant with a bright light. Around the table reclined twelve persons, six male, six female, some of whom I recognised at once, the others afterwards. Those whom I recognised at once were Zeus, Hera, Pallas Athena, Phœbus Apollo, and Artemis. I knew them by the symbols they wore. The table was covered with all kinds of fruit, of great size, including nuts, almonds, and olives, with flat cakes of bread, and cups of gold, into which, before drinking, each divinity poured two sorts of liquid, one of which was wine, the other water. As I was looking on, standing on a step a little below the top of the flight which led to the table, I was startled by seeing Hera suddenly fix her eyes on me and say, 'What seest thou at the lower end of the table?' And I looked, and answered, 'I see two vacant seats.' Then she spoke again and said, 'When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, you also shall sit and feast with us.' Scarcely had she uttered these words, when Athena, who sat facing me, added, 'When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, then you shall know as you are known.' And immediately Artemis, whom I knew by the moon upon her head, continued, 'When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, all things shall become pure to you, and ye shall be made virgins.' [1]

"Then I said, 'O Immortals, what is your food and your drink; and how does your banquet differ from ours, seeing that we also eat no flesh, and blood has no place in our repasts?'

"Then one of the Gods, whom at the time I did not know, but have since recognised as Hermes, rose from the table, and coming to me, put into my hands a branch of a fig-tree bearing upon it ripe fruit, and said, 'If you would be perfect, and able to know and to do all things, quit the heresy of Prometheus. Let fire warm and comfort you externally; it is Heaven's gift. But do not wrest it from its rightful purpose, as did that betrayer of your race, to fill the veins of humanity with its contagion, and to consume your interior being with its breath. All of you are men of clay, as was the image which Prometheus made. Ye are nourished with stolen fire, and it consumes you. Of all the evil uses of Heaven's good gifts, none is so evil as the internal use of fire. For your hot foods and drinks have consumed and dried up the magnetic power of your nerves, sealed your senses, and cut short your lives. Now, you neither see nor hear; for the fire in your organs consumes your senses. Ye are all

[1] The term virgin in its mystical sense signifies a soul pure from admixture of matter. The plural used by the seeress included Edward Maitland as the partner of her literary and other studies (see note by E. M. to this dream in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*. Third Edition, p. 51).—S. H. H.

blind and deaf, creatures of clay. We have sent you a book to read. Practise its precepts, and your senses shall be opened.'

"Then, not yet recognising him, I said, 'Tell me your name, Lord.' At this he laughed, and answered, 'I have been about you from the beginning. I am a white cloud on the noonday sky.' 'Do you, then,' I asked, 'desire the whole world to abandon the use of fire in preparing food and drink?'

"Instead of answering my question, he said, 'We show you the excellent way. Two places only are vacant at our table. We have told you all that can be shown you on the level on which you stand. But our perfect gifts, the fruits of the Tree of Life, are beyond your reach now. We cannot give them to you until you are purified and have come up higher. The conditions are God's; the will is with you.'

"These last words seemed to be repeated from the sky overhead, and again from beneath my feet. And at the instant I fell, as if shot down like a meteor from a vast height; and with the swiftness and shock of the fall I awoke.

"You may guess how full my heart was! Pondering over this extraordinary revelation, I incline to regard it as the result of a deliberation among the Spirits who guide us, and that they have found themselves unable to do more with us until we have advanced further. I suspect that the illumination promised us upon the dogmas and historical problems which are to furnish the themes of fresh volumes will not be given under present conditions, but that we shall really have to abandon the use of cooked foods, and to live like John the Baptist and the old desert saints, before we can get what the Gods promise. Have you courage sufficient for this? When one thinks *what* it is one is buying at the price, the sacrifice seems a slight thing indeed. And in view of your consenting, I will ask you to get some packets of 'crushed wheat,' instead of the tea we were going to take out—the plain crushed wheat, I mean. I felt curiously guilty this morning as I ate my egg and drank my hot coffee! And I had always considered my food so simple and pure! Now I regard myself as a mere groveller—a worm and an 'image of clay.' My mind is full of the Gods and of Prometheus, and I can't think of anything else for five minutes together. But what is the meaning of a fig-branch? There must be some significance in it, for this is the second time I have had it given to me."

As will readily be supposed, my delight at this communication was no less than hers. Perhaps it even exceeded hers in the practical assurance it constituted for me that our illuminators were unalienated and her faculty unimpaired by the recent experience. It contained several things which at the time were beyond not only our own but the world's knowledge, for their meaning had long been lost. Thus, while I recognised the fig-branch as the special symbol of Hermes, I had yet to wait for the explanation of its significance, and to learn that it denoted the faculty of inward understanding, the loss of which by the

Church in the time of Jesus, and His condemnation of the Church therefor, was implied in the story of the cursing of the barren fig-tree, and the restoration of which at the end of the age was implied in the prophecy of the budding of the fig-tree. And so with all the rest, as students of the New Gospel of Interpretation will be aware.

All this time no word from O. had reached us, and as the time approached for our return to Paris, her apprehensions of a renewal, and possibly an aggravation, of our troubles with him were beyond my power to allay, even though I pointed out the extreme improbability of his being permitted seriously to molest us, seeing that the Gods evidently had us in their keeping. There proved, however, to be a cause for her alarm of which I was unaware. This was the recollection which had lately come to her of having left with her *concierge* a letter of explanation to be given to O. on his calling for his next lesson, which was to have been on the day following her departure; and this, she now believed, had been written in terms so unguarded as to be capable of a construction highly injurious to her, and one that a Frenchman would almost infallibly ascribe to it. So that, had the letter reached him, and his attitude been one of hostility, he had it in his power seriously to compromise her; for, of course, no explanation of the conditions under which it was written would be of any avail.

Under these circumstances her trepidation increased as the distance decreased, and when we reached our destination was excessive. Addressing the *concierge*, her first question was "Has my letter been called for?" To our indescribable relief the answer was in the negative, and her delight on regaining possession of the document was extreme. Reaching her apartment, there was a hasty glance at its contents; a murmured exclamation, "How could I have been so foolish! I must have been beside myself!" and then its instant and complete destruction. She had told him that, in the event of her returning unaccompanied, there would be no obstacle to their intimacy.

There was still the mystery of O.'s failure to call at the time appointed for the lesson, when he would have received the letter, or subsequently to make inquiries. The explanation which suggested itself to us was that, having occult sources of information,

he had no need to call to be made aware of her departure. We thought it also not impossible that the demonstration to him that his boasted will-power had found its superior, coming as it had done in the very height of his triumph, might have had some disastrous effect upon his system.

No doubt she would hear about him at the hospital. Her fear was of meeting him there. Nevertheless, it was necessary to run the risk. He was not there, and she summoned courage to ask about him. The answer was at once a shock and a relief to both of us. In the armoury of the Gods are many weapons, and woe to those who touch their anointed or do their prophets harm. Mary's demon had been laid for ever, for "Apollyon" had been deprived of his instrument by an attack of brain-fever. We took it as a warning for those who, studying "Occultism," enter into relations with the powers of the astral and elemental, without having first made sure their hold on the celestial, for they thereby render themselves accessible to the infernal.

A review of this portion of our history in the light of our subsequent psychical researches led me vividly to recognise the difficulty in the way of establishing a case of guilt against persons liable to telepathic or hypnotic obsession, founded merely on their own statements, written or spoken; for, notwithstanding the apparent reality of the conduct thus confessed to, and even the conviction of the parties themselves of its reality at the time, the reference would in such case be to the world astral and magnetic, and therefore delusive, and in no wise to the world terrestrial and human. I can readily conceive of a book, a diary, or a correspondence being written by one under such influence, perfectly life-like and coherent, every thought and act in which was imaginary so far as concerns the material plane, the writer of which would have no knowledge whatever of it, or of the circumstances detailed in it, after the removal of the influence under which it had been written, nor any responsibility for its contents.

CHAPTER XII

MANIFOLD EXPERIENCES

As may well be supposed, it was with a deeper sense, if possible, than ever of the reality of our work and the gravity of our responsibility that we settled down to the long and arduous task before us. Three things especially were made clear to us. One, that no experience was to be withheld which, by initiating us into the mysteries of man's spiritual nature, would qualify us to speak with authority concerning it. Another, that neither principalities nor powers, nor rulers of the darkness, whether of this world or of any other, not even the " gates of hell " itself, would be suffered to prevail against us. And the third, that the work to be done *by* us must first be done *in* us, and to that end we must endure without flinching every ordeal that might be imposed, never doubting that they who had us in their keeping would bring us safely through it. Purification and intensification of consciousness and will—these were the supreme means to the end in view—the unfoldment of the understanding and the exaltation of the perceptive point of the mind to the highest levels of thought. Thus pondering one day, and wondering how far the Revelators and Redeemers of old had experiences corresponding to ours, it was said to my inner hearing, " Hermes is the trainer of the Christs." The utterance was the first intimation given directly to myself of the transcendental nature of the principle thus designated, and proved to possess a significance far beyond my appreciation at the time.

The Soul and How it Found Me had duly made its appearance, in a cover bearing appropriate symbols, towards which Mary contributed, at my desire, the drawing of a tree shaped and foliaged to represent a cross, and growing out of the sea, with a rising sun on the obverse. The reception of the book was such as to show us that, many as there might be, and un-

doubtedly were, of persons ripe and eager for precisely such a record of actual experiences as it contained, it was impossible to reach them in face of a Press which, whether secular or religious, was intensely materialistic, and resolutely bent on ignoring and suppressing whatever militated against its cherished hypotheses and traditions. It served, nevertheless, one of the ends I had in view, as a record by the way of a work actually begun, of which much might be anticipated by the percipient few into whose hands it fell; and from these I received acknowledgments as warm as I could have hoped and desired, some of which are worthy of preservation, if only as showing that even in the darkest of times there is always a band of the faithful who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of materialism. The following is an extract from one esteemed far and wide for the depth and soundness of his thought and his power of spiritual insight, Charles Carleton Massey, the "C. C. M." so well known to the real thinkers of the age. He had long preceded me in the recognition of the reality of the spiritual world, and of the experiences called spiritualistic, and had given me valuable counsel in relation thereto, urging me not to be dissuaded by any amount of fraud or failure that I might encounter in the investigation, but to keep an open mind, and wait patiently until the requisite evidences should be vouchsafed. Meanwhile he himself was absolutely assured on the subject.

"*October* 25, 1877.

"DEAR MR MAITLAND,—I hope you will not think me intrusive if I venture to express the pleasure and admiration with which I have been perusing your late book, *The Soul and How it Found Me*. The admiration is personal, for only the highest quality of unselfish courage could have enabled one of your literary position and reputation to put forth to the world such avowals; and it extends to the book, which is the most explicit republication of a pure and spiritual philosophy that we have had from the Press in my time. I read with disgust and indignation, though without surprise, the *A*—— review of your book. The shallow materialism of the age can only justify itself in the face of such thoughts and facts as yours by insolence, suppressions, and falsifications, and by the invariable assumption that every supersensuous experience is indicative of insanity. As you say, 'though pretending to rest upon experience, the schools have eliminated every fact in experience that cannot be reconciled with a materialistic hypothesis.'"

A review from his pen appeared in *The Spiritualist*, which contained the following paragraphs:—

"The facts recorded are of transcendent interest, some of them being strikingly and profoundly suggestive. . . . No description can do anything like justice to its force and impressiveness. . . . Of its force and lucidity no isolated passages can give an adequate impression. From the vulgar critics who ascribe every supersensuous experience to morbid conditions the author can expect only misrepresentation and insult. All the more cordial and prompt should be the expressed sympathy of the better informed with the accomplished scholar whose high quality of unselfish courage has given the avowals contained in this remarkable volume to a hostile public."

This also, from a lady, is worth preserving for the reasons already stated :—

"*May* 26, 1878.

"Sir,—As a reader of your last two books, *England and Islam* and *The Soul and How it Found Me*, I trust you will not think me an intruder in writing to thank you for thus boldly recording your very interesting and marvellous spiritual baptism. Having been for sixteen years a spiritualist, by personal experience, and a student of Boehme and Swedenborg, I can in a measure enter into the enthusiasm of your books, and feel a certain sympathy with your union with Hermes or the Baptist who has rekindled you with that spirit and power of Elias, in whose might he came to prepare the way of the Highest. I, too, have known what it is to be lifted up in the spirit, and to wait and watch like Simeon for the coming of One who is to dry up earth's dews and unchain earth's icicles, ere the world could see the Radiant One and recognise the Beautiful, even the Divine Love and Wisdom. . . . I rejoice to find you have been selected and trained as an instrument to declare that the Almighty is a Duality in Unity, and that every individual is a microcosm in the image of the Divine Dual Nature. Many great thinkers and writers have declared this, but their glasses have become misty and otherwise unadapted for modern short sight, and hence the need that spectacles suited to modern sight should be prepared for people. May their eyes be opened to see clearly through the glasses you have made ! . . . But I will add no more than to say that I send this only with the hope you may feel that there are some in the world who appreciate your acknowledgment of the Baptism that has been given you, and to thank you for declaring it."

Although my book had not been written with a commercial intent, its utter failure in this respect—following, as it had done, upon the collapse of my fortunes already mentioned—was not unaccompanied by a sense of disappointment, if only for the sake of my dear colleague, who, out of consideration partly for her family and partly for me, had imposed on herself a scale of living which involved privations which her delicacy of constitution rendered her ill able to bear. And hence it was that I sought to mitigate the rigour of our domestic and other economies by endeavouring to finish the tale I had begun some time

previously, and which she and our "genii" were so desirous that I should complete. It proved, however, when I turned to it, that our work was now at a stage when such diversion of my faculties was deemed unadvisable. This it was at first sought to impress upon me by rendering me keenly alive to the conviction that, strive how I might, no romance that I could devise or incidents I could invent would compare in strangeness and interest with the life I was actually living; and, next, by the total withdrawal of power whenever I set myself to the task. I had not, however, fully reconciled myself to the loss of my earning power, or resolved to refrain from the attempt to write something that, while on a high level in respect both of substance and form, would not be incompatible with mundane ends, when the question was finally settled for me by the following experience :—

"I had gone to bed, but not to sleep, for thinking over the matter, when I became aware of the presence of a group of spiritual influences, one of whom, speaking for them all, said to me, in tones audible only to the inner hearing, but distinct, measured, and authoritative : 'We whom you know as the Gods—Zeus, Phoibos, Hermes, and the rest—are actual celestial personalities, who are appointed to represent to mortals the principles and potencies called the Seven Spirits of God. We have chosen you for our instrument, and have tried you and proved you and instructed you ; and you belong to us to do our work and not your own, save in so far as you make it your own. Only in such measure as you do this will you have any success. For you can do nothing without us now ; and it is useless for you to attempt to do anything without our help.'"

Mary found herself similarly baffled when, having, partly from motives of economy, dismissed her governess, she once more endeavoured to teach her child herself. An insuperable barrier was raised between them, every attempt at tuition resulting in disappointment and distress to both parties—to say nothing of the onlooker, myself—utterly spoiling the rest of the day and unfitting her for her own studies. As it had been with me, so was it now with her. She was not permitted to expend herself in doing what was not absolutely indispensable to our appointed work. And an alternative course was accordingly indicated in the following nocturnal experience, which, although it is included in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, where it is entitled "The Difficult Path," I reproduce here in order to interpret its mystical allusions :—

"Having fallen asleep last night [1] while in a state of great perplexity about the care and education of my daughter, I dreamt as follows :—

"I was walking with the child along the border of a high cliff, at the foot of which was the sea. The path was exceedingly narrow, and on the inner side was flanked by a line of rocks and stones. The outer side was so close to the edge of the cliff that she was compelled to walk either before or behind me, or else on the stones. And, as it was unsafe to let go her hand, it was on the stones that she had to walk, much to her distress. I was in male attire, and carried a staff in my hand. She wore skirts and had no staff ; and every moment she stumbled or her dress caught and was torn by some jutting crag or bramble. In this way our progress was being continually interrupted and rendered almost impossible, when suddenly we came upon a sharp declivity leading to a steep path which wound down the side of the precipice to the beach below. Looking down, I saw on the shore beneath the cliff a collection of fishermen's huts, and groups of men and women on the shingle, mending nets, hauling up boats, and sorting fish of various kinds. In the midst of the little village stood a great crucifix of lead, so cast in a mould as to allow me, from the elevated position I occupied behind it, to see that, though in front it looked solid, it was in reality hollow. As I was noting this, a voice of someone close at hand suddenly addressed me ; and on turning my head I found standing before me a man in the garb of a fisherman, who evidently had just scaled the steep path leading from the beach. He stretched out his hand to take the child, saying he had come to fetch her, for that in the path I was following there was room only for one. 'Let her come to us,' he added ; 'she will do very well as a fisherman's daughter.' Being reluctant to part with her, and not perceiving then the significance of his garb and vocation, I objected that the calling was a dirty and unsavoury one, and would soil her hands and her dress. Whereupon the man became severe, and seemed to insist with a kind of authority upon my acceptance of his proposition. The child, too, was taken with him, and was, moreover, anxious to leave the rough and dangerous path ; and she accordingly went to him of her own will, and, placing her hand in his, left me without any sign of regret, and I went on my way alone. Then lifting my eyes to see whither my path led, I beheld it winding along the edge of the cliff to an apparently endless distance, until, as I gazed steadily on the extreme limit of my view, I saw the grey mist from the sea here and there break and roll up into great masses of slow-drifting cloud, in the intervals of which I caught the white gleam of sunlit snow. And these intervals continually closed up to open again in fresh places higher up, disclosing peak upon peak of a range of mountains of enormous altitude."

By the hills and snowy peaks in this vision, and the difficult path which led thereto, were denoted the pure heights of spiritual attainment, variously called in Scripture the "Holy Hill of the Lord," the "Mount of God," "Ararat," "Sinai," "Sion," the

[1] In *Dreams and Dream-Stories* this dream is dated November 3, 1877.—S. H. H.

"Mount of Regeneration," and other names, meaning the summit of one's own spiritual nature, the ascent to which, as involving renunciation, toil, and suffering, is called "The Way of the Cross" and "The Path in the Midst of the Wilderness." In the description of the crucifix as solid when viewed in front and from a low level, but hollow as seen from a position elevated and in the rear, we recognised a subtle application of the utterance contained in the illumination which interprets the "Immaculate Conception," that which declares the purely spiritual nature of religious truth and the falsehood of any physical application of Scripture and dogma. For it implied that the efficacy of the crucifixion lay, not in the suffering and death of the man crucified, but in the spiritual self-renunciation and crucifixion of the lower nature thus symbolised. Though the path to be followed by Mary was that which every soul must sooner or later follow to achieve its salvation, it was beyond the present need and capacity of her child. And here the significance of the "fisherman" incident found its interpretation. It pointed to a regime of faith, discipline, and submission, such as is provided in the Roman communion, as best adapted for the present for one of her age, temperament, and capacity. But as the idea of putting her into a convent-school had never been mentioned or even entertained, it struck us as a remarkable coincidence when, on the morning after the receipt of the vision, a friend of Mary's, an Irish lady of strong Protestant proclivities, who knew of her dilemma, called expressly in order to recommend a certain convent-school situate in Paris, and she gave so glowing a description of it that we went to see it for ourselves, with the result of finding it, to all appearance, fully justifying her praises. But the certainty of strong disapproval at home on the part of both her father and her grandmother prevented any steps being taken in that direction, and the child was eventually sent to a day-school hard by.

Difficulties of various kinds continued to impede Mary's progress in the pursuit of her diploma, so numerous and formidable as to appear insuperable, and to make the task of confronting them so severe a drain on her strength that we seriously thought of abandoning her studies for a season in the hope of better conditions later on. But despair had no sooner culminated than hope and courage were re-established by the following dream

received by her, which we called "The Lion in the Path." This is her account of it :—

"I found myself on the same narrow, rugged, and precipitous path described in my last dream, and confronted by a lion. Afraid to pass him, I turned and fled. On this the beast gave chase, when, finding escape by flight hopeless, I turned and boldly faced him. Whereupon the lion at once stopped and slunk to the side of the path, and suffered me to pass unmolested, though I was so close to him that I could not avoid touching him with my garments in passing." [1]

The prognostic was fully confirmed by the event. For we had no sooner determined, as we at once did, to persevere at all hazards than the obstacles, one after another, melted away so completely that, on reviewing the episode, we wondered how we could have taken them for real. And so to the end. Barrier after barrier arose before us which seemed absolutely impassable, whether by piercing it, by circumventing it, or by surmounting it. But on pushing resolutely on it disappeared like a mist that was dispersed, leaving the track clear and ourselves marvelling at our apprehensions. The time came when we learnt that the dates of the concluding stages in our work were fixed and nothing would be allowed to interfere with them.

The following dream received by Mary in the latter part of this month of November proved to be the precursor of some very remarkable experiences which were in store for us. It was not until nearly two and a half years later that we were enabled to identify the personages concerned :—

"I was conducted in my sleep last night into a library in which sat a charming old lady dressed in the costume of the early Georges, eating what I took to be macaroni and honey, and conversing with an old gentleman wearing a costume of the same period. She rose to receive me, and kissed my hand with an old-fashioned courtly grace. On my looking at the old gentleman he also rose, and I noticed a strong resemblance between him and Caro, so that the thought passed through my mind, 'I believe Caro would look just like that if his features were a little thinner and he wore ruffles round his throat.' The old lady seemed to read my thought, for she nodded and said with a smile, 'Yes, he is one of the family.' After this the old gentleman disappeared from the scene, and the old lady said to me, 'You have come to see my library ; there it is. Mount the steps and take down any book you like.' I looked up and saw a great number of books ranged in a book-case which covered the

[1] In *Dreams and Dream-Stories* this dream is dated November 15, 1877. —S. H. H.

whole of the wall opposite. Mounting the steps, I took down a book at random and opened it. It was a poem entitled 'The Nature of Christ and the Christ-like Soul.' Turning over the pages to look at the end of it, I read several lines which I tried to fix in my memory, but with only partial success, all that I can recollect being these :

'Epitome of all,
His birth, his death, his body's bitter dole,
Alike the dower of the Christ-like soul.
Thus man, refined, at last shall pass away,
His spirit rising through its mould of clay.' "

Such was our first introduction to what proved to be the famous Swedish seer, Emmanuel Swedenborg, and the lady of whom he was wont to declare his conviction that she would be his "spiritual wife" in the world of the beyond—a circumstance of which we were altogether unaware at this time.

On December 10 Mary received the following experience, which—recognising it as an allegory of the soul—I entered in our journal under the heading of

Not Quite Redeemed

"Lying in bed last night and being awake, but not having my mind occupied by any definite subject, I suddenly saw before me a portion of a lake in which were growing a number of very beautiful dark-foliaged firs and pines. The water out of which they rose was agitated and turbid, and its waves broke against their stems. One of the trees differed from the rest, for it bore white blossoms in clusters, and fruit, and was, moreover, bent down into the water, so that its blossoms and fruit were saturated and soiled by the waves. And I saw that what caused it thus to bend down was a dead tree or limb which lay across it, and by its weight held it down.

"While I was wondering what it meant the scene disappeared, and in place of the lake and the trees was a female form, exceedingly beautiful, with long golden hair and shining skin, and nude, as of a Greek goddess. She had her arms extended towards me, and seemed to be striving to reach me, but was held back by some obstacle the nature of which I could not discern. Nor could she reach me while the vision lasted."

Ardent as was Mary's devotion to her studies and anxious to accomplish her student course in the briefest possible time, no additional effort was spared that might serve the purpose foremost in her heart, the rescue of the animals from their scientific tormentors. And hence the regular work of both of us—for I seconded her endeavours to the utmost—was frequently intermitted to indite memoranda, compile statistics, translate extracts, or write letters, articles, appeals, and pamphlets, English or French, having for their aim the abolition of

vivisection. But the process of rousing an apathetic public and creating a conscience under the ribs of the moral and spiritual death which has seized upon what is still called Christendom, by means of this kind, was altogether too tedious and uncertain for a nature so impetuous as hers, and she eagerly sought for some more effective and expeditious means, the heroic character of which could not fail to make a profound and lasting impression.

Such was the mood in which she was found by a renewal of the demand of the physiologists for human subjects, in the shape of the worst class of criminals, on whom to experiment. And she forthwith conceived and became fascinated by the idea of offering herself to the *Faculté* for experimentation, making it the condition that the practice should thereafter be for ever abandoned. She admitted the project to be the product of impulse rather than of reason, and due to an ingrained sense, the source of which she was unable to discern, of the need of making a sacrifice of herself which would be at once an expiation and a redemption. Knowing the futility of directly opposing an idea thus entertained while in the heat of its inception, I confined myself to the gentle suggestion of some of the more obvious objections, pointing out that such a proposition would be taken as implying her sanction of the whole principle of vicarious sacrifice and her belief in the utility of the method; that it could not possibly be accepted; that, even if accepted, no conditions would be binding on others than the actual parties to it; and that, so far from her being credited with sincerity in making the offer, it would inevitably be ascribed, if not to downright insanity, to an inordinate vanity and craving for notoriety, since no one would believe that she expected it to be accepted. She at length yielded to my representations, but declared that, if she could not sacrifice herself for the animals in that way, she would in some other which, if less painful, would be far more protracted. How she knew it she could not say, but she did know it, and it was her destiny to perish in saving them. The occasion was one of many in which I could not help thinking of her as of a goddess who for some fault had been banished from her proper heaven, and who only on condition of making the place of her exile itself a heaven, or perishing in the attempt, could regain her lost

estate ; and who longed accordingly to achieve her rehabilitation by some sublimely heroic act. And a goddess, too, not merely in outward seeming, but also in faculty and power, as the following experience went far to prove :—

It was mid-February, when, having occasion to visit the *École de Médecine*, I accompanied her thither. It was afternoon. On reaching the place we found it shut up, and a notice on the gate apprised us that the school was closed for the day on account of the obsequies of Professor Claude Bernard. We had not heard even of his illness. A cry, or rather a gasp, of astonishment escaped her, and she exclaimed, " Claude Bernard dead ! Claude Bernard dead ! Take hold of me ! Help me to a seat, or I shall fall ! Claude Bernard dead ! Claude Bernard dead ! " The only seat available near was on the stone steps by which we were standing, and I accordingly placed her on these, seeing that emotion had deprived her of all power. Once seated she buried her face in her hands, and I stood before her awaiting the result in silence. I knew that such an event could not fail greatly to move her, but no special reason occurred to me. Presently she looked up, her face strangely altered by the intensity of her emotion, and asked me if I remembered what she had told me some weeks ago about Claude Bernard, and her having been provoked to launch a malediction at him.

I remembered perfectly. It was in the latter part of the previous December. Her professor had forced her into a controversy about vivisection, the immediate occasion being some experiments by Claude Bernard on animal heat, made by means of a stove invented by himself, so constructed as to allow of observations being made upon animals while being slowly baked to death. Her professor had agreed with her as to the unscientific character and utter uselessness for any medical purpose of such a method of research. But he was altogether insensible to its moral aspects, and in answer to her strong expressions of reprobation, had taken occasion to deliver himself of a tirade against the sentiments generally of morality and religion, and the folly of allowing anything so chimerical to stand in the way, not merely of science, but of any object whatever to which one might be inclined, and setting up a transcendental standard of right and wrong, or recognising any limits to self-gratification, saving the physical risks to oneself. Even the feeling which

makes a mother weep over her child's suffering he sneered at as hysterical, and gloried in the prospect of the time when science and intellect should be utterly unrestrained by what people call heart and moral conscience, and the only recognised rule should be that of the bodily self.

Thus speaking, he had worked his pupil into a frenzy of righteous indignation, and the vision rose before her of a future when, through the teachings of a materialistic science, society at large had become wholly demonised, even as already were this man and his kind. And seeing in Claude Bernard the foremost living representative and instrument of the fell conspiracy, at once against the human and the divine, to destroy whom would be to rid the earth of one of its worst monsters, she no sooner found herself alone than she rose to her feet, and with passionate energy invoked the wrath of God upon him, at the same moment hurling her whole spiritual being at him with all her might, as if with intent then and there to smite him with destruction. And so completely, it seemed to her, had she gone out of herself in the effort that her physical system instantly collapsed, and she fell back powerless on her sofa, where she lay a while utterly exhausted and unable to move. It was thus that, on rejoining her, I found her, with just sufficient power to recount the experience, and to ask me my opinion as to the possibility of injuring a person at a distance by such making, as it were, a spiritual thunderbolt of oneself; for, if such a thing were possible, and had ever happened, it must, she was convinced, have happened then. The point was not one which had before been suggested to me, and to say the truth, now that it had been suggested, I found myself occupied far more with its moral than with its scientific aspect. Even if possible, was it legitimate? And besides, even if both of these, might it not be fraught with danger to the actor no less than to the subject? The suggestion to her of the former objection was at once met by an energetic repudiation of any scruple on that score. Hers was a mission of redemption first and foremost to the animals, and the act was one of rescue, for the consequences of which the oppressor himself was responsible, just the same as if he had been slain in an attempt upon human life or property. Having the power and given the opportunity, the blame would have been hers had she refrained from using them. It was no

human life that was involved in the matter ; for that only is a human life which is a humane life. And if the Bible were an authority, people in it were similarly struck dead who were blessed innocents in comparison with a deliberate torturer of helpless creatures.

We had soon dropped the discussion of the subject, and it was only recalled to our recollection by the startling news of Claude Bernard's death. When I had responded to her appeal, she continued, still seated on the steps of the *École*—

" It has been strongly borne in on my mind that I have been the means of this, and that he has indeed come to his death through my agency. I shall do my utmost to verify the fact by ascertaining exactly how, when, and where his illness began. It may, of course, be a mere coincidence, and most people will always believe it to be so, whatever the proof to the contrary. But we know enough to believe such things possible, and I shall not rest until I have found out ; and if it prove that I really possess such a glorious power, woe be to the torturers ! God willing, what a murrain there shall be among them ! Oh ! I will make it dangerous, nay, deadly, to be a vivisector. It is the only argument that will affect them. Meanwhile, thank God the head of the gang is dead. And if it be that I have been the instrument, thank God all the more for that ! I shall not have come into this hell of a world in vain ! "

The published medical reports were too vague to serve our purpose, and nearly two years passed before the desired opportunity was found. We then became acquainted with a certain member of the Paris *Faculté* who was an accomplished and practical student of occult science. Having, in the course of a conversation with Mary, mentioned Claude Bernard, she eagerly questioned him respecting the latter's death, when she learned as follows :—Claude Bernard was one of the few French savants who took an interest in occult science. In connection with that subject they had become great intimates, and he knew more about Claude Bernard's death than anyone else, the latter having described his earliest symptoms as something mysterious to him. He was engaged in his laboratory in the *College de France,* being at the time in his ordinary health, when he felt himself suddenly smitten as if with some poisonous effluvium which he supposed to emanate from the subject of his experi-

ment. Instead of passing off, the effect remained, and became intensified, till it manifested itself in severe internal inflammation, from which he drooped and sank for some six weeks, when he died. The doctors ascribed the complaint to the insalubrious atmosphere of the laboratory, and pronounced it to be *pyèlonéphrite* (Bright's disease). It was the disease which he had chiefly endeavoured to investigate by inducing it in animals.

This information, and a minute comparison of dates, served to confirm her conviction. And we found by subsequent reading that the reality of experiences of the kind has always been recognised by experts in occult science. Among other confirmatory statements, we found the following in Paracelsus, the famous magian of the sixteenth century :—

" It is possible that my spirit, without the help of my body, may, through a fiery will alone and without a sword, stab and wound others. It is also possible for me to bring my adversary's spirit into an image, then double him up and lame him at pleasure. You are to know that the will is a most potent operator in medicine. Man can hang a disease on man or beast through curses ; but it does not take effect through an image of virgin wax, but by means of the strength of fixed will. Determined imagination is the beginning of all magical operations. It is a spell from which there is no escape but by reversing the operator's intent. The imagination of another may be able to kill me or save me. No armour protects me against magic, for it injures the inward spirit of life. The human spirit is so great a thing that no man can express it. God Himself is unchangeable and almighty ; so also is the mind of man. If we rightly esteemed the power of man's mind, nothing on earth would be impossible."

Some months after the death of Claude Bernard—it was in August—being attracted by an advertisement which excited Mary's curiosity, we visited a French medium, Mdlle. H. We gave no names, and were as completely unknown to her as she was to us. To our immense surprise, a spirit came who gave its name as Marie Stuart, and said that it was in connection with Mary, and would communicate with her if she wished. We asked if it was specially related to anyone we knew, and received for answer : " Yes ; Marie Caithness." The name of Marie Stuart had not been in our minds at all, but that of Marie Caithness had been and was at that time. For I was then in correspondence with Lady Caithness, who was in England (not having yet come to live in Paris), and who would have received

a letter from me on that very morning in reply to one that I had received from her. She had long been a spiritualist, devoted and devout; and many years before I was able to recognise spiritualism as representing an actuality, she had made great efforts to convince me of it, even to making it a matter of earnest prayer. And, to specify the reason of this interpolation, the name taken by the spirit who was her principal "guide" was Marie Stuart!

The only other incident of the séance, and a notable one it was, was the coming of a spirit who gave the name of Claude Bernard! Mary eagerly questioned him, but failed to obtain any coherent response. She was disposed to be indignant that such a malefactor should be at large, until she reflected that liberty of locomotion by no means implies blessedness of condition, in that world any more than in this; and, moreover, that his coming to her might be to him the bitterest of penances. This seemed to be indicated by his silence. Beyond the divulgence of his name no word could be extracted from him; and we took his moody silence for a token of his interior state, and as showing that, though the impulsion under which he came was irresistible, he was still too impenitent and proud to betray his feelings by any utterance. Needless to say that this incident vividly recalled to us Sir William Fergusson's visit and remarks on the hereafter of the vivisector; also the line in Chaucer—

"Though thou here walkest, thy spirit is in hell."

The summer brought us the first practical intimation of the power of our supervisors to enforce the secrecy required of us in respect of certain of the mysteries revealed to us. An old clerical friend of mine came to see me, and we went out together for a walk and a talk, in the course of which we entered a *café*, where, finding a quiet corner, I read to him some portions of our revelations, having taken the book with me in anticipation of his wish to hear about our work. The interest shown by him in what I read stimulated my eagerness to enlighten him further, as will be readily intelligible in view of the fact that, besides being an old and highly valued friend, he was a beneficed clergyman, a Greek scholar, a thinker, and a Hebraist of repute, and constituted therefore an audience such as I had not yet had; so that it is scarcely surprising that, even if I had

been mindful of the injunctions imposed on us as to secrecy, I should fail to regard them as applicable to him.

Nevertheless, such proved to be the case. Heedless of our instructions, I turned to a part of the book to which the prohibition applied. But before I had read a single line the atmosphere around me became so thick with indistinguishable presences as to shut out the page from my sight; a sensation of dizziness came over me such as I had never before known; and my heart was forced upward toward my throat, as if clutched from below and lifted up by some strong hand, with such force as entirely to arrest utterance and almost to choke me; while at the same time a death-like faintness seized on me, and a sense of my fault so overwhelming as to cause me to feel as utterly abandoned and cast off by all the divine influences which hitherto had sustained me, and plunged in the outer darkness of absolute despair. Nevertheless, trained as I had been to bear and be silent, I was to such extent able to "suffer and be strong" as to repress any outward and visible sign of my inward and spiritual state; and after a few moments, recovering speech, I closed the book, with the remark that I could not bear the atmosphere of the place any longer, but must get into the open air. Here I soon recovered my normal physical state, the last thing to return being my mental composure.

My impulse at first was to tell Mary what had happened, if only as a caution to herself, though she was less liable to commit the same trespass; but I found myself withheld by the recollection, which seemed to be reinforced for the purpose, of the previous injunctions to observe secrecy in respect of such experiences as might be in store for her. Whether or not the information would have saved her from a like experience I am unable to say; but that she was not to escape was shown by the fact that it occurred to her not very long afterwards, as will be related in its place. But this proved to be the method almost uniformly followed with us. We were to receive identical experiences, but in a manner which precluded the possibility of their being ascribable to anticipation.

Meanwhile I had received an object-lesson to the effect that they who had us in their keeping were no less competent to restrain and compel than to instruct and warn; and I found myself recalling with wonder and amusement the incredulity

with which as a youth I had regarded beliefs of the kind to which Southey gives expression when, in his ballad of the "Magician and the Devil," he says :—

> 'Henceforth let all young men take heed
> How in a conjurer's books they read."

As will duly appear, the experience was not a solitary one even with myself. For it happened to me to be more than once afterwards forcibly arrested when on the point of a similar trespass, though without the same severity of penalty.

Nearly the first half of the year passed without any special illumination being vouchsafed to either of us. My colleague meanwhile was engrossed with her work for her second *Doctorat*, which she was anxious to pass with as much distinction as in the previous year she had passed her first ; and I was no less engrossed with the task I had set myself of elaborating out of my own consciousness a key to the interpretation especially of the initial chapters of Genesis. And on this behalf I had written enough to make a moderate volume, defining the principles on which, as it appeared to me, the Bible, in order to be a book of the soul, must be constructed, and on which therefore it must be interpreted. What I had written was not intended for publication, but as an exercise for myself, being purely tentative, and representing the feeling of my way towards the light rather than the light itself.[1] I had no books to help me, nor the knowledge of any books which could help me. I was aware that the sect of the Swedenborgians claimed for their master that he had unlocked the secret meaning of Scripture, but the little I knew of them and of him had not given me an exalted sense of their perspicuity or their judgment. My leading idea was that the story of the Creation and the Fall contained as in a monogram the whole of the doctrine which the Bible is intended to illustrate, so that to find the key to that story would be to find the key to the whole Bible, to the solution of the problem of

[1] In an article in *Light* (March 17, 1888) Edward Maitland, writing of this time and on this subject, says that the title of the work on which he was then engaged was to be *The Finding of Christ ; or, The Completion of the Intuition*. This identifies it with the work referred to on pp. 96 *ante* and 344 *post*. He says that what he had written "was still very inchoate, there being several points on which [he] had failed to reach the central idea, though [he] had consciously been assisted in it by light from interior sources" (p. 127).—S. H. H.

Christianity, and—in the event of this being true—to the solution also of the problem of existence itself. The point on which I was particularly engaged when the events about to be related occurred was that of the secret and real significance of Adam and Eve. That they did not and could not represent actual persons I was satisfied. But supposing them to represent principles, what are those principles? Could they be spirit and matter? I did not consult Mary on the subject, or in any way disclose to her the direction of my thought; a reserve for which I had two reasons. I wished to exhaust my own resources first; and I was reluctant to distract her mind from her medical work. Moreover, I knew that of herself, and unaided by illumination, she could not help me. And at this time we had received no interpretative illumination of the order in question for many months. And in the last week I had come to a complete standstill, being unable to obtain a glimmer of a fresh idea. But this may have been due to the uneasiness of my mind respecting a certain action which Mary had taken at her professor's instance in regard to her pending examination; to which it will be necessary to recur by and by.

It was near midnight on June 4, when, having retired to my sleeping-room, I stood by the open window gazing on the brilliantly starred sky, and the impulse came upon me to address a mental request for aid to the unseen agents of our past illuminations, whom we were wont to call the Gods. It was without any definite idea of a practical result that I did this, and rather as an expression of impatience and despair than of hope. "If I really am to carry on this work, I *must* have help. I have gone as far as I can go of myself, and must stop and give it up unless I receive correction, confirmation, or extension. For my own resources are exhausted." Having thus silently formulated my needs to the rulers of the starlit expanse, I went to bed.

In the course of the following morning—no word respecting my over-night invocation having been said to her—Mary remarked that she found herself in an extraordinary state of mental exaltation, having all her faculties at their best and all her subjects at her finger-ends. And so eager was she to test her condition that she went all the way to the schools, when having no call to go, in order to listen to the examination then

going on—the subjects being those of her next ordeal—and to compare the answers given with those that she herself was prepared to give, the examination being *vivâ voce.* Her delight on returning was unbounded. She could have answered every question put far better than any of the students, she declared, and would have distanced them all had she been one of the class. It occurred to me that some new experience might be in store, as a consequence of her abnormal lucidity, but I failed to connect the state with my appeal of the previous night. And, so far from my being reminded of that circumstance, any expectation I might have entertained of a revelation to be made was altogether effaced by an attack of sickness with which she was seized during the evening, of so violent a character as to alarm me for her life, lest she break a blood-vessel in the spasms induced. The reaction, moreover, brought on a collapse of the heart, from which I had the greatest difficulty in restoring her. And it was past midnight before I felt it safe to leave her alone. We could account for the seizure only by ascribing it to the deleterious influences, atmospheric or other, of the schools.

It was yet so early in the following morning that I had not left my room, when—instead of keeping her bed to a late hour, as I had anticipated she would—she brought to my door and handed in to me a manuscript written in pencil, saying it was something she had seen in her sleep, and written down on waking, so far as she could recollect it.[1] And was it anything I wanted? for she hardly knew what it was about, having written it down so rapidly, and had not had time to read it over and think about it.

Eagerly perusing it, I found it to be a direct answer to my appeal, which for fulness and lucidity surpassed the most sanguine expectations I could have formed, and affording at once precisely the correction, the confirmation, and the amplification I had asked for; correction, that is, as to particulars, and confirmation as to method and principles. And while it was wholly beyond the ability of either or both of us to have formulated it, it bore for us both all the force of truth so self-evident and necessary as to appear as if we had already known it, but had forgotten it. It contained some eight hundred words,

[1] While writing, the words showed themselves again to her (see E. M.'s article in *Light*, March 17, 1888, p. 127).—S. H. H.

every one of which was exactly the right word and in the right place, the diction, which was archaic, and belonged to the best period of English literature, and was better than the best of that period, being in the highest degree simple, luminous, and dignified. And so precise was its response to my need that, while it disposed of my tentative hypothesis about the first man and woman, asking "Why will you have Adam to be spirit and Eve matter, since the mystic books deal only with spiritual entities?" it confirmed my conclusion respecting the initial chapters of Genesis, by giving the key which related them to the whole Bible, even to the Apocalypse, and gave a solution of the problem of Christianity, such as to show that it is founded in the nature of existence. And it pointed also to the meaning of the present age, and to our own work as representing the fulfilment of the prophecies in respect to it. Mary's amazement and delight as we read and re-read this wonderful message together were no less than mine, and they were further enhanced on learning that it had been given in prompt response to an appeal from me, and in supply of needs of which she was unaware. Her account of its reception by her was in this wise.

Her sickness and exhaustion of the previous evening had been followed by a profound sleep of several hours, towards the close of which she dreamt that she was engaged in making a drawing of Pallas Athena from a luminous apparition of that goddess on the wall. While drawing, she had been greatly perplexed by the constant changes in the position of the head and the expression of the face. For, after drawing the divinity as she at first appeared, with a bandage over the eyes, the head turned, and presented the face on the other side without the bandage. Upon this she drew it again, and on comparing the result with the original, was amazed at the fidelity of the portrait, and at her own skill. Meanwhile she was aware that, lurking near her and enjoying her perplexity, was her instructor, Hermes. There then came another change in the aspect of her sitter, the goddess, at which her vexation was so great that it woke her.

After wondering a while what this visitation from the representatives of the Divine Wisdom and Understanding might imply or portend, she slept again, and dreamt that she was in

the same old-fashioned library she had once before[1] similarly visited, and in it sat the same old-fashioned elderly couple, with the refined and courteous style and formal punctilious manners which had so greatly struck her before. And, as before, she mounted the ladder at their invitation and took down a book, the appearance of which attracted her. On opening it she found that the leaves consisted of plates of silver, thick and massive, and [every page] reflected herself. And that which she wrote down on waking was what she read in this book. At the point where the exposition broke off, the writing had disappeared from the book and its pages became mirrors in which she beheld only her own image—a detail which we at once took as intended to denote the intuitional nature of the teaching, as indeed it did. But it proved subsequently to have a yet more recondite meaning, by and by to be disclosed to the reader as it was to us. The teaching itself we recognised as fully justifying the high sanction implied by the presence of the Gods in the preliminary vision. And when, on the next night but one, this experience was followed by another of corresponding import and value, we felt that we had indeed been permitted to tap—so to speak—a reservoir of boundless wisdom and knowledge, and were filled with joy and thankfulness accordingly; for we saw that we had obtained access to a sphere where all memories of the world's past were indelibly preserved and stored up, so that no part of its history, however remote and lost so far as men are concerned, is beyond recovery, and where also are the solutions of all problems. While, as for the interpretation of sacred mysteries, we were evidently under the guidance of those who had originally imparted them to the world, and were bent on restoring the knowledge of them, and had selected us as their instruments for the accomplishment of that high purpose. And that purpose was no other than that which from early youth it had been my dominant passion to achieve, while yet having no conception of the process. Such is the genesis of the chapter entitled "Concerning the Interpretation of the Mystical Scriptures," which forms No. v. of Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun*. The first division of it was received as above related. The second was received, also in sleep, on the next night but one,

[1] In November 1877. See pp. 247–8 *ante*.—S. H. H.

being delivered as a lecture by a man in priestly garb to a numerous class of neophytes, of whom Mary was one, and who took notes of it as they sat in an amphitheatre of white stone. Her notes, of course, disappeared with her dream, and she had to reproduce it from memory. But this was abnormally enhanced, for she said that the words presented themselves again to her as she wrote, and stood out luminously to view.

The definition thus given us of idolatry had a peculiar interest for me ; for in my college days I had projected a poem of magnitude to be called " The Idolater," but had soon found myself compelled to give it up for want of knowledge as to what idolatry is. I could find no definition of the term ; for, even allowing that there may be many different degrees of grossness in the various objects worshipped, there was no difference in kind or in principle. Whether mental or physical, the thing worshipped is an image and the worship of it is idolatry. But in presence of the definition now vouchsafed all difficulties vanished. Those readers of this narrative who may be unacquainted with the New Interpretation will be glad to have that definition cited here. It is as follows :—

" To make an idol is to materialise spiritual mysteries. The priests, then, were idolaters who, coming after Moses, and committing to writing those things which he by word of mouth had delivered unto Israel, replaced the true things signified by their material symbols, and shed innocent blood on the pure altars of the Lord.

" They also are idolaters who understand the things of sense where the things of the Spirit are alone implied, and who conceal the true features of the Gods with material and spurious presentations. Idolatry is materialism, the common and original sin of men, which replaces spirit by appearance, substance by illusion, and leads both the moral and intellectual being into error, so that they substitute the nether for the upper and the depth for the height. It is that false fruit which attracts the outer senses, the bait of the serpent in the beginning of the world. Until the mystic man and woman had eaten of this fruit they knew only the things of the Spirit, and found them suffice. But after their fall they began to apprehend matter also, and gave it the preference, making themselves idolaters. And their sin, and the taint begotten of that false fruit, have corrupted the blood of the whole race of men ; from which corruption the sons of God would have redeemed them."

The expression " beginning of the world," we subsequently learned, meant the beginning of the world in the Church,—of worldliness or materiality, that is, in the interpretation of things spiritual.

To come to the explanation of the allusion to the uneasiness caused me by Mary's action in respect to her examination.

Our hopes of a continuous flow from the source thus opened were dashed by a terrible calamity, and for a long time were in ashes. The date originally fixed for Mary's second *Doctorat examen* was the 5th, the day on which she had gone to the schools while under the enhancement of faculty above described; but her professor, distrusting the examiners appointed for the occasion, partly because of the known hostility of some of them to women students, and partly because he had prepared her from books other than those written by the examiners themselves—a circumstance likely to be resented by them—had persuaded her to get the date of her examination postponed for a few days, when another set of examiners would officiate. This had been done without my cognisance, and I was greatly disturbed on learning it, as it seemed to me to indicate a want of faith in the Influences who were supervising us. And Mary herself regretted it when, on going to the schools, as mentioned above, she found both herself at her best and the obnoxious examiners replaced by others who were wholly unobjectionable.

The day finally appointed was ushered in by a violent thunderstorm, which cleared off but just in time to render her going possible; for while it lasted the streets were flooded, and no vehicle was procurable. The storm, moreover, had produced the usual distressing effect upon her nervous system—for she was exceedingly sensitive to electric disturbances [1]—so that I begged her to give up the intention of going in for her *examen* on that day. But she was bent on it. She had worked long and hard, and shrank from the strain of further delay; and, moreover, was confident of being thoroughly up in her subjects. And she had never yet failed to pass well. It was not her mental but her physical state that led me to distrust her fitness, and perhaps an unconscious foreboding of what was to happen, though of this I said nothing, lest I might actually induce in her the weakness I feared, and so minister to disaster. So we set off for the schools.

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[1] Edward Maitland says: "Speaking of thunderstorms, I may mention that while entirely free from any mental apprehension of them, their effect on her [Anna Kingsford's] physical system was of a most distressing kind, paralysing both thought and action sometimes for days, and rendering her irresponsible for anything she might say or do."—S. H. H.

The *examen* was to occupy two days. Her report to me of the first day augured ill for the chances of success. Of the three examiners, two had been all that could be desired ; but the third, a Dr N., who had been substituted at the last moment, was known to her as one of a clique in the *Faculté* who violently objected to the admission of women to diplomas, and were determined to make the examinations impossible for them. His hostility to her was evinced from the moment that she presented herself, his manner, which to the male students had been kind and considerate, at once becoming stern and forbidding in the highest degree. And when he found that she returned perfect answers in all the subjects properly comprised in the examination, he questioned her on others, referring to the most abstruse and recondite diseases, some of them of such rare occurrence that their very existence is denied by many doctors. And, finding no cause of complaint against her in respect of these, he endeavoured to break down her self-possession by committing the outrage of putting to her the most embarrassing questions which could possibly be put to a young woman in the presence of men, going far outside the usual range of subjects for the purpose. This exhibition of his enmity put a terrible strain on her nerves, but she bore it without flinching, knowing that he was technically within his right, and resolved not to afford him the pretext which he was seeking for refusing to pass her. It was only when it came to *l'épreuve pratique*, which involved manual dexterity, that the effect showed itself. She had controlled her mind, but she could not control her muscles. And the consequence was that her hands trembled over the piece of dissection appointed her, and the work was done somewhat less artistically than otherwise would have been the case, and than she had been wont to do it. This gave the professor the desired opportunity ; and though the comparative failure was obviously due partly to the nervousness induced by himself, and partly to the clumsiness of the student told off to hold the subject for her, he refused to sign her note of approval.

From her other two examiners she had obtained the warmest commendations. " Madame," said one of them, with a deferential bow, " you know your subjects perfectly." " Madame," said the other, " I have absolutely nothing to reproach you with." They felt deeply the injustice and hardship shown to one whom

they recognised as exceptionally gifted and industrious, and the discredit done to their university and their order in thus treating a woman for being a woman after opening their doors to women. But he remained inexorable, declaring that under no circumstances would he and his party suffer a woman to pass. And so deeply did his colleagues feel the matter that they met expressly to discuss it, with the result that an offer was made to give her a fresh and merely formal examination in the following month with an unprejudiced professor in his place.

The offer came too late. The disappointment and indignation felt by her were too much for a system always highly-strung and fragile, but now sorely overwrought. A condition set in of intense *commotion cérébrale*, under which she refused to return home, as she could not bear the sight, she said, of the books and study which had brought her to such an end; and there was nothing for it but to tell the driver of our *fiacre* to go round the Bois. After driving for an hour or two she said she would go home and put some things together and go to the seaside. Paris was unendurable now; she would go mad if she stayed. On reaching her apartment she threw herself on the sofa, where she remained for some time moaning and crying, and exclaiming in the most piteous tones, "*Je suis réfusée—réfusée—réfusée,*" until, in a culminating paroxysm of anguish, she suddenly stood up at her full height and with a piercing shriek fell insensible to the floor, her action being so sudden that, although I was by her side when it occurred, I was able only to break the full force of the fall. She remained insensible long after being raised, and recovered consciousness only to find herself paralysed from head to foot the whole length of the left side. And when at length a doctor was procured, the seizure was pronounced to be a *hémiplégie cérébrale gauche* of a very severe and serious character, from which a partial recovery at best could be anticipated; and this only after a long period of illness. As to her ever again being fit for mental work, that was scarcely to be thought of. The verdict, had I accepted it, was a deathblow to all our high hopes and implied the ruin of our mission. But I did not for a moment accept it. I knew she had in her that of which medical science takes no account, and my faith in the Gods and in our mission far exceeded my faith in the doctors. For others their opinion might hold good; but it did not apply to one of her order. They agreed

with me that recovery would depend far more on nursing than on medicine, and that it must be sympathetic nursing. To aid me in rendering this I proposed to summon A. forthwith. But she forbade me to do so until she was sufficiently recovered to travel, and then he should come and help me to take her to the seaside. Meanwhile she would rely solely on the nursing and decline all medical aid. French diagnosis, she declared, might be good, but not so French therapeutics. Her experience of the hospital practice terrified her by its severe and experimental character; and, besides, as a sensitive of sensitives and an abstainer from flesh-food, her system falsified all the usual calculations of the effect of drugs. And as it was, the form taken by her malady was in defiance of all precedent. For, while the stroke was on the left side of the brain, the paralysis also was on that side, instead of following the course of the nerves and crossing over to the right. And, besides, the French doctors were all vivisectors, and as they could not take a fee from a medical student, they would have no interest in trying to cure her.

Some of the manifestations were peculiarly distressing. Her "walls were down" again, and "the enemy came in like a flood." At times her sense of spiritual desertion and abandonment was overwhelming, and she doubted of everything. At such moments the most effective mental tonic was the suggestion that the severity of the assault was a compliment paid to her work and powers, by showing the importance attached to them by the enemy. A spiritual warfare such as we were waging against the powers of darkness in the high places of man's mind and soul was bound to be accompanied by hard blows and serious reverses. The human agent of the disaster was but another instrument of "Apollyon," and though we might be unable at present to comprehend why a reverse so grievous had been permitted, the time would doubtless come when the mystery would be cleared up.

Her physical condition improved faster than her mental, and when at length A. was summoned, we took her to Fécamp. Here the selection, either of the place or of the hotel—most probably the latter—proved unfortunate. The sleeping-rooms abutted on a hayloft filled with freshly-gathered hay, with the emanations of which the atmosphere was pervaded, the result being an attack of asthma so violent and persistent that the entire night was

passed in vain attempts to alleviate it ; and her terror of the place was so great as to compel us to quit it by the first train, which we accordingly took for Dieppe. Here the progress made by her towards recovery was so satisfactory and encouraging that when, near the end of July, the term of A.'s absence expired, all bade fair for a speedy restoration. But we were destined to have yet further distressing proof of the unsuitability of the conditions of existence on this planet, as men have made it, for one of her susceptible temperament. After accompanying A. to the place of embarkation, we proceeded to the end of the pier to exchange greetings with him as the steamer passed out. It was a day of days for beauty. While waiting, we sat watching the gambols of a flock of sea-gulls, whose gleaming white wings, as they circled round and round against a sky of the clearest and tenderest blue, approaching each other to give loving salute with their bills, and then darting afar off only to return and repeat the act, uttering the while shrill notes of joy and delight, made a spectacle of exquisite beauty, and one that went to the invalid's inmost heart, inducing an ecstatic sense of the possibilities of happiness in the mere fact of a natural and healthy existence. Though entranced by the scene no less than my companion, I did not fail to note the effect upon her, and the thought arose in my mind, " This is the best remedy of all she has yet had."

As we were thus gazing and feeling, a shot was fired from a boat containing some men and women, which, unperceived by us, had glided out from behind the opposite pier ; and immediately one of the birds fell into the sea, where it lay fluttering in agony with a broken wing, while its companions fled away with harsh, discordant cries ; and in one instant the whole bright scene was changed for us from one of innocence and joy into one of the darkest gloom and misery. It was a murder done in Eden, followed by the instant eclipse of all that made it Paradise. Mary was frantic. Her so lately injured organism gave way again under the shock of such a revulsion of feeling. Her impulse was to throw herself into the sea to succour the wounded bird, and it was with difficulty that I restrained her ; and only after giving vent to an agony of tears, and pouring on the shooting party a storm of reproaches, at the imminent risk of being given into custody as they landed bearing the bird, now dead, as a trophy, did I succeed in getting her back to the hotel. For the next

twenty-four hours her state was one of raving mania. She had positively forbidden me to call in a doctor whatever might happen to her, and I feared that to disobey her would do more harm than he could do good. The sight of the falling bird haunted her. It was burnt into her brain. Then she thought it was A. who had been shot, for he had passed unperceived by her just after the occurrence, and she could not recall the fact of his departure. Then she fancied that she herself had been shot too, and that the bird's spirit came to beg her to go and warn its fellows from that treacherous shore. And then she beheld a beautiful female form holding the bird's spirit on her wrist, as if to comfort her by letting her see that it was not now suffering but happy. This calmed her somewhat ; but presently there came a discharge of crackers in the street, every report of which sent a spasm through her brain, renewing her distress. I would have had a nurse, but she declared that she could bear no one about her but myself, now A. was gone ; and when forced, on one occasion, to leave her for a moment, I returned to find her leaning far out of the window, looking for the bird, and waving her arms as to fly ; and on being drawn in she said that she thought it had come for her, and that she had only to trust herself to the air to be able to fly too, for she was sure that she also was a spirit now.

On these symptoms abating, as they did in a few days, she had conceived an intense antipathy to the place, and refused absolutely to look at the sea, lest the sight of it bring back the scene when she would not answer for the consequences. We accordingly returned to Paris, where I made the following notes of her progress :—

" *August* 11.—M. has improved somewhat, both mentally and physically, but her memory is exceedingly weak, and she suffers much from asthma, which, by depriving her of rest at night, keeps her very low in condition. It seems as if an attempt were being made to restore, or at least to test, her faculty. For a vision was given to her last night in which a paper on the subject nearest her heart—vivisection—was given to her to read as she was travelling by railway to Oxford, where she was to deliver it as a public lecture. She dreamt that she read it over in the train, and intended to read it again to fix it in her memory ; but she found on waking that it had entirely vanished from recollection. This was a great grief to her, for it had struck her as a most powerful utterance, and she spoke with tears of the loss of it, as also of her faculty of recollecting on waking what she had received in sleep. As it was the first time since her seizure that she had received anything coherent, I was able to

comfort her by suggesting that it might be the beginning of the recovery of her faculty."

How far it was prophecy or coincidence I cannot say ; but she did actually, some seven years later, deliver a public lecture at Oxford on that subject, with high approval.

"*August* 12.—Another trial was made of M.'s memory last night. Being asleep, she was shown her lungs—always a weak point in her system, and probably the cause of her asthma—and was told to observe them particularly, and to remember what she saw. But she was able to obey only the former part of the injunction. For she remembered the fact of the experience, and that her vision had been perfectly lucid, enabling her to make a careful examination of the organ named ; but she was unable on waking to recall the results.

"*August* 18.—Another trial was made of M.'s faculty last night, which took the form of a vision in which she found herself making a sort of professional visit to a madhouse. Here she was taken down a long narrow passage between two rows of dens, in each of which was a maniac, who was secured by a chain round the waist, and accompanied by one or more wild animals. These animals, the keeper said in reply to her inquiries, represented the particular evil spirit by which the patient was infested. The forms of the animals themselves, he added, were determined by the nature of the spirits which animated them, being an expression of their qualities, and he said much that struck her as most interesting and important respecting the significance of the animals and their spiritual relation to man. But this she was unable to retain. One patient was a girl who was subject to most terrible paroxysms, and was fastened between two black bears. On her expressing her pity for the bears in having such a companion, the keeper told her that if she saw the bears during the paroxysms she would pity the girl, as it was from the action of these spirits within her that the paroxysms proceeded. The case which struck her as the most horrible was that of a man at whose feet a tiger crouched, having an expression and aspect the most terrible to behold ; and the man's exactly resembled them.

"She is certainly better able to recall what she sees in sleep, but hardly what she hears.

"*August* 21.—M. seems to be recovering her faculty of pictorial dreaming. Last night she dreamt that we witnessed from a balcony the public reception of the Count de Chambord as Henry V. on his accession to the throne of France, with general acclamation of the whole Catholic population and the army, the Republic having been deposed in disgust at its tyranny and intolerance. The new king appeared as a pleasant-looking man, fair and bald, and on all sides was great satisfaction. The dream was exceedingly clear, vivid, and detailed, and exactly as such an event would be ; and as it was altogether independent of any thought or prepossession of her own, she does not regard it as a dream pure and simple, though she is not prepared to accept it as a positive prediction."

Our subsequent conclusion, when further instructed in the

nature of such experiences, was that this dream was a reflection in the astral light of the aspirations and hopes of the Legitimists, who were very active and sanguine at that time. And it was thus that their ideas, seen by her in an access of clairvoyance, took a pictorial form in accordance with her artistic temperament.

"*Sept.* 1.—M. tells me that two books were shown her in sleep last night, containing passages of such great beauty and value that she read them over and over again to fix them in her memory and write them down on rising. But, to her great sorrow, they have entirely escaped her. The very attempt, however, is a sign that her illuminators do not despair of her recovering her faculty."

The next few days witnessed an almost complete restoration of faculty, and this under circumstances of peculiar interest, inasmuch as they related to the well-known Laurence Oliphant. I must say, by way of preface to the incident, that, having some acquaintance with Oliphant, I had invited him, about two years before this time, to my rooms in London, to meet Mary's eldest brother, Dr John Bonus, and expound to us the system which he held in common with Thomas Lake Harris, of whom I then knew only that he was a poet of singular mellifluousness and sensuousness, with claims to certain psychic gifts. Oliphant's exposition of the tenets and practice of this sect was such as to excite in us grave misgivings about his and their sanity. They were based upon a purely materialistic and highly fantastic conception of the Fall, and consequently also of the Redemption. For the Fall had come, he assured us, through the normal use of sex. Redemption, therefore, must come through its abnormal use—that is, as we read it, through its abuse ; and he had consequently married his wife, not to be her husband, but to make her a disciple of his master. He had subsequently returned to America, and I heard no more of him. Nor had he been at all in my mind until within the last few days, when he recurred to me so vividly that I found myself several times on the point of accosting strangers, taking them for him, until a close approach dispelled the illusion. This had gone on for about a week, when, one day, on my opening the door of our apartment to a ring, Oliphant entered. Having introduced him to Mary, we began to talk about our work and our faculty, to learn of which, he gave us to understand, he had come from the Pacific. That day, in a two hours' talk, he confined himself mostly to asking questions. The information he obtained in reply made him more communicative.

We were true seers, he said, and he was drawn towards us. His fear was that our work, which had evidently been begun from within, was afterwards from without, and consequently evil. He left us saying that if he received any light in regard to us he would come again.

This was on Monday. On Thursday he returned. His "counterpart" had been with him, he said, and had instructed him about us. The instruction was to this effect. We had been deceived by evil influences. The very excellence of our intentions, and of the teaching we had received, even of our lives and work,—all these things were snares to entrap and deceive us. We were dabbling in spiritualism, and should find it a very dangerous thing. The sufferings we had already undergone proved that, and the future would bring us far worse. There was but one way of safety. Thomas Lake Harris was king, and all who are not with him are against him. Even if we were—as I suggested—fellow-trees in the same forest, Harris is the one sound tree, and all the others must cling to and depend upon him. He alone has found his "counterpart" and made his salvation sure; and he alone can enable us to do likewise.

He then explained the counterpartal doctrine, and read to us some verses dictated to him that morning by his own counterpart, whom he had lately discovered. The verses enjoined on us the duty of dissolving our collaboration, separating entirely from each other, renouncing all earthly ties—regardless alike of duty and affection—and submitting ourselves, and all we possessed, unreservedly to Harris. Doing which we should find our true counterparts, who are beings, not of earth, but of heaven, and of the order to which those of Harris and himself belong. The doctrine he defined in this wise. Man has fallen from a state of perfection once belonging to him, not, as we had been taught, by inclining to matter and preferring it to spirit, to the loss of spiritual perception, which is by the intuition, but by a specific act, namely, separation from his spiritual other half in favour of a physical one; in consequence of which all physical unions are adulterous and sinful, and the only way of salvation is by the renunciation of these, and by reunion with the true counterpart. To effect this, every tie must be broken, all work renounced, however good and sorely needed by the world, until salvation for self is secured by such means. Our counterparts, meanwhile, are

pining for us, and longing to reward us with sensuous delights of the most exquisite kind. Reunited with them, we should fulfil the doctrine of the Divine Duality, and become made wholly in the Divine Image, and so achieve the perfection which Jesus, by His fanatical obstinacy in getting Himself crucified, had missed. As the returned Christ, and the king, therefore, of the New Dispensation, Harris is the appointed medium between the earth and the world of counterpartal angels, reunion with whom can be accomplished only through him. His sufferings proved him to be the genuine Coming Man. (Ours had only proved us to be in the wrong.) He, Oliphant, had himself trampled on and renounced all human affections, and was now without any interests or aspirations to attach him to his kind. The worst of sins is to bring a child into the world. His counterpart, whom he had lately found, had made him a poet, which he was not in the least before, and enabled him to write the verses, which he read to us, against the indulgence of the natural affections, and against human institutions generally. All that we had done in the way of self-purification to fit us for our spiritual work ; all the marvellous lights we had obtained on the problems which perplex and divide mankind ; all our efforts to abolish cruelty and other forms of selfishness, and make the world once more a garden instead of the wilderness it has become, were vain, and worse than useless, because they indicate that our affections are still fixed on things below, instead of on our counterparts above. Everything is reprehensible that withholds us from them. He said, further, that he hated having to make appeal to the intellect ; and that, for himself, having found in Harris a man infinitely superior to all other men in knowledge and power, he trusted implicitly to him, and wanted no confirmation by intellectual processes. And as for the objection that the greater part of man's physical system is expressly constructed for physical reproduction, that is no argument against his doctrine, as it was not so originally, but is due to the Fall.

The utter repulsion we felt for his doctrine extended with Mary to the man himself, or rather to the influences about him. And after his departure she was completely prostrated, as if her force had been exhausted in combating evil beings. An idea of their nature was given her in the night after his first visit. She was shown a wild, desolate region, tenanted by phantasmal

appearances, consisting, she was told, of the *débris* of the lower principles of souls passed on, the magnetic emanations of human beings, elementaries and others of the kind called Sirens and Lorelies, which she was given to understand have in them no divine element in virtue of which they can endure and progress, and are bent, therefore, on prolonging their existence by attaching themselves to human beings, to whom they serve as vampires by preying on them. And among the signs by which they may be known are their flatteries, their sensuous allurements, and their mellifluous versification. Of the lines written for our benefit at the dictation of his "counterpart," Mary remarked that it was proof enough for her of his utter lack of perception that he should take such doggerel for "poetry." These are the lines :—

"Our friends have counterparts on high,
Who watch their efforts vain,
Whose souls cannot to them draw nigh
While they as now remain.

That this is true they soon can prove
By sacrifice complete ;
And they will rise to highest love
Apart and in retreat.

There they will feel the tender sphere,
As yet to them unknown,
Of those whose love flows pure and clear,
From the great Two-in-One.

There they will have experience
Of a far deeper kind,
And evidences most intense
Of truth they fain would find.

But knowledge which is thus inspired
By counterpart and king,
Cannot in selfhood be acquired ;
Their homage they must bring,

And recognise the right divine
Of Him who comes to reign,
Through whom alone the love-rays shine
Of the great One-in-Twain.

And they must lay aside all claim
As prophet or as seer ;
No one can dare assume that name
Whose title is not clear.

This message from their counterparts
Through you has now been sent,
That you in each may link twin hearts
By one great sacrament.

'Tis through this love that they will rise,
As Priestess and as Priest,
Their charter written in the skies,
And all their power increased.

If they this warning will not heed,
But in each other trust,
No good will from their lives proceed,
Their frames will soon be dust.

Therefore the tender ones above
Now seek to guard their life ;
Meantime they languish for the love
Of husband and of wife.

Recognising all that he said as a mere travesty of the truth, we needed no special illumination to enable us to detect its fallacies. Nevertheless, after his second visit I mentally besought the Gods to give us an instruction which might be of service both to us and to Oliphant. And great was my joy and thankfulness when, on the following morning, Mary gave me the chapter entitled " An Exhortation of Hermes to his Neophytes," which forms one of the sections in the Second Part of *Clothed with the Sun*. For it showed that she had recovered her glorious faculty, of which she had been so cruelly deprived. And it contained the first direct positive avowal by Hermes of himself as our illuminator. Each of the four chief errors in the doctrine propounded by Oliphant finds in it condign condemnation. Out of consideration for her still remaining weakness of memory, it was projected into her mind verse by verse to be written down at once, no second verse being given her until she had written down the last received. The communication commenced shortly before she rose, and was continued at intervals during the whole time she was dressing :—

" He whose adversaries fight with weapons of steel must himself be armed in like manner, if he would not be ignominiously slain or save himself by flight.

" And not only so, but forasmuch as his adversaries may be many, while he is only one, it is even necessary that the steel he carries be of purer temper and of more subtle point and contrivance than theirs.

" I, Hermes, would arm you with such, that, bearing a blade with a double edge, ye may be able to withstand in the evil hour.

"For it is written that the tree of life is guarded by a sword which turneth every way.

"Therefore I would have you armed both with a perfect philosophy and with the power of the divine life.

"And first the knowledge, that you and they who hear you may know the reason of the faith which is in you.

"But knowledge cannot prevail alone, and ye are not yet perfected.

"When the fulness of the time shall come, I will add unto you the power of the divine life.

"It is the life of contemplation, of fasting, of obedience, and of resistance.

"And afterwards the chrism, the power, and the glory. But these are not yet.

"Meanwhile remain together and perfect your philosophy.

"Boast not, and be not lifted up; for all things are God's, and ye are in God, and God in you.

"But when the word shall come to you, be ready to obey.

"There is but one way to power, and it is the way of obedience.

"Call no man your master or king upon the earth, lest ye forsake the spirit for the form and become idolaters.

"He who is indeed spiritual, and transformed into the divine image, desires a spiritual king.

"Purify your bodies, and eat no dead thing that has looked with living eyes upon the light of Heaven.

"For the eye is the symbol of brotherhood among you. Sight is the mystical sense.

"Let no man take the life of his brother to feed withal his own.

"But slay only such as are evil; in the name of the Lord.

"They are miserably deceived who expect eternal life, and restrain not their hands from blood and death.

"They are miserably deceived who look for wives from on high, and have not yet attained their manhood.

"Despise not the gift of knowledge; and make not spiritual eunuchs of yourselves.

"For Adam was first formed, then Eve.

"Ye are twain, the man with the woman, and she with him, neither man nor woman, but one creature.

"And the kingdom of God is within you."

At verse 16 she was shown a garland of fig-leaves, making the third time that Hermes had presented her with this symbol, so significant of her faculty and mission.[1]

I sent a copy of this utterance to Oliphant, together with a letter pointing out the absurdity of supposing man to be divisible in the sense insisted on by him, and as attaining perfection by addition from without instead of by unfoldment from within. And in order to ensure his receipt of the letter and message, I left

[1] In *Clothed with the Sun*, this is said to have occurred at verse 14. I do not know which is correct.—S. H. H.

them myself at his hotel. But I received no acknowledgment, nor did he ever again approach us, although convenient opportunities were not wanting. Further reference to himself therefore is not called for. But his subsequent work and our attitude towards it will claim some notice hereinafter.

The following letter from one of the ripest thinkers and most advanced souls of the time expresses what we ourselves came to believe to be the truth concerning Oliphant's master :—

"76 WIMPOLE STREET, *October* 18.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have no influence with the editor of the journal in question, and my testimony, moreover, would not be accepted in orthodox scientific circles as of any weight in such a case. The world to which it belongs is going to spare no effort to adjudge to insanity all who have spiritual phenomena happening to themselves, unless it can succeed in having them convicted of imposture. With criminal law and lunacy law for its weapons, scientific materialism, which is mad with rage against the spiritual world, hopes to crush down every voice and fact which speaks of a higher life.

"For myself, I reject T. L. H. as now a colossal delusion. He is a typical case of the danger of influx to a man unless he is divinely needed for it, and prepared and guarded. It came to him first, and to his rare poetic and eloquent genius, influencing his power and love of beauty and melody, until they burnt and shone as with supernal brightness. But his love of ruling by these qualities was in the background. Gradually the splendour has burnt itself out, and the grim selfhood remains, in ugly ruins, and uttering and suggesting fearful doctrines, and covering itself with delusions. His last pamphlet, which I read, is obscene and profane to an extent which words seldom dare to convey to print.—With fraternal regard, yours, J. J. GARTH WILKINSON."

This judgment proved to be no whit too severe. Lady Caithness one day put into Mary's hands one of his recent publications, which she had just received, asking her to read it aloud. She struggled through a few sentences which were simply loathsome ; and then our hostess put her hands over her ears and exclaimed vehemently, "Shut it up ! Shut it up ! It makes me sick ! "

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIRST AND LAST OF THE GODS

A VISIT paid by Lady Caithness to Paris in this month of September placed us in possession of two books we had greatly desired to see. One was Jacob Boehme, and the other the *Haute Magie* of "Eliphas Levi." Up to this time the only mystical writings with which I had any acquaintance were those of Emmanuel Swedenborg, and of them my knowledge was of the slightest, while to Mary they were totally unknown. Eliphas Levi's was the first book on occultism with which either of us had come into contact. From it we learnt, for the first time, to appreciate the vastness of the part played by Hermes in the spiritual science of the planet. And both books came so timely as to seem to be sent to us of design. The manner, too, was so curious as to merit relation. For it was as follows:—The morning's post had brought me a note from a mystical American acquaintance, Colonel R——, saying he had just arrived in Paris, and was moved to beg me to call on him without fail at noon on that day. On complying with the summons, I found him unable to assign any cause for it. All he knew, he declared, was that he was to tell me to call; the reason had not been shown him. Finding that we had nothing to say that could not be said as well out of doors, we proceeded to take a walk, but had not gone far when we met the Duc de Pomár, son of Lady Caithness, who told me his mother was in Paris and anxious to see me, but had lost my address. He then carried me off to her hotel, when she at once put the books above named into my hands, as if it was precisely for that purpose that we had been brought together in so singular a manner.

The use made of these books was also curious. It was not so much that we obtained occult knowledge directly from them, but that they served to open fresh avenues in our minds, by

which fresh knowledges came to us, some of which, indeed, proved to be by no means in accordance with them, but seemed rather to have been suggested by them. Thus, on our dissenting from Boehme's view of the Christ as differing in kind from other men, and not in degree only and stage of unfoldment, Mary received a momentary waking vision of the process of the gradual perfectionment of the Christ through suffering or experience, accompanied by the words, spoken audibly to her, " Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and *so* to enter into His glory ? " This was a new reading to us, but on searching we found it to be that of the Douay Version. The clue having been given, the vision and the voice departed, and we sought out the parallel and confirmatory passages, the chief of which are Ps. liii. ; Heb. ii. 10, and v. 7–9 ; 1 Pet. iv. 1 ; 2 Cor. xiii. 4, and the parable of the Prodigal Son, which we were constrained to regard as an epitome of the history of every soul whatever which finally attains to perfection, not excepting Him who becomes a Christ.

The reading of Eliphas Levi, as already stated, was the first disclosure to me of the supreme importance attached to our especial illuminator, Hermes, by all students of spiritual science of the past. And my delight was unbounded when, on the morning of September 26, I found that he had taken advantage of the opening of my mind concerning him to give Mary the following account of himself and his office, which proved to be preliminary to the fuller and more profound revelation of his part in the " Mosaic Week," subsequently given us as the presiding divinity of the second day of Creation. We further learnt from Eliphas Levi that the time at which Hermes and his fellow-divinities came to us accorded exactly with the ancient prophecies to that effect, the " Return of the Gods " at that period having repeatedly been predicted under one or another mode of expression. The following is the hymn received on this occasion under illumination occurring in sleep. Mary remembered it so perfectly that she wrote it on waking in her usual exquisite style, without hesitation or error. Representing knowledges long lost, by no amount of mere scholarship could it have been reproduced. It was one of those interpretive compositions which, like so many similarly vouchsafed to us, served to open the Bible from beginning to end—to say nothing of the sacred mysteries of antiquity to which it belonged :—

Hymn to Hermes.

1. As a moving light between heaven and earth ; as a white cloud assuming many shapes ;

2. He descends and rises, he guides and illumines, he transmutes himself from small to great, from bright to shadowy, from the opaque image to the diaphanous mist.

3. Star of the East conducting the Magi : cloud from whose midst the holy voice speaketh : by day a pillar of vapour, by night a shining flame.

4. I behold thee, Hermes, Son of God, slayer of Argus, archangel, who bearest the rod of knowledge, by which all things in heaven or on earth are measured.

5. Double serpents entwine it, because as serpents they must be wise who desire God.

6. And upon thy feet are living wings, bearing thee fearless through space and over the abyss of darkness ; because they must be without dread to dare the void and the deep who desire to attain and to achieve.

7. Upon thy side thou wearest a sword of a single stone, two-edged, whose temper resisteth all things.

8. For they who would slay or save must be armed with a strong and perfect will, defying and penetrating with no uncertain force.

9. This is Herpe, the sword which destroyeth demons ; by whose aid the hero overcometh and the saviour is able to deliver.

10. Except thou bind it upon thy thigh thou shalt be overborne, and blades of mortal making shall prevail against thee.

11. Nor is this all thine equipment, Son of God ; the covering of darkness is upon Thine head, and none is able to strike Thee.

12. This is the magic hat, brought from Hades, the region of silence, where they are who speak not.

13. He who bears the world on his shoulders shall give it to thee, lest the world fall on thee and thou be ground into powder.

14. For he who has perfect wisdom and knowledge, he whose steps are without fear, and whose will is single and all-pervading ;

15. Even he must also know how to keep the divine secret, and not to expose the holy mysteries of God to the senses of the wicked.

16. Keep a bridle upon thy lips, and cover thy head in the day of battle.

17. These are the four excellent things—the rod, the wings, the sword, and the hat.

18. Knowledge, which thou must gain with labour ; the spirit of holy boldness, which cometh by faith in God ; a mighty will, and a complete discretion.

19. He who discovers the holy mysteries is lost.

20. Go thy way in silence and see thou tell no man.

The letter which elicited the following is unfortunately not obtainable :—

"London, *September* 2.

"My very, very dear and highly inspired friend, I have left your truly beautiful letter so long without even acknowledgment that by this time you will begin to think it has fallen upon stony ground

and not been appreciated. But if you so think you will very much misjudge me. I cannot tell you how I prize it; how rare and beautiful a jewel I consider it; for it shines and sparkles with the most pure and radiant light of truth. Would that I could write anything worthy for you to receive in return! But, as I have often told you, to my sorrow, I feel, although so very receptive, that I have nothing to give in return, and just now I am so sorely tried in so many ways that, although truly thankful for all the lovely spiritual truths that are brought to me from time to time, as if to keep me alive, and help me to live on, and look for a brighter atmosphere some time in the future, I find that the very thought of having to write a letter a little above the ordinary average level completely unnerves me. I will not therefore attempt to do so; only I do want you to understand and to believe that the rich treat of spiritual, or rather of divine, truth you have sent me has been most truly and thankfully received by me. I do think that you and our dear friend, E. M., are the beings I most envy on earth, could I envy anyone, which I really do not. But I feel that your present existence is indeed an enviable one; so truly in holy and pure sympathy with each other and with all things noble, pure, and true; and the true is the Divine!

"Do you know in what I have found my greatest comfort and happiness to consist since I came to England? In reading what you would never guess—*England and Islam*, and the sequel to it, and always looking out and reading the pages in the first that are referred to in the second, and thus seeing under what circumstances and through what impressions they were written. Tell E. M. this, for I know it will please him, and he well deserves even such a small pleasure as this when the writing of such a grand book has caused him so much misinterpretation and perhaps so much odium, and so many sad and bitter moments. But it is a grand and glorious work, and I am sure is destined some time in the future to be properly valued and sought after by all who desire to look into the truth and the deep things of God kept secret from the beginning. I find my copy marked all over, proving that I appreciated it at the first reading just as much as now. And oh, dear friend! when I read the sequel, *The Soul and How it Found Me*, how the part you have borne in this grand inspiration shines forth, and how I behold you as the inspired Pythoness! Surely you have a grand part to play in the future, in the New Dispensation whose light is already dawning upon the humanity of the earth, at least upon the minds of those who are, as it were, the watchers upon the high towers, and who so clearly perceive the night fleeing away on one side and the bright glow of dawn slowly, very slowly, but surely, illumining the horizon and giving token of the glorious sun that is soon to dazzle all unprepared eyes.—Always your loving MARIE CAITHNESS."

This experience set Mary to read *La Haute Magie* for herself; and she had hardly begun to do so when she received, in connection with what she was reading, the illumination printed as No. viii. of Part I. in *Clothed with the Sun*, which gives the prophetic and spiritual meaning of the story of the Deluge. It was a writing presented to her interior vision. The idea of such a

meaning was entirely new to us ; nor was it contained in the book she was reading. Indeed, we soon learnt to regard Eliphas Levi as being much more of an occultist than of a mystic, and therein of an intellectualist than of an intuitionalist, and in such degree disqualified for discerning the inmost sense of Scripture.

The following is from my diary of September 29 :—

" Since yesterday M. has been suffering terribly through failure of the heart's action, the effect no doubt of her recent illness. She has been struggling with her work in order to pass the *examen* for which she was rejected, but we have doubted whether she will be able to hold out so long. This morning she had a dreadful access of inability to breathe owing to the constriction of the muscles of the heart, and thought her last moment had come. In this extremity she was startled by hearing a loud voice utter within her, in an imperative tone, the exclamation ' LIVE ! ' This was instantly followed by a complete relaxation of the whole system, and an outburst of perspiration so sudden and profuse that she compared it to an explosion. The relief which followed was instantaneous and complete. It seemed, she says, to proceed from the region of the ' solar plexus,' and to radiate thence throughout her whole system, entirely dispelling her malady."

On the following morning she received the nucleus comprising about one-half of the Illumination entitled in our books, " Concerning the ' Great Work,' the Redemption, and the Share of Christ Jesus therein." This was given for our own immediate instruction, its completion being reserved until 1881, while preparing *The Perfect Way* lectures for printing, when the rest of it was given expressly for inclusion in the book. Our satisfaction on receiving this first instalment was beyond expression. More than all that had preceded it, it convinced us that the revelation to be made through us was to be without reserve, and " there is nothing hidden that shall not be made known," but the axe is indeed laid to the tree of ignorance and falsehood which so long has overshadowed the earth, and the appeal once more made to the understanding ; and we felt that, holding a commission of import so stupendous, well might Hermes address to us the injunction, " Boast not, and be not lifted up ; for all things are God's, and ye are in God, and God in you." And when, as sometimes happened on bringing to me some fresh marvel, the product of her faculty, Mary would relapse into her child-mood and exclaim, " There ! am not I a clever little woman ? " it was a relief to me to gather from her look and tone that she had not the smallest idea of really taking the credit to herself. For nothing,

I felt, would so effectually shut off the revelation as such a feeling on our part.

Two points in this chapter on the Redemption especially struck us. It presented Jesus as an actual historical character, and no mere imagined type—a point on which we ourselves were in suspense; for we recognised the possibility of His being but a fictitious personality devised to represent a certain system of doctrine; though we had been somewhat staggered in this view by His presence as an actual living figure in the scenes in which we seemed to have beheld Him in vision. But of the nature and value of these we had yet to be informed. And it represented the things ascribed to Him on the outer and physical plane as denoting and corresponding to processes and states which were interior and spiritual.

The instalment given us on this occasion contained certain sentences which in the second and completing draft were replaced by others. Thus, ver. 20, in the definition of the Christ, the sentence, "He has found His own central point, and all power is given unto Him in heaven and on earth," was followed by—

"Jesus had attained this secret, and by means of it He made Himself invisible at will, and was able to pass through phenomenal appearances.

"Nevertheless He failed to teach others His secret; and whereas He had intended to redeem all men, He, through a single weakness, slipped for an hour from His centre-pivot, and could not withdraw His body from death."

It was no doubt to this that St Paul referred when he says of Jesus that "He was crucified through weakness."

Ver. 52. "He therefore was raised and became perfect; having the power of the Dissolvant and of Transmutation," was in the first draft followed by—

"But the law which He had once transgressed of necessity forbade Him then to establish the Divine kingdom.

"God therefore re-absorbed Him into His Spirit, but the devil is yet undissipated.

"The Christs have indeed bruised his head, but he has stung their heel.

"He, the Christ who is yet to come, shall destroy him altogether and shall receive no injury."

These sentences, we were told, were intended as an *ad interim* instruction for ourselves, to be replaced by others in the chapters which were to serve as the Scriptures of the future.

The revelations now come in rapid succession, the next being the typically Hermetic chapter on Sin and Death, printed as No. iv., Part II., of *Clothed with the Sun*, which was received October 3. No. xxxvii. of Part I. of the same book, "Concerning the Æon of the Christ," was received October 12 (and not, as there dated, in 1881, with the exception of a paragraph then added to it). It was thus prefaced by Mary:—

"It was shown me this morning that we should have before long a full revelation and understanding of the meaning and office of Christ, which should come to me in its due order, but that meanwhile we were to understand this, that the Christ were above all things *Media*," etc. (see *Clothed with the Sun*, above cited).

And it ended with this direction—

"Do not interpolate this into the Writings now; it shall fall in its due order into them. It is for your own immediate guidance."

This utterance was brought to me by Mary in distress and misgiving, owing to her understanding it as depriving the Christ of His own proper divinity, and reducing Him to the level of the ordinary medium who is controlled by some extraneous spirit regardless of any special quality or unfoldment of his own spiritual nature. She was, however, speedily reassured by my suggestion that the very fact that the Christ is describable as "a Medium for the Highest" must imply and involve the perfectionment of His own indwelling spirit, since it is only through the identity in condition of the God within Him and the God without Him that the two could unite and blend.

"*October* 13.—Since September 29, when the Spirit commanded her to 'live,' M. has beeen marvellously better, having had no return of her heart trouble or difficulty in breathing. She has taken no drugs, and has lived as simply and moderately as possible—mainly on bread and fruit, avoiding hot foods and drinks. I, too, have done likewise, with manifest advantage to health, comfort, and lucidity."

On October 19 Mary received the chapter which forms No. iii. of Part II. of *Clothed with the Sun*, entitled "Concerning Holy Writ," which not only confirmed what had already been told us of a hidden and manifold interpretation, but threw a light altogether new to us on the first chapter of Genesis and the method generally of the Bible. As not infrequently happened, it transcended our ability to follow it in all respects at once, and only after considerable pondering were we able to recognise each of the fourfold aspects of the "Mosaic Week" disclosed in it. The following is the instruction in question:—

" All Scriptures which are the true Word of God have a dual interpretation, the intellectual and the intuitional, the apparent and the hidden.

" For nothing can come forth from God save that which is fruitful.

" As is the nature of God, so is the Word of God's mouth.

" The letter alone is barren ; the spirit and the letter give life.

" But that Scripture is the more excellent which is exceeding fruitful and brings forth abundant signification.

" For God is able to say many things in one, as the perfect ovary contains many seeds in its chalice.

" Therefore there are in the Scriptures of God's Word certain writings which, as richly-yielding trees, bear more abundantly than others in the self-same holy garden.

" And one of the most excellent is the history of the generation of the heavens and the earth.

" For therein is contained in order a genealogy, which has four heads, as a stream divided into four branches, a word exceeding rich.

" And the first of these generations is that of the Gods ;

" The second is that of the kingdom of heaven ;

" The third is that of the visible world ;

" And the fourth is that of the Church of Christ."

This was followed, October 24, by what is the real " proem to Genesis "—to borrow an expression since applied by Mr Gladstone to the first chapter of Genesis—the noble utterance commencing " Before the beginning of things," which stands as No. vi., Part II., of *Clothed with the Sun*. And then, in rapid succession, during the next three weeks came the chapters headed each by a letter of the Greek alphabet, setting forth in order the " Generation of the Gods " and their respective parts in the elaboration of the kosmos. These chapters dealt with the profoundest subjects of cognition, the procession of Deity, or Original Being, from static to dynamic, from passive to active, from unmanifest to manifest, from abstract to concrete, from universal to individual ; and disclosed the method at once of creation and of redemption, showing the method to be one, and the direction only to be different, being as centrifugal and centripetal, evolutional and involutional, generation and regeneration, the result of the former of which is the physical and phenomenal world, or man, and of the latter, the spiritual and substantial. In these wondrous chapters we found, moreover, a synthesis and an analysis combined of the sacred mysteries of all the great religions of antiquity, and the true *origines* of Christianity as originally and divinely intended, together with the secret and method of its corruption and perversion into that which now bears its name. And while we thus learnt

to see in the Bible the most occult and mystical of books, comprising in its true sense all the mysteries of existence, we learnt also to recognise in those who were enabling us to recover the interpretation of it personal demonstrations of its truth; inasmuch as they were themselves souls who, by the steadfast pursuit of the way, the truth, and the life prescribed in it, had attained to the rank of the celestial, and, realising man's divine potentialities, had become vehicles for and individuations of Divinity.

Sublime as was the substance of these revelations, the form was entirely worthy of it, being unapproachable alike for simplicity, lucidity, dignity, and grace, and satisfying absolutely the supremest demands of mind, soul, and spirit. We were at no loss to recognise in them the destined Scriptures of the future, so long promised and at length vouchsafed in interpretation of the Scriptures of the past; and in the fact that they were couched in our own glorious English tongue, we saw an augury of a loftier destiny for our race than any hitherto contemplated. Their very beauty would ensure their permanence, and the people in whose tongue they were expressed would hereafter be regarded, in virtue of them, as the Messiah of the nations.

We wondered much whether anywhere in the world these writings already are or have been. That they were the sources from which the Bible-writers drew both their doctrine and their diction was indubitable. But our questionings were as to whether they had derived them from previous revelations, written or oral, such as might be in the custody of the sanctuaries of the sacred mysteries, or, as we had obtained them, directly from the hierarchy of the Church invisible and celestial. For, as we reasoned, while yet uninformed as to their source, even granting an original and primitive revelation, that would prove only the possibility of revelation, and in no way preclude a repetition or an extension.

Once, and once only, in our subsequent reading did we come upon a token of the pre-existence on earth of writings identical with those received by us. The chapter entitled "Gamma," by which we learnt for the first time the existence of that "higher alchemy" which has for its subject the regeneration of man, contains a sentence which, save for the language, is identical with one which we subsequently found quoted as from Para-

celsus, being there given in Latin. We were unable, however, to verify the quotation. The words are, "To make gold, the alchemist must have gold." By which we inferred that he had quoted from some ancient formula the rest of which was lost. But without any knowledge of these matters on our part Mary recovered the chapter in its integrity, and a noble and suggestive chapter it is, exhibiting God as the Supreme Alchemist, and man as the subject of transmutation into spiritual gold. "To make gold," it ran, "the Alchemist must have gold; but He knows that to be gold which others take to be dross."

But were all to be written down that we said and thought, as well as that which we did and suffered, the record would become as those of which it is said, "the world would not contain them," and this history would never find its completion.

The following notes were made by her at this time in record of instructions received chiefly in sleep:—

"Isis, the goddess of initiation, of night, and of secrecy. She is virgin and is associated with white, the colour of the robe worn by the hierophants of her mysteries. Her name is a reduplication of Is, the Egyptian for light, and signifies light reflected, for which reason the moon is sacred to her. Virginity—a compound of the roots of the Latin *vir* and Greek *gyne*—implies twofold being in one undefiled body, and is the symbol of full initiation, or the condition of unity of the man's will with the Divine Will. Hence it is by Isis that the birth of the Christ—the new spiritual Sun—is announced, His initiation or birth taking place at midnight at the full of the moon, under her auspices, all such rites being anciently thus regulated.

"Mary, the symbol of Israel or the Elect, virgin daughter of Sion and representative of Israel's pure intuition of God, which belongs to the soul when freed from materiality.

"Joseph, the symbol of Egypt, already old and widowed in token of the wane of the ancient glory of the land which gave religion to all nations. He is the adoptive father only of Jesus, because Jesus was not truly his Son, but the Son of Israel, being a Hebrew by race. As the Egyptian and Hebrew religions were really identical, and the former was the elder, Joseph is represented as the spouse and protector of Mary, and the two together as the parents of Jesus, Joseph being his foster-father only. [Yet another aspect was given us subsequently, which is expounded in *The Perfect Way*, viii. 30, 31.]

"Jesus, which signifies Liberator or Saviour, is the name given to the perfected candidate on the day of His initiation or 'new birth.' His mother's name, which signifies sea or bitterness, indicates—in this aspect—the trials and ordeals through which He had passed to attain His order of initiation. For this reason, and because the 'waters,' or fluidic substance of existence, contain and reflect the Divine Being, and constitute the soul and intuition, Esdras sees the 'Son of Man rising out of the sea'; and Moses and all other initiates are said to be born of water or to have passed through

the sea. When it is said—as in the Apocalypse—that 'there shall be no more sea,' it is implied that those who have overcome all material limitations and become Adepts and Hierophants of the mysteries, have no more trials to undergo. There is for them no more 'sea of troubles,' as Shakespeare calls it. The 'sea' of the Apocalypse is really the astral."

"*October* 4.—M. bids me write that she saw Apollo last night. He was young, strong, and exceedingly beautiful, and nearly resembled Adonai as beheld by her last year. He spoke for some time to her, but she remembered only two things which he said. One was, 'Hermes is a thief.' Alarmed at this imputation on her revered instructor, she looked wistfully at him, when he relaxed into a smile, and said it was an enigma of which she was to seek the solution.

"His other remembered remark was about Io. She was the same, he said, with Sara in the book of Tobit; and the latter's demon, Asmodeus, was the same as Argus, who was slain by Hermes; and Hermes is identical with Raphael, each having a dog for his symbol. This, too, was an enigma of which she was to seek the solution. [Both solutions were found, and are given in *The Perfect Way*, ix. 13, 16.] She was then taken into a large room filled with Jews clad in the costumes of many different nations, and told that mankind are indebted to the Jews for the preservation of the secret of initiation, which they had transmitted from Egypt, and which but for them would have been lost."

She says that the Gods always appear to her in their Greek forms, nude, and white as shining silver, excepting Pallas, who is always clad, and Hermes, who sometimes wears a garb expressive of the message to be delivered. She is inclined to believe that their forms were not invented by the Greeks, but were derived by the Greeks from them, and that they are beings who once were human, but have become divinised by the process called regeneration and transmutation, and vary according to their several characteristics, each order representing one of the "Seven Spirits of God," for whom they serve as vehicles to communicate of divine knowledges to men. They are unlimited in number and constitute the celestial hierarchy, and their ranks are constantly being swelled by the addition of newly perfected souls. The "Seven Spirits of God" themselves are by direct emanation, but those whom we call the Gods are by evolution, having ascended from the lowest upwards and become united each with such aspect of divinity as comports with his own individual "tincture" or temperament. What perplexed her was the absence at times of the solemnity which she was accustomed to associate with such beings; and we held conversation on this subject in this wise:—

" But would real divinities be humorous and playful, as they have been with me? Think of Hermes, in that vision which you call 'The Wonderful Spectacles,' when, in his quality of messenger of the Gods, he appeared in the guise of a modern letter-carrier; and at other times his eyes have fairly twinkled with amusement at my perplexity at his changes of aspect. And then the riddles Apollo put to me, and his arch look the while It is all so different from what one is accustomed to think about such beings. Daniel and the other Hebrew prophets were almost beside themselves with fright when they had their visitations. The last thing with me would be to be frightened by mine."

I suggested in reply that it might be owing to the difference between the Greek and the Semitic temperaments; so that had she been of Jewish extraction her visitants would have manifested themselves in accordance with Hebrew traditions; but being evidently more Greek than Hebrew, they had appeared to her in the guise of the former. To judge by such experience as I myself had, the Gods do not change the nature of the person to whom they come, but rather enhance that which he is. And they certainly show by their demeanour that they do not identify piety with puritanism, or solemnity with sanctimoniousness. Why, one of the most essential elements of sound judgment in things religious is a sense of humour. Unable to appreciate the incongruous, how shall a man appreciate the congruous? The inference is, that the faith of the future is to be as joyous as that of the past has been morose. The truth will make men free of all such limitations. The Church of the Fall will be replaced by the Church of the Regeneration, and the Gods will associate with men as they are doing now with you, the time with us being in advance of the rest. It may well be, too, that they themselves rejoice and are cheerful in the prospect of the world's imminent redemption, and take a personal delight in their intercourse with you as their minister in that work, and, if only because you are a woman, do all they can to reassure you.

"'The Return of the Gods'!" she here exclaimed. "Whose poem was it with that title which you once showed me and I liked so much?"

" Charles Leland's, the American, and author of *Hans Breitmann*. But his Gods were only the blind forces of Nature, and no true Olympians. He had no notion of their representing divine principles, and being actual living beings and able to manifest themselves as such, and so he spoke of them as 'mythical,' when, had he known what we know, he would have said 'mystical.' I told him of his mistake; that mythical means fabulous and unreal, and mystical means spiritual and real; but he only said that for him the distinction was without a difference."

" And a very common mistake, too," she replied, " and one that it took me some time to think my way out of. And since we have got where we are, I see more and more that what is called Christianity has caused people so utterly to misconceive the real nature of religion that we shall have immense difficulty in getting them to comprehend the simplest and most obvious truths, and the so-called 'learned' will be the hardest of all to teach, just because they have the most to unlearn. That must be what is meant by being as 'little children,' without prejudice of foregone conclusion."

"Just so; and not that only, for there are two things which 'the letter kills': the sense of the Word itself, and the faculty of perception of those who rest in it. Our task will be to educate the next generation, rather than convert the present one. But be that as it may, we have but to do our best and leave results to the Gods. Let the Christ-doctrine be but properly lifted up, and it will draw all men to it."

"*October* 26.—M. remarked yesterday that hitherto all her illuminations seemed to come in reference to my work and according to my need, and asked me why they did not come for herself also. I suggested that it might be because, owing to her engrossment by her medical work, she had not desired them with the requisite intentness; and I advised her to fix her mind on some special subject on which she wished for light, and then to ask for light. It so happened that in the course of the day she read in the *Spiritualist* a story of a girl who, finding herself impelled to jump out of a window on receiving an assurance from an unseen source that she would be sustained from falling, accordingly jumped out, but fell to the ground, Whereupon she exclaimed, 'Devil, devil, you have deceived me!'

"Assuming this to be a case of 'diabolical temptation,' and comparing it with the statement made to us by Hermes that there is no personal devil, but what is so called is simply the opposite and negation of God, she was at a loss to reconcile the two accounts. In the night following, however, she woke and received the following elucidation of the problem, which she found perfectly satisfactory. It was to this effect. There is no original supreme, universal, positive evil existence, such as the devil is ordinarily supposed to be. There is only the negation and opposite of God, which is to God what darkness is to light, namely, its privation and no real entity. But there are evil spirits, the souls of bad men on the downward way towards extinction. And these are wont to associate themselves with persons in the flesh with whom they have affinity, partly in order to gratify their own evil propensities by inciting them to wickedness and mischief, and partly to obtain from them the vitality necessary to prolong their own existence; for they are absolutely selfish, and their most sustaining nutriment consists of the fumes of blood newly shed. Sometimes they are so low in vitality that a sentence of expulsion from the person in whom they have taken refuge involves their immediate extinction, unless they can find other location, though it be only in an animal. This was the case with the devils whom, on expelling them, Jesus suffered to enter into the herd of swine. In this illumination it was clearly impressed on her that men's disorders do in some cases result from their possession by distinct personal entities, namely, evil spirits extraneous to the individual concerned, and are not merely disorders of their own physical constitution. Evil spirits, she was further told, have no chief, no organisation or solidarity; nothing, in short, that corresponds to God. The worse they are, the lower they are and the nearer to extinction. And the conditions which attract them are made by men themselves, and depend upon the tendencies which they voluntarily encourage."

During the closing weeks of the year the revelation flowed in upon Mary with accelerated rapidity, and quite irrespective of her own intense preoccupation with her medical studies. Even in the crowded tram-cars, while passing to and fro between home and the schools, she would be compelled to jot down on the fly-leaves of her books, or any scrap of paper handy, the sentences shot into her mind. Waking or sleeping, all was one to the inspiring influences; and the organism seemed to be of no account, save as an implement to record the results. And the stream did not intermit until she had received the chapters entitled "The Greater Mysteries," down to "Epsilon," the Hymn to Phoibos—which we regarded as the sublimest composition in all literature—and an initial instalment of the "Secret of Satan."

The circumstances of the communication of the last-named revelation were in this wise. We had been discussing the contradictory accounts given in the Bible concerning Satan, which at one time invested him with beneficent functions, as when it described him as the sifter and trier of souls, and therein as their purifier, and at another as altogether maleficent and identical with the devil, which last description—if, as we had lately been shown, the devil was no actual entity—was tantamount to saying that Satan is no actual entity, and she was so eager for the solution that, on retiring for the night, she made it a matter of special request to her illuminators.

What that solution would be, supposing it to be vouchsafed, we were wholly without preconception. The night passed and no response came; and in the morning—it was November 12—I went out to keep an engagement to breakfast with some friends from the Colonial Office who were visiting Paris, so that I hardly saw her before I left home. On my return I found her in a greatly awe-struck state. She had received, she told me, another visit from Apollo of an exceedingly solemn character, in which he had given her an instruction concerning Satan under such strict injunctions to secrecy as to cause her to doubt at first whether she was at liberty to communicate it even to me. It was one of those mysteries, he told her, which were imparted only to initiates of the very highest grade, and for that reason was so carefully veiled in the Bible. We had reached a stage in our development and work when it was

necessary for us to know it. But a portion only would be given us at present; the remainder would follow in due time. It proved to be a portion, consisting of twenty-eight verses, of the first part of the "Secret of Satan" as published in *Clothed with the Sun*, but not the first twenty-eight verses as they there stand. The remainder was reserved until several years later, and was the last of the revelations belonging to this category. The portion received now was perfectly comprehensible by us; as also was the remainder when it came. But the latter would not have been understood by us had we received it at this time, so profoundly mystical was it. As it was, the present instalment was given in advance of its proper order in the revelation —since, as the "last of the Gods," the account of Satan thus preceded that of some of the earlier of the Gods—and her request for it, which had doubtless been prompted for the purpose, had been made the occasion. It will readily be imagined how great were our joy and thankfulness at this fresh token of the loftiness of the mission entrusted to us and the confidence placed in us. Meanwhile, the addition thus made to our knowledge served more than ever to exhibit the totality of the eclipse which has come upon the Church in respect of the meaning of its own Scriptures and religion.

That Apollo, and not Hermes, was the inspirer of this wondrous utterance was understood by us as being because only by the first of the Gods might the mystery of the last of the Gods be revealed. There is, of course, no really first and last in the Divine Nature itself; the terms apply only to the order of their emanation and manifestation in respect of the kosmos concerned. So that when it is said that Satan, or Saturn, is the "eldest" of the Gods, and "bears all the others on his shoulders," the reference is to the order of their manifestation in time, which is the reverse of that of their emanation.

The Hymn of the First of the Gods was for us, as I have said, the culmination of sublimity. And it was no less surpassing for its interpretative power. For, while forming a link hitherto unrecognised as subsisting between the first and last chapters of the Bible, it solved the problem of the Christs in the one manner conceivable and rational, showing them to constitute an order, and this the highest attainable by man, to the correction of the current orthodoxy in its most essential respect. It,

moreover, demonstrated the fact that, great as was the diversity between the real interior doctrine of the Greek mysteries and the popular presentation of them, the diversity is no less great between the real interior doctrine of Christianity and the current orthodoxy. In this wondrous restoration we saw a further proof of the extent to which the Bible writers had derived both their doctrine and their diction from the sacred mysteries of the pre-Christian Churches, as well as of the ignorance of the Fathers generally of the Church, most of whom were so little aware of the real source and the antiquity of their religion that they regarded the coincidences between the two as due to a "Satanic parody" devised in advance in order to discredit Christianity when it should come! A few of them, however, knew better, and had the courage and candour to acknowledge the fact. St Augustine, for instance, frankly declared that Christianity contained nothing that was not in the pre-Christian systems, but only had the same truth more fully exhibited. For the reasons already stated in relation to the reproduction here of things already published in our other books, the Hymn to Phoibos is included :—

EPSILON, OR THE FIRST OF THE GODS

Proem

1. Many are the thrones which the Holy Spirit of Elohim hath vivified.
2. They are centres of systems, bonds of graces, trees of life, suns of many worlds.
3. And the colour of them is the colour of the ruby and of the fire; and their name is, in the Hebrew, Uriel, and in the Greek, Phoibos, the Bright One of God.
4. To whom are committed the dominion of the highest sphere, and the demonstration of the reason of all things which are manifest.
5. The Spirit of whose being is the Spirit of Wisdom, which is the first of the holy Seven.
6. Now, He—the angel of the sun—is not the Spirit of Wisdom, but the brightness of the glory thereof, and the express image of the self-same spirit.
7. He is the first of the Gods, and his praise is great, and his works are wonderful, and his throne is in the midst of heaven.
8. He is that light which Adonai created on the first day.
9. And before his face Python the mighty serpent fell from heaven, to make his dwelling in the caverns and in the secret places of earth.

Hymn to Phoibos

1. Strong art thou and adorable, Phoibos Apollo, who bearest life and healing on thy wings, who crownest the year with thy bounty, and givest the spirit of thy divinity to the fruits and precious things of all the worlds.

2. Where were the bread of the initiation of the Sons of God, except thou bring the corn to ear; or the wine of their mystical chalice, except thou bless the vintage?

3. Many are the angels who serve in the courts of the spheres of heaven; but thou, Master of Light and of Life, art followed by the Christs of God.

4. And thy sign is the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and of the Just made perfect;

5. Whose path is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the innermost glory of the day of the Lord God.

6. Thy banner is blood-red, and thy symbol is a milk-white lamb, and thy crown is of pure gold.

7. They who reign with thee are the Hierophants of the celestial mysteries; for their will is the will of God, and they know as they are known.

8. These are the sons of the innermost sphere; the Saviours of men, the Anointed of God.

9. And their name is Christ Jesus, in the day of their initiation.

10. And before them every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and of things on earth.

11. They are come out of great tribulation, and are set down for ever at the right hand of God.

12. And the Lamb, which is in the midst of the seven spheres, shall give them to drink of the river of living water.

13. And they shall eat of the tree of life, which is in the centre of the garden of the kingdom of God.

14. These are thine, O Mighty Master of Light; and this is the dominion which the Word of God appointed thee in the beginning:

15. In the day when God created the light of all the worlds, and divided the light from the darkness.

16. And God called the light Phoibos, and the darkness God called Python.

17. Now the darkness was before the light, as the night foreruneth the dawn.

18. These are the evening and the morning of the first cycle of the Mysteries.

19. And the glory of that cycle is as the glory of seven days; and they who dwell therein are seven times refined;

20. Who have purged the garment of the flesh in the living waters;

21. And have transmuted both body and soul into spirit, and are become pure virgins.

22. For they were constrained by love to abandon the outer elements, and to seek the innermost which is undivided, even the Wisdom of God.

23. And Wisdom and Love are One.

Absorbing as was the interest of the spiritual side of our work, and great as the demands made on us by our respective studies, they were in no wise allowed to interfere with our practical work on behalf of the rescue of the animals [from vivisection], but rather did they stimulate us to fresh endeavour; as also did the perpetually increasing knowledge we were enabled to obtain of the awful nature of the practice, whether as concerned its immediate victims, the animals, or as concerned its perpetrators, by reason of the utter degradation in them of the idea of humanity. Our personal intercourse with them fully confirmed the conviction forced on us by the study of their writings, that the medical science of the day, as represented by the experimental physiologists, constitutes a deliberate conspiracy to demonise the race. During the year we had utilised our knowledge of the subject by writing and publishing numerous articles, letters, and pamphlets, both at home and abroad, among which was the tract entitled *Notes by a Medical Student*, which consisted of instances of wanton barbarity culled from the text-books of the schools, and has gone through several editions; and another, the leaflet containing an appeal "to the people of Paris," which is given below, and was printed and circulated far and wide by the International Anti-Vivisection Society of London, in conjunction with the then recently formed Paris Society for the same object. And when the time came for our Christmas visit home, we had in the press a pamphlet in French of eighty large pages, entitled *De la Ligue contre les Vivisections, ou La Nouvelle Croisade, par un Anglais, dédié et adressé, en toute bonne volonté, au peuple Française.* This was a joint production, the chief portion of the writing of which fell to me, and the entire cost of printing to her; M. Ernest Leroux being the publisher, and the revision of the proofs our holiday task. Meanwhile Mary had passed with high credit and perfect ease the *examen* for which she had been so unjustly and cruelly *refusée.*

"CITOYENS ET CITOYENNES DE PARIS!

"Un crime abominable se commet chaque jour parmi vous.

"Votre magnifique ville, qui doit être le soutien de la civilisation, est aujourd'hui le centre des pratiques les plus barbares. Sous prétexte d'étudier la physiologie, des hommes livrent aux plus cruelles tortures des créatures inoffensives qui travaillent pour vous et qui vous aiment; ils leur infligent les souffrances d'une lente et

douloureuse agonie, afin d'obtenir ainsi, disent-ils, des connaissances utiles à l'humanité. Nous déclarons hautement que cette prétention est erronée ; les vivisecteurs eux-mêmes sont obligés d'avouer que, jusqu'ici, ils n'ont obtenu aucun résultat sérieux. Un des plus éminents d'entre eux, feu le professeur Claude Bernard, a déclaré que ses espérances n'avaient été nullement réalisées. Le professeur Ferrier avoue que le résultat des expériences faites par la vivisection n'est pas confirmé par les observations pathologiques. De nombreux médecins et chirurgiens très renommés, s'accordent à reconnaître que la vivisection ne peut que démoraliser ceux qui s'y livrent sans faire faire aucun progrès à la science.

" Connaissez-vous bien ce que signifie ce mot *vivisection* ? Il s'agit de pauvres êtres créés par Dieu, dans une forme différente de la nôtre, incapables de se protéger eux-mêmes, puisqu'ils sont muets et sans défense devant nous, leurs protecteurs naturels.

" Des animaux tels que : chevaux, chiens, chats, ânes, lapins, cochons d'Inde et pigeons, sont soumis aux traitements les plus atroces et les plus barbares que puisse inventer le génie humain. Ainsi, on les écorche vivants, on leur crève les yeux avec des fers rouges, on les crucifie, on les empoisonne lentement, on leur brise les os et les nerfs, on leur enlève la cervelle, on leur fait avaler des acides corrosifs, on les fait cuire à petit feu, on leur arrache le cœur et les entrailles, on développe sur eux la gangrène, la tumeur blanche, les arthrites suppurées, l'entorse et autres maladies ; on les enduit de térébenthine que l'on enflamme ensuite ; enfin, on prolonge de toutes manières ces cruelles agonies qui durent, selon le degré de vitalité, des heures, des jours ou des semaines !

" Tels sont, citoyens de Paris, les cruautés qui se commettent chez vous, à l'abri de vos lois et avec la sanction de vos autorités ; cela se fait, non pas pour acquérir une connaissance utile au bien de l'homme (ce qui n'excuserait rien), mais simplement pour satisfaire une vaine curiosité et par trafic. Nous réclamons avec force contre de si horribles abus, bien convaincus que vous ignorez ces faits et que votre religion n'est pas faite en pareille matière.

" Cette question de la vivisection, s'imposant à la conscience publique des nations, ne peut pas être laissée aux caprices des hommes de science et surtout à la classe de spécialistes qui professe le matérialisme, qui se vante de supprimer la conscience, d'être indépendante de ce que la moralité humaine préconise.

" On vous dira peut-être : ' C'est une question dont la science seule peut juger, elle seule peut en déterminer la portée ; la conscience publique n'est pour rien dans cet ordre d'investigations.'

" Nous affirmons que la vérité est contraire à cette proposition, et que, lorsque la science oublie ce qu'elle doit à la civilisation, la conscience publique doit intervenir pour le lui rappeler.

" Ce n'est pas du tout que le public n'a pas acquis l'esprit scientifique ; c'est, au contraire, que les savants ont perdu l'esprit de la moralité.

" Nous sommes bien persuadés que vous vous joindrez à nous pour faire cesser un état de choses qui porte atteinte à la moralité publique, et qui sera la honte de notre siècle.—*L'Association internationale de la Grande-Bretagne pour la suppression totale de la vivisection, 25 Cockspur Street, London.*"

CHAPTER XIV

WARNINGS AND INSTRUCTIONS

In view of the journey before us, I was exercised not a little as to the safeguard of our revelations, fearing equally to leave behind and to commit to our baggage the writings regarded by us as of priceless value, knowing as we did the devices likely to be contrived by our invisible foes for their loss or destruction. Of some only of them had I been able to make duplicates, which relieved me of anxiety on their account, as I could leave one set behind and take the other. But the majority were as yet unduplicated, and I at length hit on the device of carrying these in a wallet which I should on no account unstrap from off my shoulder while *en route*. Though somewhat cumbersome, the plan was preferable to any other that I could devise, and it left my mind at ease. So it was adopted, and continued to be practised to the end, and no loss was ever sustained. Nor was Mary without anxiety on a somewhat like score. She had read in the newspapers that a lady, on attempting to land at Dover with a pet-lamb, had been stopped on the plea that the port was not licensed for the importation of live stock, whereupon the owner of the lamb had been compelled to return to France and re-embark for some other port. And she was apprehensive lest her little pet, Rufus, come under the same category of prohibited goods. She managed, however, to the great relief of both of us, to smuggle him through unobserved.

Our homeward journey was not unfruitful in experience. Having to pass a Sunday in London, we engaged ourselves for the evening to our friend, Mrs G——, who was then living in Park Street, Grosvenor Square. We went early, and intended to stay somewhat late, to give the two ladies an opportunity for a prolonged talk together; and as the night was stormy, with snow falling heavily, and there was no means of returning to our hotel,

which was in Jermyn Street, save on foot, Mary was disposed to accept the proffer of a bed rather than risk the walk home—a plan in which I heartily concurred. But, as it proved, things were ordered otherwise, and in a way little anticipated.

We had supped and disposed ourselves before a comfortable fire, and Mary was giving our hostess an account of our life and work in Paris, together with a relation of some of the spiritual experiences and teachings received by us. As I listened I found myself becoming apprehensive lest she carry her exposition beyond the limits set us. For, although our friend was a firm believer in spiritualism, it was by no means certain that she was of those to whom we might communicate of our deeper mysteries, no definite criterion having yet been given us whereby to judge to whom we might speak of these and to whom we might not. All went smoothly for some time, and then Mary touched on matters which we had been charged to keep secret, without distinction of persons, until expressly permitted to divulge them ; and I was in the act of remarking to myself that she was " sailing dangerously near the wind," and thinking how best to caution her without giving offence to our hostess, when she suddenly ceased speaking, rose abruptly from her seat, and with a dazed aspect and faltering tone declared that she must go home at once, and looked about for her hat and cloak. Surprised and disappointed, our hostess remonstrated, saying that we had promised to spend the whole evening with her in talking, and she had ordered a room to be prepared for Mary. But nothing was of avail ; she was fixed on departing, and that as speedily as possible, as if the house contained some danger for her, in comparison to which the risk and discomfort of so long a walk in the snow were as nothing. So, divining that something had occurred which she would not divulge to our hostess, I intimated, aside, to the latter that she was suffering from some seizure, which compelled her to get home as soon as possible, and waited until we were actually in the street for an explanation, when, in reply to my questions, she said, " I did not want to be choked," and then went on to describe an experience which coincided exactly with mine on the occasion of my trespass already related of a few months before, and of which—as it had now been duplicated for her—I now told her for the first time.

Happily we were able soon to obtain a conveyance, and she

reached the hotel and went to bed before the chill which I had feared for her was able to establish itself.

The arrangement we had made about our pamphlet proved unfortunate for our holiday. Relying on the judgment of the publisher, we had entrusted the translation to a professed litterateur, whose acquaintance with English proved so greatly inferior to his acquaintance with French as to render the task of correction exceptionally heavy ; and as this was a task for which Mary was by far the better qualified of the two, it naturally devolved for the most part upon her.

There was yet another circumstance which tended to minimise the benefits anticipated from the rest and change by reason of the anxiety it involved on us. It grew out of matters concerning myself and belonging to a period long antecedent to our association ; but it formed so remarkable a contribution to our spiritual experiences as to call for record here. Before coming to the matter itself there is much to be said.

Having come back to London some days before the time of our return to Paris, and leaving Mary at the Parsonage, I yielded to a strong impulse to renew my acquaintance with Winona, and accordingly made an appointment for February 3. Of course I could not conceal my personality from her or her medium ; but I observed the same precautions as before against putting leading questions or making other remarks which might be suggestive of fitting replies. She recognised me instantly, and at once began to speak with all her former intelligence and vivacity, and in such wise as to satisfy me that she was speaking under the same high guidance as at my former visits, and that I had been sent to her by my own illuminators in order to receive some personal instructions which they deemed necessary for me to have.

" I am coming up the steps," she began, " for I see your light at the top." Then, after a brief pause as if to recover breath and review the situation, she continued : " You have changed much—not for the worse ; but I fear that you are floating out so fast that you are losing sight of the influences in this world, because you are so much in relation with those called spiritual. You are as one who is sailing in a boat on the ocean in company with others ; but you sail so fast that you seem to lose sight of them and they of you. It is better for *you*, perhaps, to be free and alone on the waters, where you can follow your course without minding others ; but not so good for them. Your usefulness, so far as they are concerned, is more limited, because their ears are not open enough to take in the lessons you have learned before them. So I say to you there are two lines you must hold.

One line represents you, and will lead you far, far out. The other line represents the world in which you live, and is much shorter than the other.

"You forget that while in the body you have begun the life of the spirit. There are many who are unable to begin the life of the spirit even after this life, and must come back to finish the body's life in a new or other body, because a certain result is foreshadowed in each condition, and they must come back to perfect the body in its relation to the spirit. This happens till they live the life of the spirit.

"I see so many spirits trying to creep in to every attribute of people. Spirits who have not conquered some sin in their own lives delight to find expression for that sin through people who have the same fault and have not cast it under their feet. Till this is done the work of the spirit cannot begin for them. With you the birth of the spirit while in the body has taken place as in only a few here, and your own life has already run forward far into the spiritual condition around you. And thus your body holds its place in the world of bodies, and your spirit holds its place in the world of spirits; and you live really at the present time in both worlds. And, therefore, when you speak to this world, you must not aim at giving to it your own foremost and highest thought, as if you and it were of the same world; but you must rather glance backwards and downwards until you come to the world's level, and then teach it upon its own level. Or when you attempt to impart to it the results of your own high spiritual condition, you will find that they will pass over the heads of the people, rather than into their hearts and minds. For the hearts and minds of people in this England are so close shut and bound that high spiritual thoughts cannot enter.

"I am told to say also that, in giving your thoughts to the world, you must study how little you can say, not how much; because the little ray of spiritual light, like a thin wedge, may creep in, while the strong wave of spiritual light which naturally would come from your mind could never enter. That is why you sometimes feel that you are completely alone, and barred out from receiving the appreciation and acknowledgment which all honest endeavour merits. It is not because the fruit you would cultivate is not good, but because the seed you plant is too pure to take root in human soil; and the soil must be refined by exhausting its coarser elements first, and a coarse seed serves to refine those elements before it becomes suitable for the growth and development of the higher spiritual thought."

[After a pause passed in silence.] "There are four spirits with me in a great temple, high spirits, sitting round together and in council about you. I am called up to them. It is such a long way. I was all the time ascending while you were waiting. The land is far distant, and it is so warm and bright, and filled with influences so pure and beautiful, that no one of this England, whose spiritual atmosphere is like mud, has been able to enter. Where I am now it is like water, I can pass through it so easily. They tell me you are their earthly representative. One of them takes up a very heavy anchor, as it appears to me, and fastens it on you. And I am told to say this anchor is to hold you down near to the earth, so that the wisdom imparted to you can be analysed and moulded more fully

and completely than would be possible if you were to dwell entirely in the spirit, as your own tendency is to do, and that your spirit may still be clothed with a human body.

" There are some in the world who will say your work is done. They know not whereof they speak. One phase is nearing its completion, but even before that is done another has begun ; and we say that that which you most long for—the results to come of it—you will live to see them, and to gather the fruit of the tree you have planted ; and you will hasten the time by retaining your hold on the world and the physical life. Your difficulty is, that the spirit in you asserts itself too much, and completely ignores all the demands of the body.

" That is, by the activity of the spirit, the strength of the body, which should go out sometimes in mere physical relations, is absorbed by the spirit. Whereas, in order to be able to feel the pulse of the world, and to labour effectually for the unfoldment of human nature, you must be in and of the world, and not always shut up and apart from it. You must keep in mind the two lines we spoke of.

" You have now massed together enough of knowledge to fill the coming century. And while you matured those thoughts and sent them forth, there would be an outgrowth coming directly to your own spirit ; but it is unwise for you to leave the world wholly behind you. Use the knowledge as you get it, rather than accumulate it, or you will be like people who spend their lives in getting money to be happy with afterwards. You are piling up knowledge as if there were an ultimate which you could reach in it, but when you get up to what now might seem such a point, you would find there is no ultimate in anything. Besides, no future time will be more propitious for the work than the present. You are to bring forth, one by one, the treasures given you, as an artist would bring forth his favourite pictures and hang them up in the gallery of a museum for a world of earnest hearts to gaze on.

" This, too, I am charged to say :—You will make a very great mistake if you give to the world the source and origin of much you have received. If you give the substance of it, they will absorb it in their minds and get benefit ; but they will not believe in the source, and would refuse even the cup of cold water that claimed to come from it. Better that the thoughts and ideas be filtered through your mind, or seem to originate from yourself, if ever they are to exercise influence on the world. There is now only the intellect to be appealed to, so that you must speak only as from the intellect. You would fail completely were you to publish the source when you give the lessons you have to teach. Those who know will discern the source of themselves. Others will appreciate the lesson better for its not being disclosed, and, later, will attain the further step of comprehending and believing in the source. The lesson of the thought itself will prepare them for the higher lesson, from which they would turn away if presented to them in the first instance, and be more in rapport with the world. You partially shut the door yourself. Not intellectual society is what you should cultivate ; that would not help, but would offend and irritate you by its limitations of intelligence. You want healthful, pleasant, genial associations."

[In reply to question.] "If your inspiring spirits have ever lived in this world as human beings, it was so long ago that I cannot see when. I see them as heads rather than as bodies, with what seems like clouds, long and floating away, for garments; with colours to express their condition, which is that of Gods or Archangels. I see the thought they wish me to utter. They show me the thought; their thoughts create the imagery, as God by the action of His mind produces the world, and gives form to thought, which is creation.

"These spirits lived more centuries ago than I can count. They are spirits of the world, its controlling influences, who develop up the world's spiritual life. As I am talking to you I see no country or earth, but water, and I am looking far out over an ocean; and the beautiful temple grows out of the water. The water represents space. Thoughts take form on the walls of the temple."

Here she paused again, giving me time to reflect on the correspondence between her description of this sphere and the apocalyptic "sea of glass like unto crystal, mingled with fire," and of those who, as "followers of the Lamb," of a pure spirit in themselves, are, for their exemption from taint of matter, called "virgins." Presently resuming, she continued:—

"Now I see another Spirit, just come, of a different-coloured light. All the others look up as He comes in through an open space as a ray of light. No one follows Him, but a crowd of voices float in after Him, and He becomes an avenue of high influences between whom and other high spirits He serves as medium. He figured in this world. I see a cross, and One on it wearing a crown of thorns. It is this Spirit; and the suffering He underwent drove out every mortal element of His life. Ordinarily in death a part only of such elements are driven out. But with Him death was a mingling of every pain known to mortals, and He is, in the spirit-life, a perfect medium between the Lord and His spirits."

[In answer to questions.] "'Lord' represents a human element. 'God' represents the pure substance of all things. 'Lord' is God's highest mode of operation conceivable by mind, which 'God' is not; the utmost extent of the finite. I am not speaking of myself. I hope to rise, some day, to the high level I see. It is that possibility in me that enables me to be a medium—which is all I am now—between those high spirits and you. The Christ is a medium to the Supreme. The Lord is the 'I' of Jesus.

"I am told to tell you that life in this world is not in itself degrading. All things in life are good and right. To strangle part of your nature is as bad as to strangle the whole. You get good from all relations of life, until they shed themselves; then you outgrow them. To crucify this, to crush the other, is a sad mistake. If Jesus' life was understood and the things He said, you would find that all the conditions possible to man had been fulfilled by Him, whether in His last life or in former ones. He had used and benefited by them all. From His earliest moment His life was a blending of all spiritual and physical possibilities, and He was completely rounded

out in every attribute that makes the man to-day, but to-day the spirit is dwarfed and only the body is heeded.

" I am told to tell you of your partner, that there are certain things about her to which you cannot yet find the clues ; tendencies and experiences in past lives which have not yet expended themselves. They are an element of weakness in her system, and were the cause of her failure. And the wonder is, that when the trial came she was not altogether destroyed and ruined. But the organism was not permanently injured, and the failure was good morally. The effect of the strain upon her brain and spinal system was like the pulling out of a bit of rubber so far as to make it jagged at the edges. Spiritually she is at one with you, but her intellect is continually crossing swords with yours, and this has hindered the work of both. Her perception of outsides is so sharp where persons are concerned as to obscure that of insides. She sees the act and criticises that without looking to the spirit of it. The more the woman is developed in her, the better for your work.

" She is almost two persons, one very near to you, the other often far away and at odds. She is so dependent as the one, so independent as the other."

[In answer to question about herself.] " I have taken three steps forwards, and am higher than when you saw me before. From passion I have passed to cool judgment, and am not now affected by the feelings and thoughts of my sitters, as spirits often are, and unconsciously take their colour from the sitter's mind.

" There is a spirit present who was your wife in the earth-life. She has not been allowed to approach you of late, because she was jealous of your present association ; but she is much higher now, and is allowed to work for you again. There is a matter in which she is trying to help you now. You will hear of it in due time. There is nothing that you can do in it yourself now. When the time comes you will have to attend to it.

" The only other thing I have to say to you now is, that you must enter more into the world. It is for your own sake as well as for the sake of others. The Master gained force through absorbing the elements of the world and of human life."

A second visit was occupied chiefly with replies to a series of questions connected with psychology and religion with which I had furnished myself, all of which were answered with much perspicacity, and in close accordance, so far as the answers went, with the system of thought contained in our subsequent books. The sitting closed with some personal statements referring to other of my relations, some living and some long dead, respecting none of whom the knowledge could have been acquired by normal methods, their innermost characters and motives, and their attitude towards myself, being described with startling accuracy. And this was the case throughout all these interviews. Every statement within my power to verify proved correct, even to the recent death of two relatives, and the narrow escape of a third, of

whose danger I had not then heard. Speaking of the person most nearly concerned by these calamities, Winona said :—

"You have some relations very near to you in the flesh, but far removed in the spirit—so far removed, indeed, that, spiritually, you are no relations at all. I see two such. The one at whom I am looking now has been very nasty to you, but he has good in him, and it is being developed. That is the cause of his troubles. The spirits have taken him in hand, and are developing the good in him. I do not mean spirits such as I am, but the ministers of God. The other is not so far advanced. He is not advanced at all. The spiritual nature is not yet even awake in him. It is so dead that I doubt whether he will begin to find it in his present life ; perhaps not for several lives."

I come to the incident referred to at the beginning of this chapter [1] as contributing to the detriment of Mary's holiday. Winona's statement that some matter was pending in which the spirit of my wife was trying to help me, and of which I should shortly hear, had brought to my mind an incident which had taken place two or three months previously in Paris. My American acquaintance, Colonel R——, already alluded to, when in Paris, had begged me to witness some experiments in clairvoyance he was making with a young Frenchwoman—a complete stranger to me—whose faculty he was developing, and I accordingly went. The *lucide* was a good one, and at once proved the genuineness of her gift by giving a description of ourselves, our work, and our mode of life so minute and exact as to transcend altogether any account she could have received from the Colonel. She further stated that I was at that very time menaced by a serious danger, of which I should hear in a few weeks, probably six or more—she could not see exactly—when in England ; but that it would pass away without harming me or again molesting me. And she added that a spirit was present who claimed to be that of one who had many years ago been wife to me, and who would help me in the matter.

Attaching little or no importance to these utterances, and being unwilling to excite anxiety in Mary, I kept this announcement to myself, and had well-nigh forgotten it, when it was recalled to my mind by its repetition by Winona. And it was only when, a few days after my last visit to the latter, I received a letter of an unexpected and menacing character that I recognised

[1] P. 297 *ante*.

the import of the warnings given me. It was a peremptory demand for a sum of money altogether beyond my ability to pay, on behalf of some speculative transactions long since wound up and dismissed as finally settled, and was couched in terms so hostile as to show that the parties to the conspiracy—for such I at once saw it to be—were at once desperate and unscrupulous. Failing to obtain compliance with their demands, they would use every endeavour to injure my reputation.

Knowing the baselessness of the requisition and the utter absence of any real ground for apprehension on the latter score, I was disposed to take no notice of the matter, and to regard it as a trick, which, having been played without effect, would be dropped. But I was still pondering it, when, without notice, Mary arrived in London in a most alarmed and excited state; and in reply to my wondering query as to her sudden appearance and in such guise, said that she had been sent by "Esther," my wife. For several days and nights, she declared, Esther had been with her, giving her no peace until she promised to come to London and help me through a serious danger that was hanging over me. She then proceeded to question me minutely concerning precisely the matters on which the letter I had received was founded, giving accurately the names, dates, places, nature of transactions, and numerous other particulars none of which had ever escaped my lips, and saying that she had learnt them all from my wife's spirit, who was, she said, so greatly perturbed about the matter as to make it difficult to gather plainly from her whether she imputed any blame to me for my part in it. Mary added that she had for some days resisted the appeal thus made to her, ascribing it to some delusive influence, and had finally yielded as much for peace' sake as through conviction of its genuineness. It was, she moreover considered, no new thing for her to be warned in such a manner on my account, whether by Esther or some other spirit, and it seemed at least the safer course to heed the warning than to disregard it.

For answer I placed in her hands the letter I had received, assuring her that, serious as it might appear, there was no cause whatever for alarm, as I was in possession of all the documents necessary to acquit me of liability, moral as well as legal; and, in compliance with her suggestion, I instructed a lawyer to make reply for me to that effect. The step proved effective, and

the matter was brought to a satisfactory termination, even to the fulfilment of the prediction that I should not be troubled about it again ; for up to the present time no further word about it has reached me.

A review of the whole of the experiences connected with this incident—which I now for the first time communicated to Mary —led us to regard it as a demonstration impossible to be traversed of the ability of the departed to overshadow and safeguard their friends on this side, as well as of the reality of the faculty through which communication is held. Not that the proof on this occasion was stronger than many which had previously been given to us ; but it involved elements which took the experience into a rare category. For no less than three several sensitives, absolutely irrespective of each other, had received at different times and places precisely identical intimations purporting to come from one and the same spirit, of whose existence two of them were unaware, concerning a matter about which neither they nor I had any knowledge or suspicion. And the intimations were in every particular confirmed by the event. The suggestion that, even granting the rest, there was no proof of the identity of the personality of the spirit manifesting seemed to us sufficiently met by the consideration that if it were not, either directly or mediately, the person it professed to be, there must be exceedingly elaborate contrivances for deception *on the other side*, and this for no assignable advantage to the contrivers.

An intense spell of work, extending over three months, was rewarded by her passage of a somewhat dreaded examination in chemistry with the highest notes of approbation. The only abnormal experience during this period was the following :—

Finding it necessary summarily to dismiss her *cuisinière* for gross misbehaviour, she wrote a letter to the woman's husband informing him of the circumstances, first showing it to me. Having read it, I strongly advised her to " sleep upon it," in order to give time for reflection or suggestion, not specifying my reason, which was, that I had grave doubts as to the propriety of prejudicing the husband against the wife, be her fault what it might. Better, I considered, to leave him to make his own discoveries. I had no thought of any physical danger resulting. She assented. The night passed, and the first thing she did on rising was to tear up her letter. She had dreamt, she said, that in passing down the

street a woman had rushed out from a recess and thrown a quantity of vitriol in her face, the pain from which woke her; and she took this for a warning not to be neglected.

On June 22 she received [in sleep], evidently in satisfaction of my need, of which she was unaware, an instruction concerning Christian Pantheism (*Clothed with the Sun*, I. xxvii.), which gave an explanation of the points on which I wanted light, confirming the conclusions to which I had come, and going far beyond them, but with such lucidity as to enable me at once to recognise the results as following inevitably from the premises. It threw, moreover, a great and needed light on the method of the Gospels. The following month brought us the mystical version of the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, which, by rendering the Creed into the present tense, and addressing the prayer to the "God within," exhibited to our supreme satisfaction the interior character of Christianity proper, to the confirmation of our own independent conviction respecting the non-historical nature of all that is essential in religion; and in such presentation we rejoiced to recognise the death-blow to the superstition which insists on restricting to a time and to an individual processes which are by their nature necessarily eternal and universal.

Desirous of escaping the summer heats of Paris, and sorely needing the renovation which only the seaside afforded, we selected Cabourg, near Trouville, for our purpose, her sinister impressions of Dieppe being still too vivid for her to tolerate the idea of revisiting that place, otherwise the most convenient and suitable. This time it was not only for her that such change was needful. My own state was such as to cause me serious apprehension lest I break down with my work all unfinished, and while I was still so indispensable to my colleague. To relate the nature and cause of the ill-health by which I was now troubled is to narrate the most distressing, in some respects, of all the experiences encountered in our work. It was not, of course, to be supposed that the enemy would leave any device untried to break it down. But the means now taken to that end surpassed any other yet attempted in subtlety and cruelty. For it consisted in the endeavour to sow discord between us. We needed not to be told, as we had been told by Hermes, "Ye are not yet perfected," to acquaint us with the fact. But we did not know how imperfect we were. Winona had struck a true note when she said to me,

speaking of Mary, "Spiritually she is at one with you, but her intellect is continually crossing swords with yours, and this has hindered the work of both. Her perception of outsides, where persons are concerned, is so sharp as to obscure that of insides. She sees the act and criticises that without looking at the spirit of it. The more the woman is developed in her, the better for your work. She is almost two persons, one very near to you, the other often far away and at odds. She is so dependent as the one, so independent as the other."

The description was exact. Intuitionally at one with me, intellectually she was still liable at times to fall under the influence of the pessimistic tendencies which led her to see the worst side and express the harshest judgment of persons and actions. In this lay the essential difference between us. Though recognising her as constituting a larger system and having superior capacities, I could not but see that she was less able to maintain a constant balance between the two modes of the mind, and consequently was as liable to go to extremes in one direction as well as in the other, and this to such an extent as to make it appear for the time being as if the tether which linked her with her centre had been broken, and only the centrifugal tendency had any existence. The process of at-one-ment between the inner and outer, higher and lower, spheres of the kosmos constituted by her had yet to be effected. She could rise into complete union with her innermost, but could not maintain that union. This was a phenomenon on which a light was thrown for me by an instruction in which it was said that the essential difference between the patriarchs and the Christ consisted in precisely this same characteristic. While, therefore, the latter was said to be married to the Spirit, the former were said to live in concubinage, their relations with the divine being fitful only and transitory. Our orbits thus differed as those of a comet and a planet. Hers carried her nearer the sun than mine, but it also carried her farther away.

Such was the liability of which the enemy took advantage at this period, by artfully causing discussion to degenerate into controversy, and controversy into altercation, when any subject arose between us respecting which we saw differently. And it was not all at once that I was able to recognise the source. Gradually, however, this became clear to me, and I was able to discern

as the real instigators extraneous influences which, besides being malignant in themselves, were bitterly antagonistic to our work, and bent upon breaking me down as the only way left to them of breaking it down, having been foiled in their previous direct attempts upon her. Our recent experiences with O. had shown her accessibility to suggestions from such sources through the medium of the astral, when detached from her central pivot. And it by no means followed that in losing one instrument "Apollyon" was left without resources. It might even be that the same instrument was still available for his purposes, though removed from our ken. And I was startled at finding the same idea expressed by her soon after it occurred to myself. For she said that she sometimes thought that O. was trying to get at her again. One thing that served to confirm my belief in the extraneous character of the obsessing influences was her manifest unconsciousness subsequently of having given me any cause to be grieved or aggrieved by anything said or done by her. On one occasion, however, she seemed suddenly to awake to a sense both of the severity of the test to which I had been put and of the effort it must have cost me to refrain from any expression of resentment; for after a short pause, spent apparently in reflection, she said to me, "What a splendid mother you must have had!"—a compliment which I took as the greatest ever paid me, or that could be paid me.

The subtlety with which my most sensitive places were searched out, and the mercilessness with which they were probed by the influences which had now obtained access to us, seemed to me to belong altogether to the infernal. I recalled what I had read about the ordeals of the ancient mysteries, and what I had been told about my having been similarly tested and proved; and how that Plato had said that many begin their initiation in the mysteries, but few complete it. And I only wondered that any should survive to do so if their ordeals approached mine in severity; for the conflict within was such as to realise for me in the fullest sense imaginable the meaning implied by St Paul when he said, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And although I never for a moment faltered in courage or resolution, the tension upon my organic system was so great as to render imminent some rupture of heart

or of head which could hardly fail to be fatal to life or reason. As it was, the heart had set up two beats nearly for one, the pulse ranging from 110 to 120, and the head responded to the disturbance thus induced by setting up noises so loud and shrill that on our journey to Cabourg it was the greatest possible relief to me, when the train entered a tunnel, to keep the windows open in order that the noise without might deaden somewhat the noises within. Meanwhile I sought, but in vain, by rigorous self-examination to discover the cause and the cure for the condition in which I found myself. What if it should become chronic! It was more than my life and reason that were at stake—it was our work; it was she! To lose me would, I was assured, be her ruin for this life, for I was to her as a tether to hold her to her centre.

Our visit to Cabourg failed of its hoped-for results, but through no fault of the place itself. Nothing could have been more invigorating than the ozone-laden breezes which swept over its vast expanses of sand, or the battles with the breakers in which I freely indulged, swimming being a favourite exercise with me. We had not escaped the enemy by quitting Paris, and it was with heavy hearts that, after a three weeks' absence, we returned thither. There was, however, the prospect of a new element in the situation which augured well. Our friend Lady Caithness—as I shall still call her, though she was now also Duchesse de Pomár—was about to take up her residence in Paris, and I looked to the moral support it would be to my colleague to have the enthusiastic and intelligent recognition of one of her own sex. The anticipation was not disappointed. Lady Caithness's arrival in Paris occurred at a critical moment for our work, and although it would deprive us of a pleasure to which we had looked forward when the time should come for our return to England, we could hardly doubt that it had been wisely ordained; and as time passed on the correctness of this impression was made clear.

On our return from Cabourg, Lady Caithness had quitted Paris to transact some business in London, and Mary soon after wrote her the following letter. It bears no trace of our peculiar domestic trouble:—

"26 Rue Boissière, Chaillot, Paris,
"*August* 20, 1879.

"My dear Lady Caithness,—We returned yesterday from a brief visit to Cabourg les Bains, and to-morrow I am going to my work again. I think Mr M—— has already given you an account of our

interview with the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, so that I need not now enter into all the details of what passed on that occasion. But as I think it likely you may like to see what I gave his Eminence to read, I send you a copy of the little address I prepared for him. He did not read it while we were there, but promised to do so after our departure, so that I cannot say what effect, if any, my words produced on his mind. Of course, in so short an address, it was not possible to present all the aspects of the question, or, indeed, to treat any one single point with anything but the lightest touch.

" With regard to the Pope, after much reflection I have decided to postpone my letter to him, until—my apprenticeship at the *Faculté* being at an end—I may say what I have to say without fear, and may have the weight of my degree to add authority to my representations. I wish my letter to his Holiness to be the opening of the crusade against cruelty to which I intend to devote my life in the future ; and I shall not be free to open my campaign until I have the scarlet gown of the Doctorate.

" Do you know, I believe it is true that every one of us men and women who have true missions in the world, and who are born to be Saviours, must descend, as did Christ Jesus, into Hell, and be numbered with the dead. I have found *my* Hell here in the *Faculté de Médecine* of Paris, a Hell more real and awful than any I have yet met with elsewhere, and one that fulfils all the dreams of the mediæval monks. The idea that it was so came strongly upon me one day as I was sitting in the *Musée* of the school, with my head in my hands, trying vainly to shut out of my ears the piteous shrieks and cries which floated incessantly towards me up the private staircase leading to the dens where Béclard, Vulpian, and other devils were torturing their innocent victims. Every now and then, as a scream more heartrending than the rest reached me, the moisture burst out on my forehead and on the palms of my hands, and I prayed, ' O God, take me out of this Hell ; do not suffer me to remain in this awful place.' And immediately there came to me, like an answer, these words—' He descended into Hell.' And I felt sure that this is my Hell, and that when I have passed its hateful doors, and have left them for ever, my ascension will come, and I shall be able to give myself freely and effectually to the work of advocacy and redemption which I so ardently long to begin.

" And when, that night, after leaving the schools, I reflected on all these things, another revelation was made to me on the meaning of the Passion of Christ. I beheld Christ showing the wounds on His hands and feet, and I heard Him say to me, ' These are the wounds wherewith I was wounded in the House of my Friends.' Then immediately I understood that passage of the Holy Scriptures, which had always been obscure to me before, and I perceived that the ' House ' of Christ's Friends is the body of those whom He loves, and that when they suffer, He suffers in them and for them out of the love He bears them. God is in all creatures, and the stage of purification by fire (or suffering), through which all being is now passing in this sphere, is the crucifixion of God. Jesus, as the most perfect of Initiates, is selected by the Christian mysteries as the representative of God. He is for them God manifest in the flesh. In His crucifixion, therefore, is seen the type and symbol of God in

His suffering creatures, which crucifixion is the means and cause of their purification, and of their final redemption. 'These,' says the Lord God, 'are the wounds wherewith I was wounded in the body or person of all who are Mine—who are sealed unto Me.' For the 'House of My friends' is nothing else than a mystical phrase for the temple of the body. 'Enter Thou into my House, O Lord!' cries the saint who desires to be visited in the body by the Divine Presence. And the Man-God, showing His Five Mystical Wounds of hands, feet, and heart, exclaims, 'These are the wounds wherewith I am wounded continually in the person of all My Beloved. For I and My Brethren are one, as God is one with Me.'[1] Thus I obtained a new meaning in the Passion and Crucifixion of Christ, and I saw that, in order to save, the Saviour must spiritually *die* for those whom He would redeem. For it is Love alone that redeems, and Love hath nothing of its own.

"I do not know whether I have succeeded in making this view of the 'Atonement' as clear to you as it showed itself to me, or whether it is a new light to you in any sense. To me it reveals the whole mystery of the Cross, and shows me what I before felt but dimly, that the Christ of every age and of every sphere must truly and really bear the sorrows and pains of those whom He redeems 'in His own Body on the Tree.' And He does not become the 'Saviour' until He has been crucified, dead, buried, and gone down into hell.

"Thus it appears to me that, out of my love to the poor animals who are the dumb of this world, I too must be wounded in their fleshly 'House,' and must 'die' for them spiritually. That I suffer thus is my warranty that I shall some day be able to redeem them. Therefore I have but to finish my work and to wait until the time is ripe to reap the fruits of it.

"I shall be glad to know how your affairs prosper now you have returned to London. *Pray* be steadfast in the resolution you expressed before leaving Paris.—Always, dear Lady Caithness, very sincerely yours, A. Mary Kingsford."

The visit to Monsignor Guibert, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, was an incident in our anti-vivisection crusade notable for its nature rather than for its results. It was made in pursuance of Mary's resolve to leave no stone unturned in the cause. For me, the hope of any good to accrue from an appeal in such a quarter was not even a forlorn one. I knew too well the history and character of sacerdotalism—no matter under what denomination—to look to it for sympathy and aid in any cause that did not concern its own interests. Be its individual members well-intentioned as they might as men, as partisans of their system and its traditions they had neither heart nor power to

[1] See the illumination "Concerning Christian Pantheism" (*Clothed with the Sun*, Part I. No. xxvii.). It was received in sleep on June 22, 1879. —S. H. H.

act. Mary, however, was bent on making the attempt, and an introduction was accordingly procured for us through the instrumentality of the Duchesse de Grammont, herself an Englishwoman and wife of the author of the well-known humanitarian statute entitled, "Le Loi Grammont!" Hence the appropriateness of our reference to her on behalf of our project. Mary accompanied her application for an interview with the Cardinal by the following letter; and when a reply came appointing a time for her call, nothing would do but that I should accompany her not only to the palace, but even into the august presence, much as I shrank from so doing. But her declaration that she always seemed to draw force from me left me no option :—

"Nous prions Votre Eminence de ne pas regarder cette question de la Vivisection comme une question en dehors de l'action de l'Eglise; c'est au contraire une question intimement liée à la Religion et à la Moralité, pour les raisons suivantes :—

"1. S'il existe un seul devoir réligieux, assurément la conduite que doit tenir les créatures de Dieu l'un envers l'autre est bien du nombre.

"2. Nous ne pouvons pas enseigner aux enfants leurs devoirs envers les animaux, ni punir les personnes qui les maltraitent, tant que le monde peut dire que l'Eglise donne sa sanction aux pratiques les plus atroces que l'on ait jamais imaginées.

"3. Les hommes qui se livrent à la pratique de la vivisection—M. Paul Bert, par exemple,—sont des hommes que leurs écrits, leurs actes, tout leur passé désignent comme les ennemis de l'Eglise et de toute croyance réligieuse.

"4. La vrai Science est de Dieu, et Dieu n'a jamais ordonné que les connaissances vraiment utiles soient achetées aux prix de la dégradation de l'Humanité et des plus cruelles souffrances des créatures inoffensives qui travaillent pour nous et qui sont muettes et sans défense entre nos mains.

"La vraie Science est la compagne de la Religion, et donne la main à l'Esprit du Christianisme; la Science qui, au contraire, se trouve opposée à l'Esprit de Jésus-Christ et de la Miséricorde est une fausse Science, qui travaille par des moyens méchants et pervers, et dont les partisans sont les ennemis de Dieu.

"5. Il convient surtout à l'Eglise Catholique, à qui seule appartient la gloire de reconnaître la Femme Divine en la personne de la Mère de Dieu, de proclamer la règne de la Miséricorde et de la Charité universelle, et de dénoncer la cruauté et l'egoïsme de ceux qui font souffrir aux autres les plus lentes et douloureuses agonies afin d'obtenir des connaissances que Dieu n'accorde jamais qu'aux hommes dont les intentions sont conformes à ses lois, et dont le cœur est pur et révérencieux.

"6. Il n'est donc pas étonnant que les vivisecteurs eux-mêmes sont obligés d'avouer que jusqu'ici, ils n'ont obtenu aucun résultat sérieux, et que l'un des plus éminents d'entre eux a déclaré que ses espérances n'avaient été nullement réalisées. 'Nos mains,' dit-il,

' sont vides aujourd'hui.' D'autres professeurs ont avoué que le résultat des expériences faites par la vivisection n'est jamais confirmé par les observations pathologiques et cliniques. De nombreux médecins et chirurgiens très renomme, s'accordent à reconnaître que la vivisection ne peut que démoraliser ceux qui s'y livrent sans faire faire aucun progrès à la Science. En effet, la pratique de la vivisection, loin de favoriser la marche du progrès, a soulevé dans la science des discussions et des difficultés sans fin qui ont empêché d'une manière désastreuse l'application des moyens thérapeutiques, et ont même été cause des erreurs et des illusions des plus funestes.

" 7. Nous envisageons les animaux comme les pauvres ; car, quoique leur forme soit différente de la nôtre, ils ont les mêmes capacités de souffrance, et les mêmes affections que nous ; et, loin de nous donner le droit de les maltraiter, la Sainte Ecriture nous a commandé ' d'ouvrir la bouche pour les muets.'

" 8. Et cela est si vrai, que les plus grands des Saints de l'Eglise ont reconnu que pour suivre la Voie de la Perfection il faillait même s'abstenir de prendre la vie à aucun être vivant, et par conséquent, ils ne se nourissaient pas de leur chair, mais se contentaient des fruits, des grains et du pain dont l'homme vivait uniquement dans le jour de sa première innocence.

" 9. Cependant, la question de prendre la vie aux animaux ne touche pas la question de la vivisection, car la vivisection ne signifie pas la Mort,—ce qui serait bien peu de chose,—il s'agit ici des tortures les plus atroces et prolongées que l'esprit de l'homme ait jamais conçues.

" 10. Des animaux tels que chevaux, chiens, chats, ânes, lapins, cochons d'Inde, pigeons, etc., sont soumis aux souffrances les plus barbares, que puisse inventer la génie humain. Ainsi, on les écorche vivants, on leur crève les yeux avec des fers rouges, on les crucifie, on les empoisonne lentement, on les brise les os, on leur arrache les nerfs, on leur enlève la cervelle, on leur fait avaler des acides corrosifs, on frotte leurs yeux avec des caustiques, on les fait cuire vivants à petit feu, on leur arrache la cœur et les entrailles, on les dissèque pendant des jours entiers en entretenant une respiration artificielle aux moyens des pompes à l'air, on développe sur eux la gangrène, la tumeur blanche, les arthrites suppurées, l'entorse, le délirium trémens et autres maladies ; on les enduit de térébenthine que l'on enflamme ensuite ; enfin on prolonge de toutes manières ces cruelles agonies, qui durent, selon le degré de vitalité, et à force des moyens mécaniques pour entretenir la respiration,—des heures, des jours, des semaines !

" 11. Tels sont, Votre Eminence, les cruautés qui se commettent chez les ennemis de Dieu, de l'Eglise et de la Vraie Science, tels sont les abus contre lesquels nous réclamons avec toute la force dont nous sommes capables, en priant Votre Eminence de vouloir bien adresser au clergé de Paris une Lettre Pastorale contre ces horribles pratiques qui portent atteinte à la Religion, à la moralité, et qui font la honte de notre siècle.

" 12. Une fois que l'Eglise aurait ainsi condamné sans réserve les pratiques barbares d'une Science déchue et athée, les Fidèles seront délivrés d'un fardeau pesant, et Votre Eminence rendra par vos paroles la joie et la confiance aux cœurs de milliers de Chrétiens

qui ont été portés même à douter, la bonté et la miséricorde, non pas seulement de l'Eglise Catholique, mais de Dieu Lui-même."

In one respect the result was less even than I had anticipated. In another respect it was positively gratifying to me. For, while it revealed on the part of the Church's chief representative in France a consciousness of impotence which nothing short of such an experience would have enabled us to realise, it effectually convinced Mary of the hopelessness of any appeal on behalf of humanity, pure and simple, to sacerdotal authority. Monsignor Guibert himself realised all that we had heard of him as an amiable, courteous, good, and even saintly man, and we could well believe what we had been told, that his sympathies were with the mystical rather than with the sacerdotal presentation of religion. And his discourse—suggested by the object of our visit—about his love for animals, as evinced by his pleasure in feeding the sparrows in his garden, was worthy of a Francis of Assisi. But as for employing the Church's influence in causing the Catholic portion of the population to rise against the cruelties of a science which recognised the Church only to oppose it, and this in times when the Church itself in France existed only on sufferance, that was wholly out of the question. The utmost she could do was to minister to the faithful. Let Messieurs the Scientists—let M. Paul Bert and his associates —only present themselves at the confessional, and they would learn that the Church disapproved of their practices. Meanwhile we should reap the harvest of our pious wishes in our own souls, even though we failed to effect the practical good we sought to accomplish.

The line and tone of the Cardinal throughout were such as to preclude the possibility of argument. Accustomed to dictate and to preach to others from the impregnable position of his rank and office, he was not going to suffer himself to be preached to, and least of all by a woman. And Mary accordingly came away dumb with amazement and disappointment, her high hopes utterly evaporated. Determined not to speak first, I awaited in silence her first utterance with curiosity; and we walked a considerable distance before it came. At length she exclaimed, "How are the mighty fallen! I could not have believed it had I not seen it myself. There is but one word to express the condition of the Catholic Church in France—it is abject. And I

believe all through its own fault. The Gods haven't come to the rescue a moment too soon. Oh, what a work we have to do! The Church wants as much saving as the world, and will probably be our greatest hindrance to saving the world. Oh, those priests! those priests! Priests of religion and priests of science, I do not believe there is a pin to choose between them."

My physical distresses remained unabated, and I feared that the conditions were in other respects also unfavourable to the prosecution of our spiritual work. But the event proved otherwise, and we were no sooner moved to seek to renew intercourse with our illuminators than we found free response.

This we did in writing, a method from which we had long desisted for a variety of reasons, among which was the expressed dislike of our genii to physical means of communication. But on this occasion the promptness of the response seemed to imply their approbation, and the results were as satisfactory as they were singular. The question was as to the order to be observed in the record we had been instructed to make of the Scriptures imparted to us. For containing this [record] we had had manufactured expressly a volume, large, handsome, of superfine paper, with lock and key, and bearing on the cover a solid brass pentagram [1]—symbol of man perfected. And in this book Mary was to write, in her boldest and most picturesque hand, the chapters received by her. And I secretly indulged in anticipations of the time when the book would form one of the most precious possessions of the Church of the Future, as a relic of the seeress and scribe of the New Gospel of Interpretation, and one to look on which the Faithful of the ages to come would make pilgrimage from afar, regarding it with the veneration that now would be accorded to the originals of their own Scriptures, written by the hands of the revelators themselves. The writing was duly commenced, but was destined never to be completed, the requisite health, strength, and leisure not being vouchsafed. And it accordingly stopped short at its initial pages. And only when the record was ultimately made in print was it possible to observe the directions given. And this she did not live to see with her bodily eyes, for it was in her posthumous book, *Clothed with the Sun*.

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[1] Probably a printer's error for "hexagram," which is the symbol of man perfected.—S. H. H.

The selection and order of the great mass of chapters, those containing the lesser mysteries, was left to our own judgment. One of these was the instruction concerning the spiritual significance of certain animals in which the name "Saturn" was used to denote the "father of priestcraft"; and a doubt arose in her mind as to whether she had caught the right name. On putting the question, we received in writing the unexpected answer, "The word you want is Molech or Cain. They are the same."

Upon this we referred to Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, where—under the heads of Molech and Chemosh—we found the ascription to Saturn of the title of "Father of Priestcraft," and his identity with Molech fully borne out. Respecting the further identity of Cain with these, the dictionary failed to help us, as it treats him merely from the supposed historical point of view, and takes no account of the principles implied; which, of course, it could not do, as the key to these has long been lost, and it was only now being restored to us; and by means of this we ascertained that what had surprised us was perfectly correct, in that Molech, Chemosh, Cain, and Saturn, and therein Satan, are different terms to express the outermost and lowest sphere of the kosmos, namely, that of matter, time, and appearance, as opposed to the inmost and highest, namely, that of spirit, eternity, and reality. And priestcraft represents the recognition of the former to the exclusion of the latter. Appealing to the sense-nature instead of to the soul, it has for its "father" that principle in man which is denoted by the terms in question.

With regard to the order of the chapters containing the greater mysteries, it was written—

"Put all that relates to the Seventh Sphere at the end of the book. Write the Apostles' Creed the first in the book, putting all the past tenses in the present. The Creed contains the spiritual history of the Sons of God, and the mysteries of the kingdom of the Seven Spheres. Follow it with the Lord's Prayer. But before all put, on a single page, I AM."

On October 1 she received in sleep the instruction, "Concerning the Perfectionment of the Christ," printed as Chapter xxvi. in *Clothed with the Sun*; and on the 17th she similarly received the instruction, "Concerning the Blood of Christ" (*Clothed with the Sun*, Chapter xxviii.). The following is her record of the latter:—

" Being asleep, I saw myself in a large room like a library, for it had in it a great many shelves filled with books ; and there were several persons in it, to whom I was speaking of the Christs, their origin and mission, and part in the history of mankind. And I spoke much of Jesus, representing that the doctrine of His immaculate conception was to be understood only in a mystic sense, and that all the story we have of His birth refers solely to His initiation, which is the true birth of the Son of God. And I proved this by many texts and passages from the Gospels themselves and other writings. And I spoke also of the origin of Jesus, and how He had been made perfect through suffering. Of this suffering we hear, I said, but little in the one life of His which is recorded in the Gospels. The suffering referred to is a long course of trial and upward progress experienced in former incarnations. And I named some of the more recent ones, but have not been enabled to retain them.

" Coming to His passion and death, I explained that these were no atonement in the sense ordinarily understood. For that God does not take the mere shedding of innocent blood as any satisfaction for the moral guilt of others ; but that the mystical Blood of Christ by which we are saved is no other than the secret of the Christs whereby they transmute themselves from the material to the spiritual plane, the secret, namely, of inward purification. And I showed that throughout all the sacred writings the word blood is used as a synonym for life ; and that life, in its highest, perfectest, and intensest sense, is not the mere physical life understood by materialists, but the essence of that life, the inward God in the man. And when it is written that those in the highest courts of heaven are they who have made their robes *white* in the blood of the Lamb, it is signified that they have attained redemption through their perfect attainment of the secret of the Christs. And when, also, it is said that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, it is signified that sin is impossible to him who is perfectly spiritualised and has been baptized with the spiritual baptism. The blood of Christ, therefore, is not the material blood of any man whatsoever. It is the secret and process of spiritual perfectionment attained by the Christ, and that whereby all who, following His method, know God and are initiated, become redeemed and attain the gift of eternal life. And many other things I said, being, as it seemed to me, taught of some spirit, and not knowing beforehand what things I was to say.

" Now I perceived behind me, a little to my right, a beautiful marble image of Pallas Athena, which stood in a small recess in the wall, and there fell upon it a bright golden light like sunshine, which varied from time to time to all the seven colours, but more frequently to the violet than to the others. And the light was chiefly on the head and bosom of the figure, which was clad as a warrior with helmet, shield, and spear. And I could hardly determine, as I looked at it, whether it were a living or a marble form, so lifelike was it.

" A little while later all the people to whom I had been speaking were gone away, and I was in the room alone with my mother. She was in great distress and agitation, regarding me as lost and as an apostate from Christianity ; nor would she listen to any explanation I could make on the matter. She wept bitterly, declaring I had broken her heart, and made her old age a sorrow and a burden to her

by my apostasy, and that I should be utterly cast away unless I repented and returned to the orthodox belief ; and she besought me on her knees to recant what I had said. No words can convey the intensity of my pain and the trouble of spirit caused me by this conduct of hers. My mother seemed to swoon at my feet with the excess of her emotion ; and I was on the point of yielding to her entreaties when I saw the door of the room open and a Spirit enter. He came and stood beside me, and said these words : 'Whoso putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God. And whoso loveth father and mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me.'

"Then the dream passed away, and I remember no more ; but a deep feeling remained impressed on my mind that the scene was but the rehearsal and foreshadowing of something that would actually occur in my future life."

She fully shared my delight at this exposition, but was especially pleased by the fresh recognition of Pallas Athena as the symbol of the Divine Wisdom, and the exquisite manner in which was intimated the concurrence of all the Seven Spirits of God in the doctrine as thus interpreted, and the dominance among their colours of the gold and the violet, Phoibos and Saturn, Wisdom or Love, and Reverence, the inner and outer, which comprise the whole Sacred Seven.

I am happily able to state, as I do in advance, that, while not altogether escaping reproach from the quarter indicated, she was able, by taking the prognostic as a warning as well as a prophecy, and abstaining from pressing her views on her mother, to minimise the unhappiness of the latter.

On October 28 she received in sleep the experience published in *Dreams and Dream-Stories* under the title of "The Perfect Way with Animals," the utterer of which bore the form of a cart-horse, and spoke in that character. Whether it was really the spirit of a cart-horse, or some other who assumed that aspect, was not stated. We were, however, given to understand that, though animals are rudimentary men, it is a great mistake to limit the intelligence of the spirit in them to that implied by their external forms, upon which their power of expression depends.

A desire having been expressed by Lady Caithness, who had now taken up her residence in Paris, to have some of the Scriptures given us read to her, and being mindful of the prohibition imposed, we sought and obtained the requisite permission, the alleged reason for the exception in her favour being that she

was destined to be an instrument in the promulgation of our results when the fitting time should come. A day was accordingly fixed for the reading, but when it arrived Mary was so ill that it seemed impossible for her to go, and the question arose whether—in the event of my being able to leave her at all—I should go alone and undertake the reading without her; and by way of obtaining an answer on this point we sat for some writing, when the following was given :—

"The one in Red guards his privileges, and claims to be present whatever is read."

As this was from her genius, it was clear that, as he could not be present without her, there was to be no reading unless she was able to go; and we accordingly waited to see if, when the hour for starting came, she would recover sufficiently to make the effort. Meanwhile she lay on the sofa resting, but not sleeping; and I sat by her. Presently, being still awake, but having her eyes closed, she was shown a vision of a large book, containing our Scriptures, open, and surrounded by an iris showing vividly all the colours of the rainbow, and in the air were these lines, which I wrote down at her dictation. They proved to be the sequel of the sentence just written, making the whole utterance run thus :—

"The one in Red guards his privileges, and claims to be present whatever is read.
"For the air is filled with the haters of the Mysteries.
"Therefore for your sakes the chain must be complete;
"And the light must be refracted round you seven times.
"He who is Red stands within the holy circle;
"And the Violet guards the outermost.
"For the Word is a Word of Mystery, and they who guard it are Seven.
"Beware that nothing you hear be told unless the circle be perfect.
"And this charge we lay upon you until the work be accomplished.
"Fire and Sword and War are against you; you walk in the midst of commotion;
"And your life is in peril every hour until the words be completed."

Together with this remarkable utterance she received an accession of strength to overcome her attack in time to enable us to keep our appointment. We readily recognised in the "haters of the Mysteries" the influences from whom we had suffered so much. And in the renewed reference to our respective colours and the "Seven Spirits of God" we found a

fresh demonstration of the identity in derivation and character of the teaching given to us with that of the Bible, and understood God's "Bow in the clouds" to be intended spiritually, and as implying the immanence of God in creation and the perpetual operation of the Seven creative Elohim, or "Spirits of God," in the spiritual elaboration of man.

The reading was highly appreciated by our auditor, and having long been an ardent student of Swedenborg, she was able to recognise the principles of his method of interpretation as identical with those of ours, and at the same time to recognise our application of those principles as superior to his, as judged by the results. And this was precisely the conclusion to which we ourselves came when the opportunity arose for reading his writings for ourselves, when there was no doubt that he had in many vital respects departed from the canon of interpretation defined by himself, and, instead of correcting, had reinforced the worst errors of the current orthodoxy, even to entirely missing the doctrine of Regeneration and the real genesis of the Christ and nature of the Incarnation.

On December 6 Mary received [in sleep] the first part of the interpretation entitled in *Clothed with the Sun*, "Concerning the Prophecy of the Time of the End"; the second section of it was reserved until some seven years later.[1] This revelation was a further token to us of the intention to make our work a fulfilment of the Bible prophecies, as it related to the prophecies of Daniel and of Jesus respecting the world's spiritual state at the end of the age, and its inspirer was no other than the angel Gabriel. She was much perplexed by this change in the personality of her illuminator, who hitherto had presented himself as Hermes, whose Hebrew equivalent is Raphael; but on her mentioning her perplexity to me, I recollected that Gabriel was the inspirer of Daniel, and had told him that he (Daniel) should return and prophesy at the end of the age, whereat she was greatly reassured and awestruck, so vivid was the impression it gave her of the stupendous reality of her faculty and of our work. We gathered from the presence of Gabriel on this occasion—and a subsequent instruction confirmed the impression—that Daniel's spirit was the vehicle for Gabriel, so that the pro-

[1] July 1886.

phecy implied no reincarnation for Daniel, but only an overshadowing by him and Gabriel jointly of the prophet of the period in question, as the Baptist by the spirit of Elias. We noted also that, as Michael had been the presiding angel at the time of Daniel, so is he that of the present, as declared both by Daniel and in the Apocalypse he would be. This discovery afforded fresh confirmation of the reality of the experience relating to the mustering of Michael and his hosts, which, as before described, was vouchsafed to me at the outset of our work, namely, in the autumn of 1876. The revelation of Gabriel to Mary was accompanied by a vision of the most terrific signs of impending disaster to the world, plainly visible to her, but unperceived by all others, and indicating the total disruption of the existing order of things.

While sitting by the open window and gazing up at the clear sky one day in the course of this autumn she suddenly saw these lines before her. Their style reminded us vividly of George Herbert's poems :—

"I thank Thee, Lord, who hast through devious ways
Led me to know Thy praise,
And to this wildernesse
Hast brought me out Thine Israel to bless.

If I should faint with thirst, or weary sink,
To these my soul is drink,
To these the magic rod
Is Life, and mine is hid with Christ in God."

"*To the Princess Marie-Christina of Austria*[1]

"MADAM,—The festivities which will celebrate the marriage of your Imperial Highness with the King of Spain will be signalised by a repetition of the same cruel and barbarous exhibitions which scandalised Europe on the occasion of his Majesty's former alliance with Queen Mercedes. I refer to the State Bull-fights, with which Spain alone, of all countries professing the Christian faith, continues to outrage civilisation. Your Imperial Highness will be expected to patronise by your presence these bloody and horrible combats unknown to the nation which has given you birth and education. Pray permit me, speaking with the voice of the great English nation which I represent in this letter, and, I may add, with the voice also of all the civilised people of Europe, both Catholic and Protestant, to remind your Imperial Highness that the great event which is about to take place in your life will put into your hands a mighty

[1] In November 1879 King Alphonso XII. of Spain married the Austrian Archduchess Maria Christina of Hapsburg.—S. H. H.

opportunity for advancing civilisation among your adopted people and for serving the cause of humanity.

"Your Imperial Highness may remember how in a past age the public gladiatorial fights, which used once to make the delight of a whole people scarcely less refined than that of modern Spain, were finally abolished by means of the noble courage of a simple Christian monk who leapt into the arena, separated the combatants, and appealed to the Emperor and to the spectators to forbid the repetition of such savage exhibitions. His brave and generous conduct thrilled the hearts of his auditors, they acknowledged his interference with applause, and from that day no more blood was shed for sport in the arena. Your Imperial Highness has in your hands a power surpassing a thousandfold that of this poor Christian monk. Your exalted position gives you the right—nay, more, it imposes on you the duty—of refusing to sanction by your presence those terrible scenes of agony and death which no woman ought to be able to witness and which no queen ought to favour by her patronage. Let Spain know that her new sovereign regards these exhibitions as unfit for the eyes of a Christian and Catholic princess, and be assured that all Europe will ring with the warmest approbation of your conduct. The whole Press of England and of all the greater Continental nations will heartily applaud your act, and you will win for yourself the blessing of Almighty God, the approval of your own conscience, and the ardent admiration and affectionate esteem of all civilised and Christian people.

"Coming from the bosom of a nation to whom these hateful spectacles are unknown, your Imperial Highness has the best of reasons and of opportunities for refusing the countenance and support of your favour to a sport so foreign in its elements to the instincts and traditions of your own Court. Rather than stoop to the lower level of Spain, the royal daughter of Austria should raise her adopted country to the standard of her own, and, so doing, remove from Europe the stigma of a long-felt disgrace to modern civilisation and inaugurate for her new people the reign of a truer humanity than Spain has yet known.

"My name, Princess, matters little, nor does my cause need the advocacy of any individual sponsor. I am one of that people whose great sacrifice on behalf of the abolition of the slave-trade gained for them universal respect. In social condition I am wife of an English clergyman, and I am studying medicine in order to achieve the abolition of the slaughter and torture of animals, whether for food or for science. And my name is

"Anna Kingsford."

This letter was sent but not acknowledged. Even for herself it was but a forlorn hope. And she fully appreciated the force of my reply to her question what I thought of its prospects—that it was what I should think of the prospects of an appeal to an intending queen of Great Britain to make the abolition of horse-racing, hunting, or shooting the condition of her acceptance of the position.

CHAPTER XV

FLOODS OF LIGHT

It was the last year of her student course, provided all went well. It was ushered in by a frost of extraordinary severity and duration, lasting, with scarcely an intermission, from November to April. The Seine became a glacier ; the lakes in the Bois were fields of solid ice ; the Fahrenheit that hung outside my bedroom window fell to zero ; Paris was menaced with a famine, both of fuel and of water ; and not even the freest expenditure of the former article sufficed to maintain in our apartment a temperature compatible with vitality. The natural resource at such season, a visit home for Christmas, was doubly barred. The weather made travelling dangerous in the extreme ; and she could not spare the time from her studies. We resolved, therefore, to stay where we were and make the best of the situation, and, if possible, to turn the frost to account by making it minister to my recovery. For my sufferings from deranged circulation were indescribable. In this view I resumed my old and favourite pastime of skating, thinking such exercise the best panacea. And we accordingly repaired daily to the Bois, where I devoted myself to propelling my colleague in a chair over the ice. Failing to gain ground as I had hoped, I betook myself to the Hammam, where I followed up the Turkish bath with douches the coldest, the strongest, and the longest, and such as in my normal condition I could not have endured. But, to the attendant's astonishment no less than to my own, I was completely indifferent to them in one way or another. My next resource was to consult a doctor, which I did with fear and trembling, though I took the precaution to select an English practitioner, and one whose position would ensure his being of the highest grade. This was the physician to the British Embassy. He fully appreciated the extraordinary character of the symptoms, but was wholly unable to comprehend

any explanation I could give him of their cause. His prescription was digitalis. Had it been its fellow-drug, strychnine, it might—as I subsequently learnt—have somewhat modified my ailment. But as it was, he gave me the most unsuitable of the alkaloids, the effect of the first dose of which was to give me a vivid suggestion of what the sensation of dying might be like, and the second so nearly to realise the process that the third remained untaken; on each occasion it was as if my heart had been touched by a lump of ice. My ear trouble becoming thus more acute than ever, I repaired to an aurist, reputed the most skilful in Paris, but with no other result than a decided aggravation of the evil. The mischief was clearly not local, or amenable to such medical skill as was to be obtained in Paris. Finding there was nothing for it but to wait until my system should recover of its own accord, I resolved to "suffer and be strong," repressing meanwhile all manifestations of my distress, which I was able to do notwithstanding its intensity. For it was organic only, and did not affect the mind or will. I found it very curious and instructive to note the completeness of the distinction between the two selfhoods, the exterior and phenomenal personality and the interior and substantial individuality. Meanwhile I did not believe that the former could hold out much longer under the excessive tension to which it was subjected, and my anxiety about what would become of Mary and the work were I to succumb was intense.

The frosty atmosphere seemed to supply electric conditions highly favourable to spiritual illumination. And the early morning of January 31 brought the wonderful dramatic exposition "Concerning Vicarious Atonement," which stands as Chapter xxix. of Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun*, and a portion of which was as follows. The exposition was prefaced by an object-lesson which was in this wise. A lad at a dame's-school had been sentenced, for some grievous fault, to be branded on the hands and expelled. The daughter of the schoolmistress, however, had voluntarily taken the punishment on herself; and on Mary's inquiring of her the rationale of this act, the following dialogue ensued, the girl speaking first :—

"I told you the punishment due to the child cannot be escaped; and I have taken it upon myself of my own free will, although I am innocent and the beloved daughter of her who has been so grievously offended and injured. As he would have been branded, I am branded; and as he would have been expelled, I am expelled. Thus have I

redeemed him. I suffer for him. Justice is satisfied, and he is pardoned. This is Vicarious Atonement."

Then, as she spoke these words, a wind blew in my face, and I breathed it in, and being inspired, spoke thus, with a loud voice :—

"O fool, to imagine that justice can be satisfied by the punishment of the innocent for the guilty! Rather is it doubly outraged. How can your being branded on the hands save the child? Hath not the Word of God declared, 'No man shall take the sin of another, nor shall any make atonement for his brother's trespass; but every one shall bear his own sin, and be purified by his own chastisement'? And again, is it not written, 'Be ye perfect'? And as no one can become perfect save through suffering, how can any become perfect if another bear his suffering for him? To take away his suffering is to take away his means of redemption, and rob him of his crown of perfection. The child cannot be pardoned through your assumption of his chastisement. Only if through suffering himself he repent can he receive forgiveness. And so with the man who sins against the Creator by outraging his intuition and defiling the temple of God. The suffering of the Creator Himself for him, so far from redeeming him, would but rob him of his means of redemption. And if any declare that the Lord God hath thus ordained, the answer is, 'Justice first, and the Lord God afterwards!' But only through the perversion of ignorance can such doctrine be believed. The Mystery of Redemption has yet to be understood.

"This is that Mystery. There is no such thing as Vicarious Atonement; for none can redeem another by shedding innocent blood. The Crucifix is the emblem and symbol of the Son of God, not because Jesus shed His blood upon the cross for the sins of man, but because the Christ is crucified perpetually so long as sin remains. The saying, 'I am resolved to know nothing save this one mystery, Christ Jesus and Him crucified,' is the doctrine of Pantheism. For it means that God is in all creatures, and they are of God, and God as Adonai suffers in them.

"Who, then, is Adonai? Adonai is the Dual Word, the manifestation of God in Substance, who manifests Himself as incarnated Spirit, and so manifesting Himself, by love redeems the world. He is the Lord who, crucified from the beginning, finds His full manifestation in the true Son of God. And therefore is it written that the Son of God, who is Christ, is crucified. Only where Love is perfect is Sympathy perfect, and only where Sympathy is perfect can one die for another. Wherefore the Son of God says, 'The wrongs of others wound me, and the stripes of others fall on My flesh. I am smitten with the pains of all creatures, and My heart is pierced with their hearts. There is no offence done and I suffer not, nor any wrong and I am not hurt thereby. For My heart is in the breast of every creature, and My blood is in the veins of all flesh. I am wounded in My right hand for man, and in My left hand for woman; in My right and left feet for the beasts of the earth and the creatures of the deep; and in My heart for all.'

". . . And because the Son of God loves, He is powerful, and the power of love redeems. He being lifted up, draws all men unto Him.

. . . They were not forgiven because Christ died ; they were changed because he loved. . . . The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, not by the purchase of pardon with another's gold, but because the love of God hath changed the life of the sinner."

Thus was it at length made absolutely clear to us that the ghastly and revolting tenet of vicarious atonement rests upon the rendering by sacerdotalism of the word *for* to mean *instead of*, when it really means *in* and *with*, as a mother suffers *for* her child, by sympathy.

This vision was instantly followed by another in which the seeress " beheld an infinite expanse of sky, open and clear, and blue and sunlit, all in the most intense degree, and across it and upwards flew an eagle like a flash of lightning," her impression of the meaning of which, as stated in the original edition of *Clothed with the Sun*, was that it signified that, with the reproach of innocent blood removed from God and the Divine character vindicated from the aspersion cast on it by the priest-constructed tenet of vicarious atonement, there is nought to check the soul's aspiration. Another meaning was, however, subsequently shown to me as the one intended when preparing the American edition of the book, which led to my insertion of the following note :—

" Representing the return of the inspiring spirit to God, the apparition of the eagle was, like the illumined image of Pallas, an emphatic declaration of the divinity of the utterance."

Some time after the receipt of the illuminations on this subject we read an account of a great gathering of London butchers under the presidency of Mr Spurgeon, when the chief feature of the occasion was the singing of a hymn, " There is a fountain filled with blood," which had been selected as peculiarly appropriate to the butcher-mind, and was insisted on as true in the grossest and most literal sense. And Mary conceived the idea of sending a copy of her expositions to Mr Spurgeon, in the hope of awakening in him a sense of the hideous blasphemy of the teaching he had been imposing on the poor butchers as divine truth.

There was a grotesque element in the suggestion which struck my fancy, and I was disposed to encourage it. But knowing something of the papal character of the divine in question and his compeers, I saw it would never do to appear before him as a superior claiming to be qualified to instruct him, as that would be only to arouse opposition and resentment. Better, I thought,

to pose as an inquirer respectfully seeking counsel and guidance in view of the doubts raised by the expositions in question. Thus called on to teach, there was a possibility of his learning something. But the occasion was suffered to pass, the pressure of our work being too great to allow of the expenditure of time and force upon an enterprise of which the issue would be so dubious. And the divine in question finally quitted the earth-life in glad anticipation of making the personal acquaintance of the great master-butcher whom he had insisted on glorifying as God.

On February 2 she wrote :—

"I went in my sleep last night from one torture-chamber to another in the underground vaults of a vivisector's laboratory, and in all were men at work lacerating, dissecting, and burning the living flesh of their victims. But these were no longer mere horses or dogs or rabbits ; for in each I saw a human shape, the shape of a man, with limbs and lineaments resembling those of their tormentors, hidden within the outward form. And so, when they bound down a horse, and gathering round him, cut into him with knives, I saw the human shape within him writhe and moan as if it were a babe in its mother's womb. And I cried aloud, 'Wretches ! you are torturing an unborn man !' But they only mocked at me, for with *their* eyes they could not see that which I saw. Then they brought a rabbit and thrust its eyes through with hot irons. And the rabbit seemed to me, as I gazed, like the tiniest infant, with human face, and hands which stretched appealingly towards me, and lips which tried to cry for help in human accents. And again I cried to them, 'O blind ! blind ! do ye not see that your victim is of your own kind, a child that is human ?' But they only laughed and jeered at me, and in the agony of my despair I woke."

Her persistent refusal to allow her professors to vivisect at her lessons continued to subject her not only to constant altercations with them, but to a constant change of them. Of one of them, Dr L——, who has since become very notorious as an experimentalist, she abruptly asked one day, "Pray does your wife know how her husband occupies himself in his laboratory ?"—for she knew the lady in question to be young, charming, and innocent. He looked surprised and annoyed, and at length replied very gravely that he "would not have her know it for worlds." Her next blow terminated the connection. It was to give him a copy of our pamphlet, *De la Ligue contre la Vivisection*, but without avowing her part in it. For that might have been to imperil her degree. Her avowal of agreement with it, however, led to his resignation.

One day she came home from the schools delighted to be able

to report a reprimand administered by the examining professor to a student who had cited experimentation upon animals as the method he should employ for testing the effects of poisons and other drugs. "Then, sir," the professor had replied sharply, "you would employ a method fit only for idle and inaccurate men." Another day she reported how a student had quoted an experiment of the notorious Professor Majendie, on which had been based the conclusion that the stomach does not contract in the act of vomiting. The experiment in question consisted in dissecting out the stomach of a dog, and replacing it by a pig's bladder containing various articles of food; an emetic was then injected into the veins, which caused the animal to vomit, and because the dead bladder could not contract, it was concluded that therefore the living stomach does not contract! This conclusion had long held good in the schools, and had only recently been renounced. But of its renunciation the student concerned was ignorant. But he brought on himself a twofold rebuke, for not being up to date in his information, and for basing any conclusion upon animal experimentation.

Claude Bernard, too, whose authority on the matter could not be disputed, had openly asserted the inutility of the practice up to that time, saying of the whole order of experimental physiologists, "Our hands are empty to-day," and this after some 2500 years of it! Nevertheless the practice was insisted on; and in order the better to perfect themselves in it, numbers of the students were wont to supplement the professorial lessons by following it at their homes, converting their lodgings into laboratories on Sundays. We discussed together this palpable discrepancy between doctrine and practice, with the result that I suggested to her to put the question directly to the *chef* of her hospital. This was a man of much eminence in his special line, which was surgery, and known to us both as a man of kindly nature, though blunt of speech and abrupt of manner. She rather shrank from the task, saying it would be an unheard-of presumption for a student to interrogate a *chef* in the wards, and very much as it would be for a common sailor to interrogate the admiral of the fleet on his quarter-deck. I reminded her that her position was not that of the generality of students. She was a foreigner, and not necessarily bound to share the awe which a *chef* inspires in the students—his fellow-countrymen. She was English, and had a

prescriptive right to be eccentric ; and above all she was a woman —not to say a good-looking one—and by that fact was accorded privileges denied to men, so that her very weakness was her strength. The *chef*, too, was evidently kindly disposed towards her, and would probably be pleased with her pluck in attacking him on the subject. So, as she was really anxious to have the problem solved, she determined to put her question, which—exactly stated—was, " Why is vivisection insisted on when, as a method, it is considered unscientific, and the conclusions to which it points are rejected as unsound ? "

She returned in great glee and told me that, having watched for a favourable opportunity of putting her question, the *chef* had replied with the utmost graciousness, telling her to remind him after the course, when he would make a statement on the subject. So, when all the wards had been visited, he addressed the assembled class of students, which was a very large one, telling them that, in consequence of a question put to him by one of their number, he was going to make a statement about vivisection. He then spoke to this effect :—

" Speaking for myself and my brethren of the *Faculté*, I do not mean to say that we claim for that method of investigation that it has been of any practical utility to medical science, or that we expect it to be so. But it is necessary as a protest on behalf of the independence of science as against interference by clerics and moralists. When all the world has reached the high intellectual level of France, and no longer believes in God, the soul, moral responsibility, or any nonsense of that kind, but makes practical utility the only rule of conduct, then, and not until then, can science afford to dispense with vivisection."

Such a confession from one of the leaders at the headquarters of the practice filled us with delight, and was treasured up accordingly as a potent weapon for use in the " New Crusade." It was a recognition not only of its uselessness, but of its immorality and impiety—since it was these that qualified it to be a protest against moralists and religionists—and this by one who regarded morality and religion as chimeras.

Another day she returned from a private lesson declaring that she believed the majority of people were mad, and we were among the few sane ones ; and as the persons who were deprived of their faculties were in power, those who were in possession of their faculties would have to conceal the fact, lest they be shut up as lunatics. She then proceeded to relate the cause of her provoca-

tion to this outburst. Her lesson was on "forensic" or legal medicine, and she had appealed to the professor for a precise definition of insanity, whereby to test a patient suspected of it. The chief test, he informed her, was the possession of a fixed idea which no reason or evidence could displace. On asking further for a case in point, she was told as follows :—

"Only last week," said Dr B——, "one occurred in my practice. I and some other members of the *Faculté* were called upon to pronounce on the mental condition of a man who, in all respects but one was as sane as you or I ; a man in good position and repute, a clever writer, and good man of business. But he had a fixed idea which nothing could shake that he held conversations with his dead wife, and as his relations feared that, under such imagined influence, he might dispose of his property otherwise than in their favour, they very properly took medical advice, and he is now in an asylum."

"What!" exclaimed Mary. "That was the only proof of his madness ?"

"Certainly. What better proof could there be ? The man's wife was dead, and he believed that she came and talked with him."

"And, pray, why should she not ?"

"Why ? Because she was dead."

"But that is to assume the physical organism to be all, and that there is no principle which survives and can communicate with the living."

"Oh, if we were to admit the possibility of that, we should be admitting the truth of the spiritualistic hypothesis ; and what, then, would become of us and our materialistic philosophy, on which we have made up our minds ?"

"Well, then, do you mean to say that no reason or evidence would convince you that there is a soul which survives, and can hold converse with the living ?"

"No ; I cannot imagine anything that would convince me of that. On the contrary, were I to find myself disposed to believe anything of the kind, I should suppose that I was going out of my mind, and should at once put myself under medical treatment."

"Very well, then," she had replied, "it is clear to me, from your own definition and confession, that you are already qualified for a certificate of lunacy, and if I had my diploma, I should be justified in signing it ; for you admit that you have a fixed idea which no reason or evidence would shake."

One of her subjects with this professor was that of "toxic doses," meaning the quantity of any particular poison necessary to affect the system injuriously or fatally. The text-book used gave a number of instances showing the effects of such drugs on the human system, and she asked how the writer could have obtained his knowledge. On referring to the Medical Register, it appeared that he had been physician to an asylum for *enfants*

trouvés, and must have made his experiments upon the foundlings. Whereupon the professor exclaimed, "Lucky fellow! He got his subjects for nothing, and human ones, too! I wish I had his chance!"

From my Diary of February 7 :—

"I have been pondering much of late the method of inspiration, and seeking a test whereby to distinguish true inspiration from false; for that there is such a thing as the latter is obvious from the experiences of the spiritualists which claim to be due to extraneous spirits, generally the souls of persons recently dead, but are in no wise divine or reliable, though often quite beyond the ability of the utterers themselves to have produced them. We read, moreover, of false prophets as well as of true ones.

"Having been greatly perplexed over the matter, I mentally begged for an explanation, and my delight was beyond words when M. brought me this morning an instruction received by her [in sleep] during the night, which clears up the whole mystery in a manner surpassing any ever known, and this without her being aware of my need for it. When I had read it she said, pointing to the first verse, 'But I did not ask for it.' 'But I did,' I replied; 'and they treat us as one person, I suppose, because they recognise us as together making a complete faculty.'

"I heard last night in my sleep a voice speaking to me, and saying—

"'You ask the method and nature of Inspiration, and the means whereby God revealeth the Truth.

"'Know that there is no enlightenment from without; the secret of things is revealed from within.

"'From without cometh no Divine Revelation: but the Spirit within beareth witness.

"'Think not I tell you that which you know not: for, except you know it, it cannot be given to you.

"'To him that hath it is given, and he hath the more abundantly.

"'None is a prophet save he who knoweth: the instructor of the people is a man of many lives.

"'Inborn knowledge and the perception of things, these are the sources of revelation: the soul of the man instructeth him, having already learned by experience.

"'Intuition is inborn experience; that which the soul knoweth of old and of former years.

"'And illumination is the light of wisdom, whereby a man perceiveth heavenly secrets.

"'Which light is the Spirit of God within the man, showing unto him the things of God.

"'Do not think that I tell you anything you know not; all cometh from within: the Spirit that informeth is the Spirit of God in the prophet.

"'What, then, you ask, is the *Medium*; and how are to be regarded the utterances of one speaking in trance?

"'God speaketh through no man in the way you suppose; for the Spirit of the Prophet beholdeth God with open eyes. If he fall into

a trance, his eyes are open, and his interior man knoweth what is spoken by him.

" ' But when a man speaketh that which he knoweth not, he is obsessed : an impure spirit, or one that is bound, hath entered into him.

" ' There are many such, but their words are as the words of men who know not : these are not prophets nor inspired.

" ' God obsesseth no man ; God is revealed : and he to whom God is revealed speaketh that which he knoweth.

" ' Christ Jesus understandeth God : He knoweth that of which He beareth witness.

" ' But they who, being mediums, utter in trance things of which they have no knowledge, and of which their own spirit is uninformed : these are obsessed with a spirit of divination, a strange spirit, not their own.

" ' Of such beware, for they speak many lies, and are deceivers, working often for gain or for pleasure' sake : and they are a grief and a snare to the faithful.

" ' Inspiration may indeed be mediumship, but it is conscious ; and the knowledge of the prophet instructeth him.

" ' Even though he speak in an ecstasy, he uttereth nothing that he knoweth not.

" ' Thou who art a prophet hast had many lives : yea, thou hast taught many nations, and hast stood before kings.

" ' And God hath instructed thee in the years that are past ; and in the former times of the earth.

" ' By prayer, by fasting, by meditation, by painful seeking, hast thou attained that thou knowest.

" ' There is no knowledge but by labour ; there is no intuition but by experience.

" ' I have seen thee on the hills of the East : I have followed thy steps in the wilderness : I have seen thee adore at sunrise : I have marked thy night-watches in the caves of the mountains.

" ' Thou hast attained with patience, O prophet ! God hath revealed the truth to thee from within.' "

Thus, for the first time known to history, was given a definition of the nature and method of inspiration and prophecy, at once luminous, reasonable, and inexpugnable, to the full and final solution of this stupendous problem ; and comporting with and explaining, as it did, all our own experiences, we felt that we could bear unreserved testimony to its truth. But, vast as was the addition thus made to the New Gospel of Interpretation, it did not exhaust the treasures revealed and communicated on that wondrous night ; for it was followed immediately by a prophecy of the meaning of the new dispensation on which the world is entering, and of which our work is the introduction. At once Biblical in diction and character, it reached in loftiness the highest level of Biblical prophecy and inspiration, demonstrating the

same world celestial and divine as the source of both. For which reason, and the crushing blow administered by it to the superstitions which have made of Christianity a by-word and a reproach by their gross materialisations of mysteries purely spiritual, it is reproduced in full here, although contained in *Clothed with the Sun.* The heading is of our own devising :—

A Prophecy of the Kingdom of the Soul, mystically called the Day of the Woman

" And now I show you a mystery and a new thing, which is part of the mystery of the fourth day of creation.

" The word which shall come to save the world shall be uttered by a woman.

" A woman shall conceive, and shall bring forth the tidings of salvation.

" For the reign of Adam [1] is at its last hour ; and God shall crown all things by the creation of Eve.

" Hitherto the man hath been alone, and hath had dominion over the earth.

" But when the woman shall be created, God shall give unto her the kingdom ; and she shall be first in rule and highest in dignity.

" Yea, the last shall be first ; and the elder shall serve the younger.

" So that women shall no more lament for their womanhood ; but men shall rather say, ' O that we had been born women ! '

" For the strong shall be put down from their seat ; and the meek shall be exalted to their place.

" The days of the covenant of manifestation are passing away : the gospel of interpretation cometh.

" There shall nothing new be told ; but that which is ancient shall be interpreted.

" So that man the manifestor shall resign his office ; and woman the interpreter shall give light to the world.

" Hers is the fourth office : she revealeth that which the Lord hath manifested.

" Hers is the light of the heavens, and the brightest of the planets of the holy seven.

" She is the fourth dimension ; the eyes which enlighten ; the power which draweth inward to God.

" And her kingdom cometh ; the day of the exaltation of woman.

" And her reign shall be greater than the reign of the man : for Adam shall be put down from his place ; and she shall have dominion for ever.

" And she who is alone shall bring forth more children to God than she who hath an husband.

" There shall no more be a reproach against women : but against men shall be the reproach.

" For the woman is the crown of man, and the final manifestation of humanity.

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[1] *I.e.* the old Adam of sense.

" She is the nearest to the throne of God, when she shall be revealed.

" But the creation of woman is not yet complete ; but it shall be complete in the time which is at hand.

" All things are thine, O Mother of God : all things are thine, O Thou who risest from the sea ; and Thou shalt have dominion over all the worlds."

The former of the two utterances especially evoked discussion between us. I was at a loss to reconcile the denunciation of spiritualistic mediumship with the fact of my having been not allowed merely, but compelled, to have recourse to " Winona," and with results so satisfactory ; she herself, moreover, charging me that we were to have nothing to do with spiritualism, as our work lay far above that. This was a problem the solution of which was reserved for a later period, and will be given in its place. It proved to be so subtle and recondite, and to involve occult experience and knowledge yet to be attained, that we could not at this time have appreciated it ; for it turned upon the distinction between the different constituent principles of human nature.

The matter which chiefly exercised Mary was as to the personality of the " Thou " in the invocation to the prophet. If addressed equally to us both, it would imply that we had each exercised that function in one or more of our former lives. But as the instruction seemed to be addressed to me who had asked for it, rather than to her who had received it, her inference was that I alone was meant. To this I demurred, remarking that it was more in accordance with the method of our illuminators to deal with universals than with individuals, in which case the utterance would be an apostrophe to the prophet in general. Not that it was inherently unreasonable to suppose that it was also applicable to both of us. For not only were we both exercising prophetic functions now, but we both evidently had temperaments strongly predisposing us thereto, which would be accounted for by the doctrine of reincarnation, now so positively insisted on from a source beyond dispute.

The expression " Christ Jesus understandeth God " we recognised as referring, not to the historical or any special manifestation of the Christ, but to that principle in each person of which He was the full and typical menifestation, the " Christ

Jesus formed within" of Paul, meaning the new spiritual and substantial selfhood or individuality divinely generated within the physical and phenomenal personality, which, in virtue of being one in condition with God, namely, of pure spirit, is able to have knowledge of God.

To this Mary objected that it was to claim to be ourselves regenerate, which she was quite sure she was not, but very far from it in some respects. To which I replied that, coupling the doctrine of a multiplicity of earth-lives which was being taught us, and which we might find ourselves compelled to accept upon something more than a mere affirmation of it, difficult as we found it at present for its difference from our habits of thought, with the teaching obviously true of the Virgin Mary as being no person, but the soul and substance of existence,—I could understand how Regeneration might be a prolonged process extending over many lives, and comprising many stages and degrees, as, indeed, we had already been taught, so that it would be impossible to say exactly when it begins. And as the first manifestation of it must be the attainment of the spiritual consciousness, it certainly must have begun in our case, seeing how strong that consciousness is in ourselves. And if we had really lived before, it must have begun in some past life for us to be even what we are now. And then there are evidently two different regions of our nature in which it is necessary to be regenerated, of which one might be regenerated in advance of the other. These are character and faculty. For no man can be perfect who is deficient in either respect. And it might be that, in the absence of really perfect instruments for their work, or at least of perfect persons for their instruments, the Gods had chosen the best available, and were using persons who are possessed of the requisite degree of regeneration in respect of faculty without requiring of them a corresponding degree of regeneration in respect of character. And I was quite sure that a faculty such as hers would strike people in general as so marvellous as to be accountable for only by regeneration, supposing they knew what that is, however low might be her own estimate of herself in respect of character. And even as to character, it is impossible to judge how far a person is regenerate in that respect without knowing the strength of the ordeals to which he may be subjected through the tendencies of the bodily nature which is derived from his physical parentage.

For if regeneration is first of the interior and permanent self, it can only be by degrees that it can extend to and include the exterior and perishable self; and as the time requisite for this would depend upon the relative states of the two selves, the criterion of the degree of regeneration of the higher would be, not the success achieved, but the effort made. As we were taught, Jesus Himself had still an unregenerate point in His physical system, through which He succumbed to His crucifixion, showing that even the high degree of His regeneration, in respect of His substantial Self, had not sufficed fully to accomplish that of the organism which He had derived from His physical parents.

To these views she assented, saying, among other things, that they accounted for so many anomalies which had perplexed her both in herself and in others; as, for instance, why some people who are exceedingly clever are so wicked, while others who are exceedingly good are so stupid; and that she longed for the time to come when she would be free to think over the philosophy we were receiving, as I was able to do, without having other work to occupy her mind.

It was only by such slow degrees that we assimilated the doctrine of the dual heredity involved in that of reincarnation, that I was quite startled by the suggestiveness of a remark made to my inner hearing when sitting alone one day and pondering the difficulty which people often find in correcting in themselves even the faults they most deplore. It was to my Genius that I learnt to ascribe the utterance in question:—"Tendencies encouraged for ages cannot be cured in a single lifetime, but may require ages." And I thought how patient this ought to make us of the faults of others, and how impatient of our own faults.

Not the least remarkable for us was the recognition of the first chapter of Genesis as representing a process still in progress, and its "days" as denoting the continual spiritual elaboration of man. With regard to the intimation that the coming Messianic advent would be in the form of a woman, we were aware that such a belief had been entertained in certain schools of mysticism. But the reason now given us for it was altogether unanticipated. And we marvelled at the profundity of the spiritual insight which had been able to recognise the functions of manifestation and of

interpretation as respectively masculine and feminine.[1] This was not the only "annunciation" to Mary of her part in the nativity of "the Christ that is to be," or the only prophetic intimation given us of the significance of the incoming dispensation; but it was the first of both of these.

Even this sublime utterance did not exhaust the record of that wonderful night. For the sleep in which it had been received was succeeded by a state which is neither sleeping nor waking, but intermediate. This is the state of perfect quiescence, in which there is complete abstraction from the exterior and withdrawal into the interior consciousness in such wise as to render possible the recovery of memories there stored up, be these remote as they may; the condition of their retention being that they have been sufficiently intense to penetrate through the outer and lower planes of the consciousness to the inner and higher, and become a permanent possession of the soul. It was thus that she recovered a recollection of that which, besides being an invaluable exposition of the philosophy of reincarnation in one of its aspects —the moral—constituted a proof of her having been an actual associate of Him whose mission and doctrine she was destined to vindicate against the disastrous perversions of them by the order which, after crucifying Him personally, has ever since continued to crucify Him doctrinally. The following is her record of the experience. It was included in the appendix to the first edition of *The Perfect Way*, but withdrawn from the following edition, chiefly because it was found to be a stumbling-block to many, and was made the subject of travesty by the spirits of the astral by which so many of the mediums of the day were infested. It was subsequently included in *Clothed with the Sun*, where it is entitled—

CONCERNING THE PREVIOUS LIVES OF JESUS

"This morning between sleeping and waking I saw myself, together with many other persons, walking with Jesus in the fields round about Jerusalem, and while He was speaking to us a man approached, who looked very earnestly upon Him. And Jesus turned to us and said, 'This man whom you see approaching is a seer. He can behold the past lives of a man by looking into his face.' Then the

[1] The illumination refers not to persons, but to principles and offices. The man and woman are the man and woman of the mind, namely, the intellect and intuition (E. M., Lecture on the *New Gospel of Interpretation*). —S. H. H.

man being come up to us, Jesus took him by the hand and said, 'What readest thou?' And the man answered, 'I see Thy past, Lord Jesus, and the ways by which Thou hast come.' And Jesus said to him, 'Say on.' So the man told Jesus that he could see Him in the past for many long ages back. But of all that he named, I remember but one incarnation, or, perhaps, one only struck me, and that was *Isaac*. And as the man went on speaking, and enumerating the incarnations he saw, Jesus waved His right hand twice or thrice before his eyes, and said, 'It is enough,' as though He wished him not to reveal further. Then I stepped forward from the rest and said, 'Lord, if, as Thou hast taught us, the woman is the highest form of humanity, and the last to be assumed, how comes it that Thou, the Christ, art still in the lower form of man? Why comest Thou not to lead the perfect life, and to save the world as woman? For surely Thou hast attained to womanhood.' And Jesus answered, 'I have attained to womanhood, as thou sayest; and already have I taken the form of woman. But there are three conditions under which the soul returns to the man's form; and they are these:—

"'1st. When the work which the Spirit proposes to accomplish is of a nature unsuitable to the female form.

"'2nd. When the Spirit has failed to acquire, in the degree necessary to perfection, certain special attributes of the male character.

"'3rd. When the Spirit has transgressed, and gone back in the path of perfection, by degrading the womanhood it had attained.

"'In the first of these cases the return to the male form is outward and superficial only. This is My case. I am a woman in all save the body. But had My body been a woman's, I could not have led the life necessary to the work I have to perform. I could not have trod the rough ways of the earth, nor have gone about from city to city preaching, nor have fasted on the mountains, nor have fulfilled My mission of poverty and labour. Therefore am I—a woman—clothed in a man's body that I may be enabled to do the work set before Me.

"'The second case is that of a soul who, having been a woman perhaps many times, has acquired more aptly and readily the higher qualities of womanhood than the lower qualities of manhood. Such a soul is lacking in energy, in resoluteness, in that particular attribute of the Spirit which the prophet ascribes to the Lord when he says, 'The Lord is a Man of war.' Therefore the soul is put back into a man's form to acquire the qualities yet lacking.

"'The third case is that of the backslider, who, having nearly attained perfection,—perhaps even touched it,—degrades and soils his white robe, and is put back into the lower form again. These are the common cases; for there are few women who are worthy to be women.'"

She was distinctly and positively assured that the incident thus shown her was one that actually occurred, and that she had borne part in it, though no record of it survives.

She further assured me that the character in which she held this conversation with Jesus was that of Mary Magdalen; and, as may be stated here in advance, it was the character in

which the whole of her subsequent recollections of Him were recovered.

I was greatly struck by the fitness of the idea that she whose affection and energy had prompted her to be " last at the cross and first at the sepulchre " of Him who at His first and personal coming to be the fullest and foremost manifestation of the Christ-principle to the world, and she, too, who had doubtless ministered to Him of her substance, should be the one appointed to return and be the principal interpreter and introducer of Him to the world on His second and spiritual coming. And it was not without a sense of awe that I recalled the reply made to me when, on a former like intimation, I had asked for guidance on our proposed association—" Live with her as John the Beloved would live with Mary Magdalen were the two to come back to tell the world what they knew about the Christ " [1]

But, notwithstanding these intimations, I was exceedingly slow to recognise and accept them in their obvious sense. In any case, the revolution involved to my previous habit of mind was too great to be readily made by one who was intensely conservative of temperament. And the theory was inconsistent with the conception I had been led to form respecting Mary herself. For, while regarding her as a soul of extraordinary percipience, especially in respect of things spiritual, there were in her character certain inequalities and contradictions which were intelligible to me only as the result of youthfulness and immaturity, making her system a chaos replete, indeed, with divine potentialities, some of which were in an advanced stage of realisation, but yet wanting much to constitute it a kosmos. There was also between us in a marked degree this difference, which seemed to me to imply a far greater degree of maturity on my part. While for me the evidences of the reality of our work remained fixed in my memory and were cumulative, together building up a body of proof altogether inexpugnable ; for her they were evanescent, no recollection of them being retained in such wise as to indicate a permanent and substantial personality as their recipient and depositary. And it was largely to this lack of the organic memory that I ascribed the facility with which she had been persuaded

[1] See p. 173 *ante*.

by O. of the illusory character of her spiritual experiences. "Winona," too, of whose marvellous percipience I had received so many proofs, had described her as having a "very young organism." And, sensitive as she was in certain regions of her system to a degree far surpassing me, there were other regions in which she was comparatively non-sensitive to an extent which astonished me. And that she herself was capable of recognising this difference in a measure was shown by her remarking to me one day, in regard to some point in ethics on which I had insisted, that if she had, as I said, a microscopic faculty for seeing the spiritual side of things, I certainly had a microscopic faculty for seeing their moral side.

There was also this characteristic in our experiences of which I sought for the explanation. And as a tentative hypothesis I tried the following. The revelations came to her mostly when, through my inability to find the interpretation which satisfied me, my work required them, and they came to her independently of any knowledge on her part that I was wanting them, or of any thought of or desire for them.[1] Might it not be, then, that it was really my own spirit who knew them, and who gave them to her for me, finding her so much more readily impressible than myself? The theory was not an agreeable one to me, partly because, however indispensable might be my part in the work, I recognised hers as the superior, and took delight in doing so; and partly because it failed to account for my possession of the

[1] In an article in *Light* (March 17, 1888, p. 127), Edward Maitland, writing on this subject, said: "Most of [Anna Kingsford's illuminations were] so timed as to come when, having exhausted my own power of interpretation, I stood in need of help, and this generally without her knowing my need, and always without her having been able to supply it had she known it. For the knowledges were far beyond us both, as also was the language in which they were expressed; and they equally excited her wonder and admiration and mine. As may well be supposed, our discussions were many as to their source. We seemed to have obtained access to a reservoir of knowledge at once unlimited and infallible, but the precise *modus operandi* remained hidden. All that we felt confident of, was that the knowledges in question transcended all of which we had ever heard; that they were exactly what all inquiring minds in the religious world were longing for; and that they did not seem to come from extraneous sources, but in some way to be revealed from within, as if stored up in some interior recess of the mind, and requiring only that we reached far enough to get them; and this, even when the agent of their transmission assumed a personal form, as not unfrequently happened" (see pp. 257–8 *ante*).—S. H. H.

knowledges concerned. The idea occurred to me one night after I had retired, and I pondered it during the next day, but did not impart it to her, one reason for my reticence being that I knew she would resent any imputation of being simply "my medium" and reflecting me. What happened on the evening of that day, which was February 28, led me to suspect that our Genii had suggested it to me in order to make it the occasion of imparting to me the knowledge it was necessary for me to have respecting both the source and method of the revelation, and the secret of the anomalies by which I was so sorely perplexed.

In the evening, to my surprise—for we so greatly disliked that method of communication—she proposed to sit for some writing.[1] The event proved that the suggestion had been prompted by our illuminators; for we had no sooner placed our hands on the instrument than it began to write, as if we were being waited for. And this is what was written :—

"We are instructed to say several things to-night. We are your Genii.

"*To Caro.*—In the first place you entirely misconceive the process by which the revelation comes to Mary. The method of this revelation is entirely interior. Mary is not a medium; nor is she even a seer as you understand the word. She is a prophet. By this we mean that all that she has ever written, or will write, is from within, and not from without. She knows; she is not told. Hers is an old, old spirit. She is older than you are, Caro; older by many thousand years. Do not think that spirits other than her own are to be credited with the authorship of the new Gospel. As a proof of this, and to correct the false impression you have on the subject, the holy and inner truth, of which she is the depositary, will not in future be given to her by the former method. All she writes henceforth she will write consciously. Yes, she must finish the new Evangel by conscious effort of brain and will."

When we had read this I told her of the idea suggested to me in correction of which it was given, and then the writing was resumed. It ran thus :—

"*To Mary.*—It may serve to exhibit the path by which you have come, and to suggest the nature of some ancient tendencies which

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[1] *I.e.* with a planchette. The use of the planchette had—for a long time past—been "of very rare occurrence" with them, "mainly [Edward Maitland says] because of the great expenditure of time and nervous energy involved in the using of that instrument, the exhaustion of the latter often requiring several days for recovery" (Article on A. K. in *Light*, March 17, 1888, p. 128, and see p. 346 *post*).—S. H. H.

may yet tarnish the mirror of a soul destined to attain perfection, to learn that you dwelt within the body of Faustine, the Roman ; she who loved to see men die, to whom life was lust, and all its ways were a famine of the flesh for meat and sense and wine."

The shock of such a communication would have been tremendous even had it stood alone. But coming as it did immediately upon one so widely different, it was as a fall from the loftiest heights to the lowest depths. For some time neither of us spoke, and she sat with her face bent down and buried in her hands. At length, looking up, she said appealingly, " Do you think I ever could have been cruel as they say ? "

The question was an embarrassing one on various accounts. Neither of us could entertain a thought of distrusting our Genii after all that they had shown us. And I did not see how, unless there were a weak point of the kind in her system, she could have been made the instrument of the influences which had caused me such acute and prolonged suffering. At length I replied by reminding her of her liability to be so completely possessed by her idea as to be blind to aught else, and suggesting that, if this was a characteristic of Faustine, she might have done cruel things without thinking whether they were cruel or not. Just as in her own present life there had been a phase when she herself took delight in fox-hunting, so in a previous life such a phase might have lasted all through. And I added that, without pretending to be well up in the details of the Roman history of that period, I remembered that there were more Faustines than one, and it was not clear to me which of them was intended. To this she replied instantly, with a positiveness which surprised me—

" Oh, I know. It was the Empress of Marcus Aurelius, she of whom Swinburne says—

> ' Even he who cast seven devils out
> Of Magdalene,
> Could hardly do so much, I doubt,
> For you, Faustine.' "

" Mary Magdalen again ! " I thought to myself. " How extraordinary is this frequent recurrence of her name in our history ! " I was much struck, too, by the implication of Marcus Aurelius in the matter. For, of all characters in secular history, I had always been the most drawn to him, and fancied that in his place I should have been just what he was. But

his name had never before been mentioned between us. How if we two had been associated in a former life as Marcus Aurelius and Faustine! And what a reason, among others, for our present association would be her having to make amends to me for her ill conduct in that life! And "Prince Albert" had told me that I was once a prince![1]

Presently she remarked that it seemed impossible for a saint such as the Church accounted Mary Magdalen to come back so soon and be such a sinner as Faustine, especially in face of the Gospel-statement that her seven devils had been cast out.

To this I replied that it would hardly be safe to rely on either of those reasons. The Church went more by legend than by history, and the devils might have been cast out for the time without a permanent cure being wrought in the soul through whose weakness they had got access to her. That would be a much longer affair, as we were being taught. And then, what would be more like such a cometary character as she was than just such a sudden recoil from one extreme to the other of her nature? And I reminded her of the remark she had made to me when she had urged me to finish my story of *Saint or Sinner?* —how, when I pleaded that it was beyond my power because I had not enough of either character in myself to do it justice, she had declared that she was able to supplement any deficiencies of mine in both respects.[2] And I further suggested that so ambitious a nature as she allowed hers to be would inevitably prompt her to be foremost in whatever grade or condition of life she had found herself in; and that, with her extraordinary liability to reflect what was about her, she might be impelled to imitate others mechanically merely and without set intention of doing either right or wrong, but as if under magnetic control, in which case her moral responsibility would be of the smallest.

She seemed much struck by this view of herself; and then, as if craving some consolatory thought, she said, evidently speaking as much to herself as to me—

"But even if I was so bad in one of my lives, it does not follow that I was worse than other people have been in some of their lives. The history of the soul must be the same for all. And that one should be a greater sinner than another

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[1] See p. 223 *ante*.

[2] See p. 158 *ante*.

would imply only a greater capacity, and therefore the possibility of becoming a greater saint. In any case it is a great comfort to think that even of the soul of a Faustine it can be said that she was 'destined to attain perfection.' I cannot imagine a more glorious gospel than that to preach to the world! And, after all, it is only what Scripture itself says when it says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' And what else was the meaning of the parable of the Prodigal Son? It may have been His own soul's history that Jesus was telling in it."

Among other things she remarked on in this connection was the difficulty of reconciling her having been Mary Magdalen with the fact that the spirit at whose instigation she had joined the Roman Church also purported to be Mary Magdalen. This, I admitted, was a difficulty, and the only one I saw in the whole matter. But as we had yet everything to learn about the *modus operandi* of such phenomena, we had better wait for the explanation to come, as no doubt it would, in due time, if it was important for us to have it. For myself, I could conceive the possibility of a person's own spirit making objective to such person any of its former selves.

In order to maintain the continuity of my narrative, I have reserved until now the mention of a very striking dream which she received on February 21. This was the experience given in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, under the heading of "The Old Young Man." It will be enough to remark of it here, that while the idea of the possibility presented in it—that of the reanimation of a body recently dead by the disembodied soul of another person—was altogether strange to us, we subsequently learnt that it is fully recognised in the occultism of the East. It was evidently intended as an instruction necessary for us to have respecting the soul's possibilities and liabilities. We found the story very curious and suggestive. For all the phenomena of this order presented to her in sleep proved to be sound from the point of view of occult science. Her dreams seemed to be intended as a dramatic form of instruction.

CHAPTER XVI

CLOSE OF STUDENT COURSE

From my Diary :—

"*March* 13.—A few nights ago Mary found herself again in the library where she had received the chapter on the mystical interpretation of Scripture, and was told by the same courteous, old-fashioned old gentleman who had received her then, that he desired to communicate with me on a matter too delicate to be entrusted to a third person, but that he had a difficulty in doing so, as I had not been able to find my way to his house. We were still without any idea as to the identity of this personage ; but a day or two later, while sitting at my work, I received a sudden, vivid impression to the effect that the book which I am writing, *The Finding of Christ*, had better be published anonymously, in order to prevent the consideration of it from being impaired by association with the name of any person. It so happened that there was at the time a question about the book which much exercised me, and does so still. It is not that of putting my name to it. I have had no idea of withholding that. It is as to how far I am at liberty to use our chapters on the interpretation of Scripture. I can neither assume the authorship of them, nor can I avow their derivation ; and I have been greatly perplexed accordingly. The intimation above mentioned was accompanied by another which caused me to exclaim to myself that there was but one person from whom it could justly proceed, this being Emmanuel Swedenborg. For the intimation was to the effect that he, Swedenborg, hoped by our means to correct and complete his work.

"I made no mention of the occurrence, nor had either of us thought of connecting Swedenborg's name with the owner of the library she had now thrice visited in sleep. But yesterday evening, having been prompted to sit for some writing, the instrument wrote the words, 'Mr Maitland.' As this was the first time that I had ever been thus designated by it, or by any of our invisible visitants, and as it was also the name by which the occupant of the library had spoken of me, I concluded that it was he who was writing, and accordingly inquired whether I was correct in my idea as to what it was that he wanted to say to me. In reply to this he wrote, 'Not quite' ; and presently added, 'It is not considered desirable in our circle that you should produce the book in your name. I will suggest to Mrs Kingsford what should be done. Good-night.—E. S.'

"These being the initials of Swedenborg, I referred to Carpenter's *Life* of him, of which I have lately obtained a copy, and found that

the specimen there given of his handwriting closely resembled that of our message; while Mary declared that the portrait of him in the book, which she now saw for the first time, was exactly that of the tenant of the library, showing him as the same placid-looking, smooth-shaven, courtly man she had described to me. In short, every particular corresponded, even to his formal and measured mode of address, making it impossible to doubt that it was indeed the famous Swedish seer himself who had quitted the earth-life close on a century ago, and that he was now interesting himself in the work of the New Gospel of Interpretation, of which he had been the forerunner.

"*March* 14.—This evening Swedenborg came to us again, and in reference to the change of plans recommended to me, wrote :—' You may probably have a good deal of recasting to do; but do not let that discourage you. You will be repaid. In fact, the book should not see the light until the campaign has been opened at Mrs Kingsford's house by a few parlour addresses from her lips. But do not be too kind to the Christians.'

"On this we asked what precisely he meant by this caution, when he wrote :—

"' I use the word in its popular, not in its eclectic, sense. You are emphatically Perfectionists. Since I have had my library I have occupied myself much with pre-Nazarene eclecticism; and I find it much richer and more profound than that of the comparatively uncultivated Nazarite school.' "

It will be interesting to state here that about ten years later, on reading a quite recent work on Swedenborg, I found cited from a passage in his writings not before translated the words, "I love the Gentiles more than I love the Christians," which at once recalled to me, and coincided with, his expression to us, "Do not be too kind to the Christians," an expression which took us entirely by surprise, having understood that he by no means rejected the orthodox presentment of Christianity so far as its leading dogmas are concerned. The book in question is entitled *Swedenborg the Buddhist*, by "Philangi Dasa," and is published at Los Angeles, California. Its object is to show from the untranslated writings of Swedenborg, first, that he has not been fairly represented by his translators and followers; and, next, that his teaching really coincided so closely with that of the East as to suggest the occultists of that region as his inspirers; one alleged essential point of identity with them consisting in his recognition—distinctly but guardedly accorded—of the doctrine of Reincarnation. To this day, however, his disciples strenuously deny that doctrine on the ground that it is not taught by Swedenborg, but apparently denied.

The contention of "Philangi Dasa" is that Swedenborg denied

only the reincarnation of the astral phantom, not that of the true soul, in which case he would have the truth.

As might be supposed, we were greatly interested in receiving communications purporting to come from such a source, and bearing every imaginable impress of genuineness. On the following evening, March 15, he returned and wrote :—

" If Mr Maitland will permit me to speak frankly, I shall be very glad to mention what has happened to me in regard to his MS.

" It is now some time since that I was sitting after supper in my library, when an Angel in a red vestment entered and saluted me. I am accustomed to visits from Angels ; therefore this did not surprise me. ' I come,' said he, ' to ask your aid in a somewhat difficult matter. My Client '—it is thus that Angels often designate souls under their charge—' My Client,' says he, ' was here in your library some time ago, and under your magnetism recovered a memory of no small value. I ought,' says he, ' to mention that my Client is a soul of vast experience, and that I am of a proud and jealous disposition.' ' I see you are,' said I, smiling, and looking at his vestment. ' It is,' says he, ' my ardent wish to produce the Evangel my Client has acquired so painfully under my tuition, in my own way. Now, my Client has confided in another, with whom the work I have in charge is being done, the products of the Labour of the Past. I do not object to this ; in fact I encourage it ; for I find much of my happiness in association with the Angel who has my Client's friend in charge, and who is my Negative, while I am Positive. But it hurts me to think that my method is likely to be frustrated. And as the atmosphere is such that I cannot speak directly with my Client, I come to beg you to use your influence in my behalf. The writing in question is but fragmentary. I have been promised help to recover for my Client in this Incarnation the memory of all that is in the past. But I wish to wait until this is complete.' Here the communication broke off, and Swedenborg added, speaking for himself, ' I will come another time. There is a great deal more. Good-night.' "

We had no difficulty in assigning as the reason for this abrupt stoppage Mary's complete exhaustion by this long message, the force for writing which was palpably drawn from ourselves. On the next evening, as we were not quite clear whether the words " says he " referred in all cases to the Angel or sometimes to his Client, we asked for the information ; whereupon he wrote, " Yes, always to the Angel," and then ceased. Presently another and more delicate hand wrote :—" Eml. has an engagement to-night.—E." Upon this Mary exclaimed, " That must be the old lady whom I found in the library with him. Was he a married man ? " I said that I imagined he was not, and I got down his *Life* to ascertain. Here, after some search, I found it

stated that Swedenborg had never been married, but used to say in his old age that he believed that his great friend, Elizabeth von Gyllenborg, a maiden lady who had predeceased him, would be his spiritual wife hereafter.

The Angel's statement that Mary had recovered her memory under Swedenborg's magnetism coincided exactly with the experiences of both of us, as related some time back, and was a welcome testimony to the accuracy of our observation ; while it further showed that, though associated with Swedenborg and working on the same lines, we were neither indebted to him for our teaching nor restricted by his limitations :—

"*March* 23.—Our sittings for writing since the last entry have been fruitless, and we have been at a loss to know what has become of Swedenborg and the promised continuation of his message. Last night, however, Mary dreamt that she was with me in a restaurant, and that Swedenborg was there, walking up and down. On her accosting him he joined us, and we sat down together to a meal of what seemed to be tea, toast, and eggs. The conversation was long and interesting. He spoke of many persons and things on the earth, and showed that he kept himself fully informed of what was going on here below. Among other things, he said, in answer to a question as to whether a certain mystical acquaintance of ours used stimulants to enhance his faculty, that he knew the person in question, and that he does use them, but only to heighten his spiritual faculty ; which he (Swedenborg) did not consider wrong, as intoxication was not wrong in itself, or it would be wrong to use an anæsthetic to subdue pain. It was right or wrong according to the motive and effect. And it certainly is the fact that by means of them certain lower and lowering elements in the system may be suppressed, and the individual set free to follow his higher. He had seen a certain poet, whom he named, write some of his best verses while so drunk as to be scarcely able to hold his pen. Mary again noticed an extraordinary resemblance between Swedenborg and myself in form and manner as well as in feature. He wore an old-fashioned grey coat, and had perfectly white hair, and appeared to be about sixty years of age. Respecting the special subject of my book, and his failure to continue his promised writing, he said—

"'I am forbidden to use the planchette. Your Angels do not like it, since by its use you court deception and fraud through the facility with which lower spirits can use it. The general plan of your book is good. But you are recommended to avoid identifying the writer with the author of any former work. Use the first personal pronoun in writing if this facilitates the expression, and as in effect you have used it largely. Let that form stand, but avoid recognition as Edward Maitland. You are recommended to introduce a chapter on the prophetic faculty as the product of Memory, and to cite such passages as occur to you in support of this doctrine. Let this chapter or paragraph introduce the citations you give from the prophetic explanations of the esoteric books of the Bible, and

quote them as fragmentary specimens of this recollection occurring to one now a woman, but formerly an Initiate, who is beginning to recover this power by slow degrees. Under what circumstances it can be recovered I will endeavour soon to show you. The matter is an important one, and your Angels think it necessary to be expounded to you, and by you to others.'

"Swedenborg also spoke much of the Perfectionists, and said that, for his part, he thought that, strive as they might, they would never succeed in making the world at large adopt their views. A considerable number of persons from time to time would attain perfection for themselves, and, after beneficially influencing others, pass on to higher conditions. But he saw no probability of evil being abolished, or even sensibly diminished. The world, however, is still so much in its youth that man cannot be said to be created as yet, but is only in the process of making; while, as for woman, she is altogether in the future, the present age being her birth-time or primal manifestation.

"On being questioned about my past lives, he said that he could not trace me back farther than the time of Cromwell, when I had been a Puritan, and had quarrelled and fought a duel with one who is now very nearly related to me."

Three years before this I had been told by "Winona" that I and my son had been enemies and crossed swords with each other in a previous life. Although I had not attached importance to the statement, partly because I was yet very far from realising the doctrine of reincarnation as representing a reality, I had been struck by the light which the suggestion threw on our relations. For, although we had always been excellent friends, there were many circumstances, both in our respective characters and in our relations with each other, which tallied exactly with the idea. For the difference, not to say antagonism, between our natures was so marked and ingrained as to cause me much wonder how we ever came to be connected as father and son, and to make us both careful to avoid anything that could possibly lead to a rupture, because, being what we were, if once set up it would probably prove irremediable for want of some link of affinity to draw us together again. And in respect of things material, our relations were such as were best explainable by the supposition that it was part of his destiny to make reparation to me for a wrong done me in a past existence.

It was not, however, until twelve years later than the time of which I am writing—namely, in the beginning of 1892—that I obtained any light on the subject by means of my own faculty. It came at a time when my mind had long ceased to be occupied

with the matter and was wholly engrossed with other things. And it consisted in my suddenly and without the smallest anticipation, as I lay in bed in the early morning between sleeping and waking, finding myself actually fighting a duel with one whom I recognised as him who is my son. We were in the costume of the Cromwellian period ; he was certainly a cavalier, as was shown by his coat and hat as they lay on the ground, for we had both divested ourselves of these articles, and were fighting in our shirt-sleeves. And I thought I also was a cavalier ; not, however, on account of my garb, for though my hat and coat were also on the ground, they were too far to the rear of where I stood for me to see them sufficiently well to note which party they denoted me as belonging to. And the encounter was too warm to allow of my glancing back at them, had I thought of doing so. Our quarrel, it was evident to me, was not a political one, as the statement that we had been on opposite sides suggested. It was a personal one, and of an exceedingly bitter kind so far as my opponent was concerned, so obvious to me was his consciousness of being entirely in the wrong, and of my being the injured party. Besides our respective seconds no one was in sight, and they stood well aside. We fought with rapiers, and for a considerable time I held him in check, easily warding his every thrust. I had no feeling of anger nor any intention of harming him, my one idea being either to disarm him, or, in the event of his growing desperate, to inflict a wound sufficient to disable him from continuing the conflict. But suddenly, on perceiving my design and finding himself out-fenced, he lost his temper and rushed in on me in a furious *mêlée*, as if determined to do by force what he could not do by skill, and all at once I found my power of arm gone, so that I was unable to wield my sword, and I said to myself that it must be a failure of the heart's action. But presently I became aware that the duel was over, and that, though I had not felt the thrust, I had been run through the heart and was what is called dead ; after which I remembered no more. After the experience I lay some time pondering it and recalling all the stages of the conflict, together with the varying emotions induced, and marvelling at the fidelity with which every incident had been, not recollected merely, but actually reproduced ; the result being the conviction that the

soul, in which alone the memory of the event could have survived, must be endowed with a faculty of recollection far transcending that of the mind as ordinarily conceived of. There was yet this other corroborating circumstance. Throughout my childhood and boyhood I was beset by certain haunting dreams, one of the most frequent and vivid of which was that I was either fighting or trying to get out of fighting a duel; so great was my innate horror of the practice.

It is due to my foeman of that period, and son of the present one, to say that, whether or not he owed me an atonement of the kind in question, he has nobly fulfilled the requirements of such a position, although he will not have an inkling of the fact until he learn it from these pages. Among the sentiments evoked in myself by the experience, the foremost is a sense of grateful admiration for an order of things which provides such means of reparation, atonement, and reconciliation as that of the reincarnation, as parent and child, of two persons who have formerly been at deadly feud through wrongs done and sustained, with a view to the healing of the feud and the purging of the soul from recollections which might disquiet and detain.

Although having no doubt of the genuineness of our experiences with Swedenborg, Mary, at my suggestion, questioned her Genius on the subject, and received an answer which, though in some respects enigmatical, was entirely satisfactory as to the main point. The answer was in this wise :—" A portion of Swedenborg is still in this sphere, by means of which he can communicate with those with whom he is in affinity." The enigma found its solution when the time came for us to receive instruction concerning the constituent principles of man, and their separation after the death of the body.

Yet one more incident in this connection whereat Mary declared herself to be greatly amused. I remarked to her that it was very evident that Swedenborg and Elizabeth had both lived single and died bachelor and spinster, my reason being that, though now dwelling together and being joint owners of their abode, each of them had used the expression " my library," giving proof positive that they had not learnt by the experience of married life to say " we " and " our "—a trait which she affirmed only a woman would have noticed.

On the evening of March 27, while engaged on our own re-

spective tasks, and so entirely engrossed by them as to be disposed to resent interruption, Mary bent across the table, and, speaking in a low tone, said to me, " There is a spirit in the room who wants to speak to us. Shall I let him ? " I assented on the condition that he had something to tell us really worth hearing. She then became entranced, being magnetised by his presence ; and after telling me that he spoke with a strong American accent, and professed to be a " metaphysical doctor "—meaning, she supposed a doctor in metaphysics—repeated the following after him ; for I could neither see nor hear him :—

" You two have been put together for a work which you could not do separately. I have been shown a chart of your past histories, containing your characters and your past incarnations. She is of a highly active, wilful disposition, and represents the centrifugal force. You, Caro, are her opposite, and, being contemplative and concentrated, represent the centripetal force. Without her expansive energy you would become altogether indrawn and inactive in deed ; and without your restraining influence she would go forth and become dissipated in expansiveness. So extraordinary is her outward tendency that nothing but such an organism as she now has could repress it and keep it within bounds. It is for the work she has to do that she has been placed in a body of weakness and suffering. She is the man- and you the woman-element in your joint system. I can see only her female incarnations, but she has been a man much oftener than a woman ; while you have generally been a woman, and would be one now but for the work you have to do. Even as a woman she has always been much more man than woman, for her wilfulness and recklessness have led her into enterprises of incredible daring. Nothing restrained her when her will prompted her. She would wreck any work to follow that, and only by combination with your centripetal tendency can she do the present work. As a man she has been initiated, once, a long time ago, in Thebes ; afterwards in India. The things she has done in her past lives ! Well, *I* do not say they were wrong, for I do not hold the existence of moral evil. All things are allowed for good ends ; but this is a difficult truth to express."

Here she spoke in her own person, having under his magnetism recovered her own vision and recollection, saying :—

" O Caro ! I can see your past. You have been—no, it is all wiped out. I cannot see it now. I am not allowed to see it. Why is this ? I see my own past. I see India—a magnificent glittering white marble temple, and elephants. How tame they are ! They are all out, and feeding in a field or enclosure. And there are such a number of splendid red flowers ; they are cactuses, and all prickly. The trees have all their foliage on the top, and such long stems. They are palms. The soil is of a white dust. And the sky is so clear and blue ! But the heat is terrible. I see you again. Your

colour is blue, inclining to indigo, owing to your want of expansiveness. But I cannot see your past, except that you are mostly a woman. And now I am by the Nile,—such a fine broad river ! ''

Here our visitor took his departure, when Mary, returning to her normal consciousness, informed me that he had almost sickened her by the way in which—*more Americano*—he kept spitting about him. It was a new idea to us that such bodily habitudes should persist after death ; but the explanation subsequently given us respecting the astral man and his relations to the physical made it quite intelligible that it should be so.

The following day, March 28, was Easter Sunday. Electing to remain within doors rather than encounter the crowds of holiday-makers, Mary was moved during the afternoon to sit for some communication by joint writing. But we were no sooner seated than it was written :—

" Do you, Caro, take a pencil and write, and let her look inwards, and we will dictate slowly."

Mary then became entranced, and delivered orally, repeating it slowly, without break or pause, after a voice heard interiorly, the following exposition of the book of Esther, an exposition entirely novel to us, and, we believed, to the world. Some divines have called the book a romance, but none have discovered that it is a prophecy in the form of a parable. Luther, indeed, pronounced both it and the Apocalypse to be so worthless that their destruction would be no loss. As a Teuton, and of masculine proclivities, he would naturally be strongly predisposed against any Scriptures which recognised woman as the agent of redemption. It is otherwise with the Celtic and feminine races :—

" The most important book in the Bible for you to study now, and that most nearly about to be fulfilled, is one of the most mystic books in the Old Testament, the book of Esther.

" This book is a mystic prophecy, written in the form of an actual history. If I give you the key, the clue of the thread of it, it will be the easiest thing in the world to unravel the whole.

" The great King Assuerus, who had all the world under his dominion, and possessed the wealth of all the nations, is the genius of the age.

" Queen Vasthi, who for her disobedience to the king was deposed from her royal seat, is the orthodox Catholic Church.

" The Jews, scattered among the nations under the dominion of the king, are the true Israel of God.

" Mardochi, the Jew, represents the spirit of intuitive reason and understanding.

" His enemy, Aman, is the spirit of materialism, taken into the favour and protection of the genius of the age, and exalted to the highest place in the world's councils after the deposition of the orthodox religion.

" Now Aman has a wife and ten sons.

" Esther—who under the care and tuition of Mardochi, is brought up pure and virgin—is that spirit of love and sympathetic interpretation which shall redeem the world.

" I have told you that it shall be redeemed by a ' woman.'

" Now the several philosophical systems by which the councillors of the age propose to replace the dethroned Church are one by one submitted to the judgment of the age ; and Esther, coming last, shall find favour.

" Six years shall she be anointed with oil of myrrh, that is, with study and training severe and bitter, that she may be proficient in intellectual knowledge, as must all systems which seek the favour of the age.

" And six years with sweet perfumes, that is, with the gracious loveliness of the imagery and poetry of the faiths of the past, that religion may not be lacking in sweetness and beauty.

" But she shall not seek to put on any of those adornments of dogma, or of mere sense, which, by trick of priestcraft, former systems have used to gain power or favour with the world and the age, and for which they have been found wanting.

" Now there come out of the darkness and the storm which shall arise upon the earth two dragons.

" And they fight and tear each other, until there arises a star, a fountain of light, a queen, who is Esther.

" I have given you the key. Unlock the meaning of all that is written.

" I do not tell you if in the history of the past these voices had part in the world of men.

" If they had, guess now who were Mardochi and Esther.

" But I tell you that which shall be in the days about to come."

The spelling of the names proved to be that of the Douay version, the Protestants having relegated the second part of the book of Esther, in which the latter part of this narrative occurs, to the Apocrypha. Besides throwing a flood of new light for us on the method of the Bible-writers, it charmed us by its recognition at once of our relations to each other and of our work. Nevertheless it contained for me an element suggestive of apprehension. This was the possibility that the periods indicated with respect to Mary might imply the term of her life. The same periods, I remembered, had been specified in the concluding verses from the chapter, " Concerning the ' Great Work,' the Redemption, and the Share of Christ Jesus therein " :—

"Six for the manifestations, and six for the interpretation: six for the outgoing, and six for the ingathering: six for the man, and six for the woman.

"Then shall be the Sabbath of the Lord God."

The "woman's number," or "number of perfection," being thirteen, including the addition of one for the whole, it seemed to me that, as a typical person, there might be between that number and the period of her mission a correspondence in virtue of which it might close after that number of years, either by death or by some other event. I kept the surmise to myself, but the event accorded with it. For it was at the close of the thirteenth year of our association that she was seized with the illness of which she died.

We had yet another experience concerning Esther which the foregoing served to recall to us. A few months before, during a second visit made by Lady Caithness to Paris before finally coming to reside there, we were invited by her to meet a lady who was possessed of the faculty of clairvoyance, and on seeing Mary this lady said that she was shown to her as having been Queen Esther—a circumstance which we explained by the supposition that Mary's own spirit had revealed to the *lucide* the correspondence between Mary and Esther, which correspondence suggested to the *lucide* the idea that Mary was a reincarnation of Esther, thus taking Esther for an historical character.

I record the following incident chiefly as an illustration of the peculiar difficulty of the situation in which I was placed as the guardian of Mary. A lady of her acquaintance, being about to give a reception, insisted not only on her attending it herself in spite of her pleading want of health and leisure in excuse, but also on her inviting sundry of her male fellow-students with whom she did not consider herself on terms of intimacy such as to warrant her doing so. Finding her greatly disquieted, and fearful of giving offence by declining, I wrote privately to that lady explaining the position, and begging her as a great kindness to us to forgo her request until at least Mary should have passed the ordeal of her approaching *examen*, with which she was now entirely engrossed. To my surprise and dismay, instead of taking my intervention in good part and quietly acting on it, she at once communicated my letter to Mary in terms of bitter resentment, with results far more harmful to her than the services required of her would have been. And she was made so ill that, in order to

prevent my again acting on my own judgment without consulting her, our illuminators gave me, through her, the following message, which was withdrawn from her memory so soon as she had delivered it to me :—

"Your action of yesterday was certainly an unwise one. I strove to warn Mary of what you were about to do, but she would not heed. It is not given to you to go alone. You resemble a man trying to walk on one leg. We wish to make this slight affair a means of demonstrating an element of weakness in your character. You are too centripetal, too little expansive. Mary has keener and truer sight than yours, and not infrequently she knows where you only judge. Had it been otherwise she would not have been given to you for complement. It has happened more than once that, in preferring your opinion to her advice, you have repulsed the inspiration of Angels."

On my remarking that I had acted only as I should desire to be acted by in the matter, and judged her friend by my own best, she replied that it was a great mistake to judge others by oneself. She *knew* that the person in question would act as she had done, because she read her as she actually is, and did not read herself into her.

"*May* 9.—While resting on the sofa to-day, but not sleeping, Mary found herself conversing with some spirit who told her she would do well to examine the experiences of persons born blind, with a view to obtaining proofs of the past lives and pre-existence of the soul. For she would find that they had in their dreams perceptions and recollections impossible to have been originated during their present lives. On her replying that these might be due to clairvoyant perceptions during their present lives, it was said that even so they would be proofs of the soul's existence and power ; but it would be found also that they possessed historical knowledge due only to their own reminiscences."

On May 11 Mary held in her sleep the interview with Apollonius of Tyana printed as No. XVI. in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, where it is called "The Metempsychosis." It cleared up certain difficulties she had entertained on the subject. Remembering that "Eliphas Levi" had evoked the phantom of Apollonius, I referred to *La Haute Magie* for the particulars. The two apparitions resembled each other, saving that whereas that seen by "Eliphas Levi" wore a shroud, if *linceul* be rendered strictly, and was dumb, that seen by Mary was clad as a monk in a grey linen robe with a hood, and conversed freely with her, even to laughing out at one of her remarks. When, later, we were initiated into the mys-

teries of the after-life, we were able to recognise Mary's visitant as the true self of the famous Initiate and Adept, and that of "Eliphas Levi" as at most his astral phantom, or more probably a mere magnetic reflect of Levi's own idea of him, since his phantom would almost surely have long since been disintegrated and dissipated. Shortly after his withdrawal Mary received some further instructions on the same subject, which she took as coming from him, to the effect that reptiles, carnivorous animals, and other noxious creatures, are not original creations, but the result of their own self-debasement from their proper types. And on referring to the Bible we found, what had previously escaped us, that in Gen. i. 30 it is distinctly and positively declared that "to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life," was "given every green herb for meat." [1]

"*May* 13.—Swedenborg came to Mary in her sleep last night, and insisted strongly on the necessity of our showing how little of what is called Christianity is derived from Jesus, and how much from those who, taking His name as their authority, used it to sustain a system of their own derived from the ancient sacerdotalisms. In the case of Pythagoras, he said, all that was done was actually done by him, and nothing was foisted on him, and his system was perfect and complete in respect of all man's needs for soul and body. For by his pure regimen, mental and physical, he was the saviour of both body and soul; while by his wisdom and culture he provided for the due satisfaction of all social and other instincts, and no one has added, or been able to add, anything to his work; nor has he been credited with anything that he did not say or do.

"But with Jesus it is not so. Whatever the perfection He attained for Himself, either He omitted to show others how to attain it, or they have failed to make report thereof, and have accordingly left Christianity to take whatever form, whether of doctrine or of practice, men were pleased to give it. This was the case especially with the doctrine of Atonement, which was not taught or implied by Jesus, and in no way belonged to Him or His system, but was a revival and an aggravation of sacerdotalism. Jesus Himself was no originator, but was a reviver of other men's doctrine, notably that of Confucius, and was a reformer rather than a founder, His aim being to renovate the Hebrew religion, not to destroy Judaism."

Swedenborg's visits to us did not cease until he had made it clear that he had abandoned much of the teaching on which he

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[1] That the carnivora represent "no essential part of the Divine order, but a result of man's own degeneration," see *England and Islam*, pp. 559, 560, and 591; and *Addresses and Essays on Vegetarianism*, pp. 155–6.—S. H. H.

had insisted in his writings, especially as regards the Incarnation, and that he was satisfied with the doctrine given to us.

"*May* 15.—Mary, being very poorly last night, but not asleep, overheard two voices discussing her condition. 'What is the cause of this constant illness?' asked one of them. 'Tubercle,' said the other. 'Will it be fatal?' 'Not until a certain change occurs in her life.' 'And when will that be?' 'Not until the age of forty, unless she has a child. That would postpone the change and lengthen her life."

The change in question occurred in her forty-first year, and she died early in her forty-second. A few weeks before this intimation she had been seized with a longing to have a son whom she might train in her own ideas, to carry on the work she had so much at heart; and the longing was so strong and persistent while it lasted as greatly to distress her and impair her working power. I accordingly besought of our supervisors that something might be done to relieve her of this trouble. Whereupon she was made to dream in the most vivid and realistic manner that she actually had a son, whom she reared until he was seventeen, when he died of consumption; which so effectually cured the longing as to cause her to say that she saw it would be wrong for one of her constitution to become a mother.

"*May* 17.—Last night Mary had a long and highly dramatic dream, evidently symbolical and prophetic in character, which she is too weak to write out, so that only this meagre sketch can be given of it. In it she found herself, with A., her eldest brother, and me, forced to take refuge by the seaside during a period of most terrible heat and drought. A comet had enveloped the earth, the inhabitants of which were dying off by wholesale, while all produce, vegetable and animal, had perished utterly. The heat, which had begun in October, was most excessive from January to March. The streets and highways were strewn with corpses which, instead of putrefying, were dried up, no one being left to bury them. All traffic had ceased, for there was no one to buy, or sell, or carry. We alone survived. All through the winter the heat exceeded anything known in Africa. Seeking for food, we went into the shops and stores and helped ourselves at will, for there were no other owners. Even the sea afforded no escape from the heat, for it was hot to simmering; and there rose from it dense clouds of steam, which loaded and darkened the atmosphere. In the spring an Angel came to us and said that only three thousand persons remained alive on the earth, and that the new population which was to spring from them would represent a higher condition of being than the world had ever yet known. For the baptism of fire through which the earth was then passing would issue in a pure and perfect doctrine and rule of life. It was not to be as it had been after the great purification as by water known as the

Deluge. For then the people who had been saved in the ark no sooner came out than they fell back to their old low level in faith and conduct, becoming again materialists and idolaters, and instead of making spiritual sacrifice to God in themselves, shed the blood of others by murdering the poor animals who had been saved with them. And therefore it was that God had said He would no more again punish the earth in that manner, as mankind were so hopelessly perverse that it was of no use to do so. But now there was to be a revelation so full and plain that it could not possibly be misunderstood and perverted, however stupid people might be. And to this end we were to put the Bible into the fire at the first opportunity. Having left us this enigma to ponder, the Angel took his departure, and the dream came to an end."

A few days later the Angel returned to Mary and told her what we thought had been sufficiently obvious, that the fire into which we were to put the Bible meant, not destruction, but purification and interpretation. We had an idea, too, that retranslation also might be implied, though it was not specified. However, that work was in progress, and would soon, we understood, be completed ; and we looked forward anxiously to the Revised Version, though not without serious misgivings. For, although we did not distrust the scholarship of the revisers, we did distrust their insight, without which they could not possibly understand the Bible as we were now learning it to be. And we well knew the impossibility of translating a book rightly of which one does not understand the meaning.[1]

"*May* 25.—We spent yesterday evening with Lady Caithness, and brought home with us her son's new book, *Through the Ages*. It

[1] In *England and Islam*, Edward Maitland says : " For the whole of the Reformation cycle, the three hundred and sixty-five years which have passed since she received her Bible at the hands of William Tyndale, England has worshipped that Bible as a fetish, without comprehending one word of it. For England has all that time tolerated, nay fostered, the priest and his blasphemous doctrine of vicarious atonement, without even perceiving that in so doing she has ignored the one great lesson taught in the Bible from one end to the other,—the lesson that the knowledge of and path to God lies through the intuitions of which the prophet has been the minister, and not through the blood of which the priest has been the shedder. Through this blindness has come the failure to see that the lesson of the Bible is the lesson of all existence—the lesson that by the perpetual sacrifice of her own lower to her own higher, and not by the sacrifice of another, does all nature ' arise and go to the Father,' from whom it first proceeded ; and that in the eternal conflict between the soul that seeks to rise and the flesh that seeks to hinder, the prophet has, as a rule, been he who is on the side of the soul and its intuitions of God, and the priest has, as a rule, been he who is on the side of sense and of the flesh, and of the negation of God and of the soul's intuitions " (pp. 305–6).—S. H. H.

is a tale of Reincarnation, and contains among its characters that of Mary Magdalen. In was made the occasion of giving Mary in the night the commencement of the promised account of her own former lives. This was in verse, the book in which she read it being a large volume. The following are the verses which she remembered on this occasion sufficiently to write them down. We were delighted alike by their originality and poetic beauty, their mystical depth, and their prophetic import. The allusion to her two chief illuminators, Pallas and Hermes, as the Spirits of Wisdom and Understanding, as functions of her own soul, was another and supremely gratifying element; while the accuracy of the characterisation, which was beyond question, showed her as maintaining the same tincture of soul through all changes of form and condition :—

'Wake, thou that sleepest! Soul, awake!
Thy light is come, arise and shine!
For darkness melts, and dawn divine
Doth from the holy Orient break;

Swift-darting down the shadowy ways
And misty deeps of unborn time,
God's Light, God's Day, whose perfect prime
Is as the light of seven days.

Wake, prophet-soul! the time draws near,
"The God who knows" within thee stirs
And speaks, for His thou art, and Hers
Who bears the mystic shield and spear.

The hidden secrets of their shrine,
Where thou, initiate, didst adore,
Their quickening finger shall restore
And make its glories newly thine.

A touch divine shall thrill thy brain,
Thy soul shall leap to life, and lo!
What she has known, again shall know;
What she has seen, shall see again;

The ancient Past through which she came,—
A cloud across a sunset sky,—
A cactus flower of scarlet dye,—
A bird with throat and wings of flame;—

A red wild roe, whose mountain bed
Nor ever hound or hunter knew,
Whose flying footprints dashed the dew
In nameless forests long since dead.

And ever thus in ceaseless roll
The wheels of Destiny and Time
Through changing form and age and clime
Bear onward the undying soul.'"

It was not until after some years that the remaining stanzas were given her. The whole poem is in *Dreams and Dream-Stories.*

"We took a stroll this evening in the Bois after dark, and as we approached the upper end of the lake Mary became lucid, and beheld a number of forms floating apparently in the spray of the waterfall, which she described as being of great variety and beauty, and took to be the naiads, dryads, and other elementary spirits familiar to the ancients. They were not altogether human in form, but the human form predominated in them. Their substance was exceedingly tenuous. The apparition gave her great delight, and she was sorry to quit the spot. This experience was a new exercise of her faculty.

"*June* 20.—We have just been reading about the Great Pyramid in some books given us by Lady Caithness, one of which is that by Professor Piazzi Smyth; and we were seeking especially to divine the meaning of its symbology, our dominant idea being that it was designed to express the mysteries of existence, and so to preserve the secret of initiation. Last night Mary had a vision in which we visited the Pyramid, and found it, not in its present dilapidated condition, but quite perfect, and with the head cornerstone duly crowning its summit, and this stone was so dazzlingly bright with a white light that we could with difficulty gaze upon it. As we approached the entrance-passage, a female form, silvery-white and of immense proportions, emerged from it and led us into the Pyramid, all the interior of which was filled with the sound of many waters; and we were given to understand that the form was that of Isis, who represents the intuition, and that only by means of the intuition can the mystery of the Pyramid be solved, because it is a spiritual mystery. And the sound of many waters denoted the voices of the soul, of which the intuition represents the perceptions and recollections. No more was shown her at this time, but we feel that we have a clue by following which we shall succeed in solving the mystery of the Great Pyramid, in such wise as to prove that it is really a Bible in stone."

In order to render intelligible the next experiences to be narrated, it is necessary to recur to the strained conditions under which of late our association was maintained and our work carried on.[1] Although several months had elapsed since they set in, and much progress had been made in every department of our manifold task, there was little or no abatement of the distressful conditions under which it was pursued, especially so far as I was concerned. And I felt that, for her sake no less than for my own, some means of amelioration must speedily be found. For, as was evident to me, besides the danger of paralysis to myself, she was

[1] See p. 305 *ante.*

suffering from the inability of my system, when thus depleted of its magnetic force, to yield the supply of vitality on which hitherto she had largely depended, and which—without any overt or conscious act of mine—spontaneously and habitually flowed in a constant current from me to her. She herself was aware of this, and had repeatedly declared that she did all her work in my strength. And now that strength was to such an extent exhausted that I felt it impossible to hold out longer save on the impracticable condition of a separation prolonged until I had renovated my forces.

Some of the modes in which her lack of magnetic sustentation found manifestation were peculiarly distressing to me. For besides a certain degree of alienation, there was a disposition to refrain from giving me the results of her illuminations, and even from committing them to writing, so that some were lost. But, though grieved beyond measure, I refrained from imputing blame to her even in my own mind. For, as it had been made evident to me that the Gods did not hold her responsible for the liabilities of her constitution, I did not consider that I was entitled to hold her responsible, and refrained from giving utterance to a single word that was calculated to give offence, or that I myself might afterwards repent. And not only was I successful in doing this, but, as I can also confidently affirm, dark, difficult, and painful as was our path, there never was an instant when I was disposed to falter or turn back, so absolute was my confidence throughout in the divinity of our commission, so great the joy set before me in its accomplishment. And I accordingly occupied myself with an endeavour to discover some line of thought which, by interpreting the situation, would enable me to understand and master it. In doing this I did that which seemed the wisest and only course open to me at the time. But later I came to think that the best of all methods would have been to dismiss the matter entirely from my mind, and make as if there were no grievance to be disquieted about, and this for the reason that, owing to her faculty of taking on and reflecting the states, mental or spiritual, of those about her, the very fact that I entertained ideas in any respect condemnatory of the attitude she had been impelled to assume might serve to confirm and intensify that attitude, and thus aggravate the evil I so greatly deplored. But I had yet to arrive at this view of the case, and as it was not given to me to reach it

in time to spare us both a vast amount of suffering, I can only suppose that the experience and the suffering were deemed indispensable to the unfoldment of our respective natures, for the yet more advanced stages to be accomplished in us.

The line of thought which actually suggested itself to me turned upon the character of the qualities especially necessary for the peculiar work committed to us. These I had no difficulty in recognising as consisting first and foremost in the qualities which, as we had been told and could see for ourselves, constituted at once our chief point of difference and our chief bond of union—those qualities, namely, in virtue of which the real and spiritual sex of each of us was the opposite of the apparent and physical. Thus, recognising her as the representative of the will element in our joint system, and myself as the representative of the love element, and recognising also these two principles as equally indispensable factors in the work required of us, I came to regard it as probable that our troubles were really due, not to any lack of these qualities in us, but to the defect of our qualities, in virtue of which we were, each of us, unduly sensitive and exacting in a direction which the other of us failed to appreciate, and incapable, therefore, of duly appreciating either each other's endowments or each other's deficiencies.

That the prime condition of a work which meant war to the knife against the mighty orthodoxies, one and all, which claim a vested interest in the maintenance of the world's sacrificial system was courage I was well aware, and also that courage subsists and finds manifestation under two modes; that there is the courage which finds expression in action and aggression, and the courage which finds expression in endurance and resistance; the former being its masculine mode and connoting will, and the latter its feminine mode and connoting love.

All this I could see; and also that, as these two principles united had made the world, and disunited had ruined the world, so, reunited, they would redeem the world; and I could recognise them as subsisting in ourselves in a measure adequate even for so stupendous an achievement, if only they were properly combined and rightly directed. But what I could not see was the cause of their apparent estrangement, and the means of their reconciliation; and unless these were disclosed to me, and that forthwith, the strain of the situation must inevitably prove too much for flesh

and blood any longer to endure. So great, indeed, was the tension that no mutual discussion of the situation was possible. Speech and silence were alike dangerous; and rather than run the risk of it, I devoted many of my evenings to long solitary walks, pleading the need of such exercise to my deranged circulation, though aware that the real motive was no secret to her. Yet we both knew all the time that in heart and soul we were as much at one as ever, and that that "which let and would let until it be taken away" was not of the inner and higher in us, but of the outer and lower; was of the circumferential, superficial, and accidental, not of the central, profound, and essential. Such was the emergency when, on the night of June 23, I retired to rest but not to sleep, saying to myself of the foes by whom we were so sorely beset, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness," and longing for light and aid, and strength to endure to the end, without some irreparable lesion to the organism. For this was my chief apprehension. I myself was steeled to bear any extreme, to drink of any cup however bitter. But my organism was not myself, it was only mine; and as I knew not its capacity of endurance, I could not answer for it. Presently, as I pondered, while yet awake, the following happened: —

"It seemed to me that I was sole spectator in some circus or hippodrome. And in the arena were some horses, seven in number, harnessed to a common centre, but all facing in different directions like the spokes of a wheel, and pulling frantically, so that the vehicle to which they were attached remained stationary between them, through their counterbalancing each other; while at the same time it seemed as if it must presently be dragged asunder into pieces. On looking at it more closely, the vehicle seemed to become a person who was attempting to drive the horses, but was unable to get them into a line; and, strange to say, the driver was one and identical both with the horses and the vehicle, so that it was a living person who was in danger of being torn asunder by creatures who were in reality himself. While wondering what this meant, someone addressed me and said that if I would do any good I must help to control and direct the animals which were thus pulling their owner asunder; and that the only way to do this was by so disposing myself that I should be at one and the same time in the centre with the driver, to help him to curb and direct his steeds, and outside at their heads in order to compel their submission. And not only must I be indifferent to their ramping and chafing, I must even suffer myself to be struck and wounded and trampled upon to any extent without flinching; for only when I was so unconscious of self as to be indifferent as to what might happen to me would they cease to have power against me. And the reason why I must be also in the centre was that only there could I effectually co-operate with the driver to

enable him to do his part in directing what in reality were the forces, as yet unbroken in, of his own system, into the road it was necessary for us both to follow. We were destined to be fellow-travellers, and our journey was to be made together and with that team. It could not be made by one of us without the other, and the failure to effect a complete conjunction and co-operation would bring certain ruin to the hopes of both of us and of all who looked to us. The owner of the horses, I was assured, could not of himself control them, and I could only enable him to do so by an absolute surrender of myself."

Applying this vision to the situation, the moral was obvious so far as I was concerned, and I wondered whether Mary would receive anything equally suggestive for herself. In the morning, after remaining unusually late in her room, she silently handed me the following account of an experience which had similarly and simultaneously been received by her :—

" I was shown two stars near each other, both of them shining with a clear bright light, only that of one the light had a purple tinge, and of the other a blood colour ; and a great Angel stood beside me and bade me look at them attentively. I did so, and saw that the stars were not round, but seemed to have a piece cut out of the globe of each of them. And I said to the Angel, ' The stars are not perfect ; but instead of being round, they are uneven.' He told me to look again ; and I did so, and saw that each globe was really perfect, but that in each a small portion remained dark so as to present the appearance of having a piece out ; and I noticed that these dark portions of the two stars were turned towards each other. Upon this I looked to the Angel for the explanation.

" And the Angel said to me, ' These stars derive their light not only from the sun, but from each other. If there be darkness in one of them, the corresponding face of the other will likewise be darkened ; and how shall either reflect perfectly the image of the sun if it be dark to its companion star ? For how shall it respond to that which is above all, if it respond not to that which is nearest ? '

" And I said, ' Lord, if the darkness in one of these stars be caused by the darkness in its fellow, which of them was first darkened ? '

" Then he answered me and said, ' These stars are of different tinctures ; one is of the sapphire, the other of the sardonyx. Of the first the atmosphere is cool and equable ; of the other it is burning and irregular. The spirit of the first is as God towards man ; the spirit of the second is as the soul towards God. The first loves ; the second aspires. And the office of the spirit which loves is outwards, while the office of the spirit which aspires is upwards. The light of the first, which is blue, enfolds, and contains, and embraces, and sustains. The light of the second, which is red, is as a flame which scorches, and burns, and troubles, and seeks God only, and his duty is not to the outward, for it is not given to him to love. God, whom he seeks, *is* love ; and therefore is he drawn upward to God only. But the spirit of his fellow descends. She indraws, and blesses, and confers ; and hers is the office which redeems. Wherefore, if she fail in her love, her failure is greater than his who hath no

love ; and to be perfect she must forgive until the seventy times seven, and be great in humility. For the violet, which is the colour of humility, is of the blue. And if she seek her own, or yield not in outward things, her nature is not perfected, and her light is darkened. Let Love, therefore, think not of herself, for she hath no self, but all that she hath is towards others, and only in giving and forgiving is she rich. If, on the contrary, she make a self withinwards, her light is withdrawn and troubled, and she is not perfect ; and if she demand of another that which he hath not, then she seeketh her own, and her light is darkened. And if she be darkened towards him, he also will darken towards her, in respect, that is, of enlightenment. And thus her failure of love will break the communion with the Divine, which is through him. He cannot darken outwardly first ; for love is not of him. If he darken of himself, it must be within towards God. But that which he receives of God, he gives not forth himself. But he burns centrally and enlightens his fellow, and she gives it forth according to her office. And if she darken in any way outwardly, she cannot receive enlightenment, but darkens the burning star likewise, and so hinders their intercommunion.'

" Having thus spoken, the Angel looked upon me and said, ' Ye are the two stars, and to one is given the office of the Prophet, and to the other the office of the Redeemer. But to be Prophet and Redeemer in one, this is the glory of the Christ.'

" Then I asked the Angel to tell me what was meant by my being the older spirit of the two ; and he said, ' The reason is a fivefold one. (1) Because the line is first, and the circle afterwards. (2) Because the going forth is first, and the coming back afterwards. (3) Because Adam is first, and Eve is afterwards. (4) Because the Prophet is first, and the Redeemer afterwards. The fifth I cannot recall.' "

I suggested that it might be " because the soul must first find God for herself before she can go forth in love to reveal God to others." Mary acquiesced in the thought, but could not say positively if it was the one given her by the Angel. None of the replies, however, really met her question as she meant it.

A few days later, finding there was a spirit present who desired to speak with us, we sat for writing, when the following was given :—

" I have no good news for you. A great fight has begun, and it is but the commencement of trouble. But one thing is needful, that you love one another. It is in love that you both are lacking. Yes, both of you. You err also—you, Caro, who blame Mary for lack of lovingness. All means which minister to your mutual affection are helpful, and you want all that you have."

This was another intimation, not that my estimate of her character was wrong, but that her character being what it was, I was wrong in requiring of her that which she had not in her, and in allowing myself to be distressed at the manifestations of its deficiency instead of taking these for granted and being

indifferent to them. By degrees the philosophy of this line of conduct became obvious, as I have already remarked. Her liability to reflect that which was presented to her led her to reflect the states excited in me, to the making of them her own. Hence the only way to repress those states in her which were so distressing to me was not to allow myself to be distressed by them—even to recognise them—but to maintain perfect equanimity and control under all circumstances. The lesson was not an easy one to learn, or, when learnt, to practise.

We had no difficulty in referring the first part of the above message to a new hitch which had arisen in her university course, and was exercising us much at this time.

She had passed all her *Doctorat examens,* and there remained only the acceptance of the thesis by which the granting of a diploma is preceded for her to complete her student course and be qualified to enter on the practice of her profession as an M.D. of the *Faculté de Paris.* Of the cost in toil and suffering, physical and mental, at which that privilege had been obtained this history gives at best but a faint indication. For, being limited to things occurring in space and time, history cannot take account of the dimension which is conditioned by intensity.

Having passed all her *examens* with the highest credit, and accomplished her course in the shortest possible period, saving only for the single failure the fault of which was not hers, she resolved to make her thesis an exposition of the principles on behalf of which she sought a diploma, entitling it "*L'Alimentation Végétale de l'Homme.*" In it she demonstrated the non-carnivorous nature of man, as determined by his physical structure and moral constitution, and advocated a return to his natural diet as the remedy for the evils which afflict modern society. In a treatise thus conceived the wrongs and the sufferings of the animals inseparable from the use of them as food necessarily held a conspicuous place in the moral division of the argument; and though there was no opening for a direct denunciation of scientific experimentation upon them, the whole tone of the paper pointed unmistakably in that direction. It was the usage for the candidates for a diploma to recite their theses in the schools before an audience of professors and students, and to defend them in open disputation. And she was so full of her subject and confident of the impregnability of her position,

as well as of her ability to do justice to it even in a foreign language, that she looked forward with ardour to an ordeal usually regarded with terror. Her disappointment, therefore, and consternation were great when, on presenting herself at the appointed time and place, the *chef* of her hospital—Professor Leon Le Fort—came forward and informed her that her thesis could not be received as it stood; not because it was unscientific—its accuracy was unimpeachable in that respect—but because it was moral! He himself, he declared, and some of his colleagues did not object to it on that score; and indeed, now that they had admitted women, they could not expect altogether to exclude sentiment, at least for the present; but there were some of their number, one in particular, whose position made it impossible to disregard them, and who were enraged at its tone, and the only course open was to postpone the reading until the obnoxious portions had been eliminated, when she would be called up again and passed, but without a public disputation. For, though admitting it to be scientifically sound, the *Faculté* could not allow teaching so opposed to all their traditions to be promulgated among the students. Meanwhile he himself would make the necessary excisions, and she might be perfectly easy about the result. It would only involve a delay of a few weeks.

Nothing could be more kind than his manner, and we felt most grateful to him. But on returning home and considering the matter, she was disposed to regret having selected a theme her treatment of which was so likely to antagonise the *Faculté*. But here I was able to reassure her, by persuading her to look beyond the present vexation to the satisfaction it would be in the future to reflect that the incident had been—as it surely would be—the means of attracting to the subject a degree of attention it would not otherwise receive, making her temporary loss its permanent gain. We were not long in ascertaining the name of the chief objector. He was one of the party most violently opposed to the admission of women to degrees. And from the accounts which reached us of the discussions, and even dissensions, which arose among them over the thesis, it was evident that these inveterate patrons of the shambles and the torture-chamber fairly writhed under the thought that such a protest on behalf of mercy and purity of life could have eman-

ated from one trained in their school. It was a veritable thrust from the spear of Ithuriel, and the hand that had dealt it was a woman's !

The delay, however, threatened a serious inconvenience. In the expectation of being free to quit Paris immediately after the thesis, we had allowed the lease of our apartments to expire, and were unable to renew it for so short a period as that for which now we should require them. In this emergency our friend Lady Caithness came to the rescue, by insisting on our making our home with her for the time, which we gladly did. The day finally appointed for the thesis was July 22, and Mary, who was keen to detect such coincidences, took it as a good omen that it was the day of her who had claimed to be her patron-saint St Mary Magdalen. On repairing to the schools, we found her friendly *chef* and two other professors waiting to examine her on the subject of her thesis, and such others as they might choose, in a small room and with closed doors, myself as next friend being the only other auditor. The examination took the form of a friendly conversation, in which it was evident the professors each and all took no small pleasure in drawing out a candidate whom they recognised as of exceptional endowments. Finding them thus *sympathique*, Mary was perfectly at her ease, and did full justice to her faculty of eloquent and lucid exposition. On the conclusion of the function her *chef*, who evidently took no small credit to himself for having composed the difference which menaced her diploma, warmly shook hands with me, and congratulated me on her success, saying, " Madame is now one of us " ; to which I mentally replied, " Yes, but with a very considerable difference." And another of her examiners, Professor Charles Richet, invited her to a vegetarian *déjeûner* which he meant to give expressly in her honour.

The novelty and importance of the subject, her courage in selecting such a theme, the talent shown in the treatment, and the disputation to which it had given rise, secured for the thesis a demand altogether exceptional in the case of such productions, to the speedy exhaustion of the first edition and issue of a second. And the question received an impulsion which extended over the Continent generally, leading to the formation of vegetarian societies, several medical men warmly supporting the cause. And in the following year she published, with Messrs

Kegan Paul, an English edition under the title of *The Perfect Way in Diet,* restoring the eliminated parts, which forthwith took rank as a foremost text-book on the subject, and was translated into various languages.

Our stay with Lady Caithness was productive of some experiences worth recording. In compliance with her wish, Mary asked for a special instruction respecting the allegory of the Fall, and received in reply Chapter No. vii. of Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun.*[1] It was given her in sleep by a group of spirits who held converse together as if expressly for her benefit. Their opening remarks contained the following rule for the interpretation of the mystic Scriptures :—

"All the mistakes made about the Bible arise from the mystical books being referred to times, places, persons, and things material, instead of being regarded as containing only eternal verities about things spiritual. The opening chapters of the sacred books exhibit the meaning and object of religion and the method of salvation. They are an epitome of the whole Bible, a kind of 'argument' prefixed to the divine drama of man's spiritual history. And the key to their interpretation is the word *Now.* For there is no past in the Divine Mind, no future in the Divine Economy. In answer to a question put by Mary, she was told that by the 'coats of skin' was signified a deeper descent into materiality."

Our hostess being engaged in an arbitration suit with the trustees of her husband's estate, she was desirous of information or advice other than that which could be obtained on this side, and we accordingly consented to sit with her for writing on the subject, though not without reluctance, as we had been warned against introducing matters merely mundane into such intercourse. To make intelligible what occurred, it must be stated that several times in the course of this particular day I had been surprised by the vivid recurrence to my mind of Esther, my wife, of whom for a long time I had heard nothing. Whenever I happened to be alone, and especially in my own room, I was reminded of her with such force as to cause me to wonder what the reason might be, as there was no external cause for it. I did not make mention of the circumstance, but in the evening, on our sitting for the writing desired by our hostess, it was written, "I am Esther. I have been much with

[1] The illumination is dated July 29, 1880.—S. H. H.

you to-day. I am frightened here. There are so many strange spirits in this house."

In explanation of this remark, Lady Caithness told us that it was formerly an ambassadorial residence, in which receptions had been held, to which all kinds of people came. I should add that, as no writing came while she sat at the table, she had withdrawn, leaving Mary and me to sit alone. "Esther" then wrote: "There is an Englishman here who desires to speak with Lady C."

The instrument was then controlled by another and much stronger hand, which wrote: "Make your mind easy about your lawsuit. It will go in your favour.—FRANCIS ST CLAIR."

On this Lady Caithness said she had never heard of such a person; and if there had been one of that name, he must have belonged to the Rosslyn branch of the family, and not to the Caithness branch, who spelt their name "Sinclair." But in any case she would have expected his sympathies to be on her husband's side in the matter rather than on hers. On this I suggested that, as a spiritualist, there would be between her and a spirit a tie which took precedence of any merely earthly relationship. Whereupon there came immediately three strong taps in assent on the table, none of us being within reach of it, as Mary and I had pushed our chairs back while we conversed. We then referred to the *Peerage*, and found that Francis was a very frequent name with the St Clairs of Rosslyn. On replacing our hands on the instrument he wrote: "There is a judge here of my acquaintance; I will consult him on the matter and report his opinion."

We sat again on the next two evenings, but had no responses. On the third day Mary reported that he had come to her in her sleep, and said that he had consulted his friend the judge, but found that he took a different view of the case, saying "it was a much better case for a jury than on paper." What this meant we had no idea, until Lady Caithness explained it by telling us that the case was being argued before a judge in chambers, where the appeal was to hard law, and not before a jury, where the appeal would be to the feelings.

Having been a great and an eminently successful phenomena-hunter, Lady Caithness was able to relate to us many wonders which she had witnessed with Mr D. D. Home and other strong

physical mediums. She had seen, she told us, heavy articles of furniture cross a room at Mr Home's bidding, and on one occasion, when in a strange house, he had responded to a test which consisted in calling a book down from the top of a high bookcase at the farther end of the room by causing it to float through the air into his hands. She was also one of the party which had witnessed his celebrated feat of taking with his fingers a red-hot coal from the fire, which he first placed in the hands of some of the party without burning them, and then on the head of a white-haired old gentleman—the late well-known Samuel Carter Hall—and wrapped the hair about it, but without singeing it or burning him, the coal being still so hot that on being placed on a piece of paper it set fire to it.

On our inquiring of what order she supposed the spirits to be by whose aid Home did these things, Lady Caithness said that they could not be of a high order, to judge by his treatment of them. For when they came clustering around him in advance of the performance, he would slap at them with his hands, and bid them keep off and wait until they were wanted. By which she supposed them to be mere elementals and not souls. It so happened that I had been told the story of the hot coals immediately after it had happened both by Lady Caithness herself, who was then the widowed Countess de Pomár, and by the mistress of the house in which it occurred, Lady Gomm, wife of the Field-Marshal of that name, and also by Lady Louisa Kerr, and their accounts tallied exactly. But that was long before I was in a position to attach any credit to such stories; and being myself a fair proficient in the art of conjuring, I naturally inclined to a different explanation of the *modus operandi* from that which now seemed possible, seeing that we ourselves had had some experience of the existence and prowess of the "Salamander" or "fire-spirits."

We had already had the benefit of our hostess's excellent library, being enabled by it to make acquaintance with many of the seers, mystics, and occultists of past times, from the Neoplatonists, Hermetists, Rosicrucians, and other orders of initiates, including Boehme, Swedenborg, and "Eliphas Levi"; and now we enlarged our acquaintance, which was of the slenderest, with the literature of modern Spiritualism, in its didactic and doctrinal, as distinguished from its merely physi-

cal and phenomenal, aspect; and notably with the writings of Laurence Oliphant's master, T. L. Harris, and the pretentious volumes entitled *Angelic Revelations*, which represented a certain English circle of spiritualists. And eminently satisfactory to us, if only in confirmation of the assurance we had received that we had "nothing to do with Spiritualism, our work lay far above that," was the result of our examination. In regard to which it would be difficult to say whether we were most struck by the vapidness and unsubstantiality of some, and the sensuousness and unspirituality of other, of these books, or by the absoluteness of the distinction, both in kind and in degree, between their teaching and ours. And it was with no little satisfaction that we found our hostess sharing our conviction in this respect. Indeed, so unreserved was her recognition of our work that she insisted on being allowed, when the fitting time should come for the publication of our results, to defray the cost, affirming her conviction that it was part of her mission to do so.

On quitting Paris we sojourned a while at Boulogne, hoping to recruit our exhausted energies by the seaside before returning to England. The bathing and walking did something to restore us, but the wear-and-tear of our life at Paris had made ravages which were too deep-seated to be repaired in the few weeks we allowed ourselves. And we were yet far from free from molestation by the adverse influences which had so greatly troubled us. Mary, too, had the added grief of losing her little friend "Rufus," who died of sheer old age, after nine years of pettage such as never before fell to rodent. And nothing would do for her but that he be taken home to the parsonage for interment. He was accordingly packed in powdered charcoal and hermetically sealed in a tin box, and finally deposited in the garden under a rose-bush. The child-side of her nature came out strongly on the occasion; her grief was great, and it was long before she became accustomed to the loss. The little creature had developed considerable intelligence under her sympathetic tuition, and would manifest its affection by screaming with delight on again seeing her after a lengthened separation. It had pined almost to death for her on the occasion of her visit to Italy, though left in kind and careful hands. The death took place on August 15, which, she did not fail to remember and to note, was the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

While at Boulogne I was once more reminded of the strange destiny which controlled my relations with my son. It was in 1877 that—as already recorded—it had been intimated to me that he would thenceforth be in some sense dead to me, and that my mother's spirit had assured me aloud that he should be her special care. Since that time things had been so ordered as to keep us perpetually apart. And now that I was actually on my way home and expecting to be with him, he received his appointment for India, obliging him to start forthwith, and giving him time only to pay me a hurried visit of farewell at Boulogne, after which we did not meet again for nearly ten years.

Our stay at Boulogne was not altogether barren as regarded our spiritual education. Among the things received were the following :—

" The Buddhist doctrine, which forbids absolutely the destruction of animal life, is defective. Things hopelessly noxious, whether human or animal, may be slain, but the former only under sanction of the Elect ; because these alone are possessed of the spiritual perception requisite to discern between those who are and those who are not irredeemably evil. The Elect kill only ' in the name of the Lord,' and on behalf of the earth's redemption.

" The Mormons were aware of this permission, and on the strength of it instituted their order of ' Danites,' or ' Destroying Angels.' But they wrongfully assumed themselves to be ' elect,' and their doctrine generally is false. They make the body everything, and ignore the soul.

" According to mystical science, murder consists in killing one who, in virtue of his spiritual manhood, alone is truly man. This condition is attained by the reception of the divine spirit whereby the soul is vitalised and eternised.

" Theocracy is the rule of the Elect ; man, when regenerate, being a vehicle for Divinity."

CHAPTER XVII

AMONG THE ASTRALS

On our return to England, Mary went home accompanied by her Swiss maid, who had been with her the latter part of her stay in Paris, and who, with her sister, were to form her projected household in London. I remained in town, partly to seek for a house suitable for the work before us, and partly because we deemed a temporary separation advisable in view of the renovation needed before entering on the next stage of our collaboration. The design was to take a small house in the West End, where Mary would follow her profession, and where we should deliver the "parlour addresses" intimated to us through "Swedenborg," as the best means to the promulgation in the first instance of the teaching we had received. The difficulty of finding a residence which met our manifold requirements and came within the means at our disposal was very great, and we finally decided upon No. 11 Chapel Street, since called Aldford Street, in Park Lane. Of the lease of this house there remained unexpired a term of twenty-one months, which was accordingly secured, though it necessitated another move within two years. But the choice was so restricted that it was that house or none; and serious as would be the inconvenience and the outlay involved in the arrangement, it had long since been made too clear to us that our work was only to be accomplished at the maximum cost of toil, suffering, and money for us to be deterred by such considerations.

Meanwhile I entered upon a course of experiences so singular in themselves, and, as the event proved, so valuable for the instruction of which they were made the occasion, as to necessitate a lengthened account of them, which I will re-write in narrative form from my Diary.

"Physically my state continued to be one of intense distress, owing to the derangement of the circulation. A course of electric

hot baths only aggravated the trouble, by yet further lowering the heart's action. At length, despairing of benefit from orthodox methods, I sought advice of a person strongly commended to me for her faculty of clairvoyant diagnosis and her power as a magnetic healer. This was a Mrs B., an American, who was living in the Marylebone Road. On calling on her without an appointment, I had resolved to let the chance of my finding her at home decide whether or not I would see her, and if not, not to go again. This resolve was overruled. She was out. But the door-knocker was a figure of Hermes, and remembering that not only was he our chief illuminator, but had actually presented himself to Mary in the guise of a letter-carrier, I was so struck by the coincidence that I accepted it as a propitious augury, and determined to call again. This I did on October 9, taking my usual precaution by giving no name, though aware that, having lately come from residing, one of us in France and the other in America, I must be as unknown to her as she to me. I found her a person of middle age, excellent physique, a good nature, and admirable common-sense, but quite illiterate. She had a gift, she said, of *sensing* people's maladies, but did not pretend to explain it. All she knew was, that when in contact with them, as by touching the hand when in her trance-state, she felt in herself whatever they were suffering from, and was often able to prescribe the right remedy. Observing my usual reticence, I told her nothing of my symptoms, but was no sooner put *en rapport* with her than she described them exactly, as well as the cause of them, and declared with great emphasis that she did not believe there was another person in the world who could have stood the strain to which I had been subjected without utterly breaking down, and that I should break down yet if the strain was continued. If only as a piece of thought-reading this was wonderfully accurate. But she spoke with a decision which seemed to indicate direct, positive perception. I had been depleted, she continued, of my magnetic force, and the only cure was by being magnetised by some strong healthy person. She would do her best if I would let her try. The process consisted simply in joining hands and allowing the current of her magnetism to circulate through my system. Whether or not I should have consented to the proposal I cannot say ; for while I was pondering it she suddenly passed into another phase of lucidity, and exclaimed that she was in a country just like the Bible-pictures of the East, and saw an old man, like the Bible-pictures of Moses, writing on a tombstone which he held in his arms ; and then, in a state of much excitement at having so eminent and unlooked-for a visitor, she asked him bluntly how he managed the miracles he performed before Pharaoh. His reply, which she repeated to me, was that he was a mightier magician than the others because he had a stronger will. It was all will-power. Given a high purpose and a strong will, and you can lead people. He wanted, he said, to speak to me. I was carrying on his work and needed his help, and not only his. My work was the continuation of his and of many others', including Jesus, and they all were associated to join in it. But this medium could not speak for him ; she had not enough knowledge. He would, therefore, displace her and enter her body and speak to me himself. This, after a short colloquy with her, he did, the medium exclaiming that she had

'never before had so high and holy-like a control.' Her voice was then succeeded by that of a man, who exclaimed, with groans—

"'What a world! What a society is this! My people were never as this people—never! They had not nearly so much need of redemption. Society now is a Sodom and Gomorrah.' He then took his departure, saying he would return another time.

"This was a new phase of mediumship to me, and I determined to study it. The medium herself was obviously genuine; the most accomplished actor could not have so completely changed his personality. But not so the entity controlling her; play his part as well as he might, there was in his atmosphere and tone that which repelled me. He was a 'bogus' spirit, I was certain; but of what order? This would be well worth finding out for our own sake and that of others. The discovery might be the means of saving and redeeming Spiritualism. And after the training and teaching I had received, I was in no fear of being taken in. Thus thinking, I determined to follow up the experience, and made arrangements with the medium accordingly. Her calling the table of the Law a tombstone was inimitable. I knew so well the class of illustration which had suggested it.

"On the 12th I went again. 'Moses' at once presented himself, and, taking control of the medium, repeated his denunciation of modern society, adjuring me to quit this dark and evil land for one new and pure from contamination. 'Here,' he declared to me, 'in a short time the earth will be strewn with the dead, who will lie festering about, for the living will be too few to bury them. Or, if you will remain and work here, it must be by the aid of a chosen band who will guard and cherish you. You cannot be all alone, dual though you are, with Miriam allied to you. But each of your band must be the same; each, by being both man and woman, must represent the Two-in-One, whose kingdom you preach.'

"This recalled to my mind the Harris-Oliphant doctrine, and gave me a hope that I might be on a track which would solve the secret of its source. The allusion to Miriam as allied to me was most singular. For there was so much in common between Mary and Miriam in respect of gifts, characteristics, and liabilities physical, mental, and psychical, as often to suggest to me the possibility of her being a reincarnation of Miriam. And I had even mentioned to her, so lately as during our recent stay at Boulogne, certain points of resemblance, foremost among which were her gift of prophecy; the vivacity of temperament which impelled her to sing and dance in the procession of triumph over Pharaoh; the independence of character which led her to join Aaron in the revolt against Moses, and rebuke him for his marriage to an Ethiopian; and her being smitten with an illness which compelled her to go into seclusion, which had its correspondence in Mary's constitutional ill-health. Although we were in course of learning to regard the whole of this history as a spiritual allegory, these coincidences were none the less remarkable, and such as to suggest a certain element of actual personality as contained in them. The control continued:—'I, Moses, had the same doctrine. All that you had, all that Christ had, was first mine, and I had it from those who were long before me. It is the one doctrine of all times and all religions. But a

break came in my work, and I could not complete it. Christ added to it, but between Him and me was a gap which has never been filled up. You have to teach the world the connection between Christ and Moses. You have already done something of this by my help and control, though you knew it not. You will never know when I am controlling you. For between us the harmony is so perfect that the difference is undiscernible. When I take possession of you, you are not different, but *more* ; so much are we at one. It is not so with Miriam, my sister. She has a struggle to get possession of the body she controls. The spirit in her is not completely at one with her. The opposition you find is not that of Miriam. She is one with you as I am one with you, and you are altogether harmonious with her. Your trouble is with the original tenant of the organism. I was as another self to the Christ Jesus. Miriam tended Him in the manger as she tended me in the bulrushes. I lived with Him and died with Him ; and as He suffered on the Cross, so did I suffer, so close were we in spirit. Not identical, but as grafts upon the same tree, sharing the same sap and yielding the same fruits. And you are a graft upon us. Ah ! for neither of us was the real crucifixion that of the body. It was the disappointment through the world's rejection and our consequent failure. For we knew not then all that was intended, but worked in expectation of full success. That which you have to do is to carry out what we began. But first of all you have to fill up the gap and restore the connection between Christ and me. Only when the world can connect us can it carry the work higher. You are as the mortar or cement which is to hold the building together.'

" Still convinced of the spuriousness of this ' Moses,' and yet recognising a good deal of what he said as true, I found myself wondering chiefly what the precise error would turn out to be which required the admixture of so much truth to make it go down with me. And I was not a little struck by the coincidence when, in one of the readings I was then having at the British Museum, I found that Philo Judæus, the famous Alexandrian Mystic, who was a contemporary of Jesus, claimed to have been initiated by the spirit of Moses. Seeing that, so far from repudiating the Jewish sacrificial system, as we had been taught to do, Philo's teachings rather accepted and reinforced it, the effect of this discovery was not such as to minister either to my respect for Philo or to my confidence in the alleged source of his inspiration. Philo's doctrine of the Logos, moreover, was entirely lacking the luminousness of the exposition given to us respecting the generation of the Adonai, and read to me rather as a travesty of it, being made as unintelligible as its sacerdotal counterpart by the omission from the Godhead of the feminine principle of substance.

" *October* 13.—Mrs B. went at once under control on my arrival to-day, first uttering only these words, from which I gathered that she had already received the orders of ' the band '—' I am to go out of my body and let them come into it. O God, be it from Thee, and Thee alone, whatever is uttered this night.' ' Moses ' then took possession of her and spoke as follows : ' O this world, this world ! how deep it has sunk ! Low as were my people, they had no such need of redemption as these. I have come to speak to you myself.

What man and woman are to each other, that are the Sun and the soul. For full illumination each must shine on the other. God is the spiritual Sun, without whom the soul is dark. I told my people that they must worship both; and I led them on from day to day, seeking to inspire them more and more with the love of the Divine Duality, of which the human is but the external manifestation. But I failed to make them see that it all exists within themselves. And so they worshipped God as a Being outside and external to themselves. This was because I myself failed to see the truth as I now see it. God has now given me the power so to see it as to be able to inspire others with it, and you have it through me. Only when God has revealed Himself to anyone can that one reveal God to others. My Rod was the token of God's power in me. It was the symbol of the Divine Will—that whereby I worked miracles.

"'The society of your day talks with contempt of the heathen. But the heathen had not lost their spiritual sense. They were teachable; and those of this day are almost inaccessible, so sunk are they in the darkness of the body. Few, if any, of my people were so low sunk in spiritual darkness as most are now; yet even they needed teaching concerning the great truth of the soul. My brother Aaron was of this world. He worshipped gold. I blamed him, and was angry; but he knew no better. He quite failed to comprehend the doctrine that man has God in himself, and can develop himself into a God. He loved gold, and had no difficulty in finding worshippers for that; for few are they in all times who do not adore the golden calf. Since then people have gone on materialising themselves. And even were they to see a table of stone written on with unseen hands, they would not believe. They are farther from God, and more has to be done to redeem them, than ever before. And this though Christ has been. So that in Him the tree can be said to have blossomed only, not to have borne fruit. Between my time and His the growth was stopped; so that, in order to repair what is deficient, there must be a fresh growth of the stem itself of the tree, and this means a fresh earthquake and trembling of the world, in order to startle its people into a new life.

"'Of the destined temple of Humanity I was as the foundation, and Christ the roof. The two were never properly connected, and the walls which should connect them have yet to be built up. The work is immense, but it will be accomplished. Each one whom you can get to recognise this temple in himself will help to build up the whole. Truth comes from the soul, and is known by its fruit. People will recognise and set store by it when they see it. Never did the world need it as now.

"'An essential element in man's progress is woman. This is true whether of the individual or of the race. As Moses I had my counterpart, my spiritual other half, the moon to my sun. To the deep spiritual thoughts given to me she added her light airy nature, added ornament and beauty, and with her keen sensitiveness could detect at any distance and reflect to me truths which, but for her, I might have failed to recognise.

"'It will be given to you to kindle up fires in a great many bodies that you little know of; and when you think you are doing least, you ofttimes will be doing most. And when people least suspect it,

they will be most amenable to your influence; for when unsuspicious the mind is least antagonistic. Do not seek to gain access to them only through the mind. Light up their souls with enthusiasm, and their minds will ignite also. The smallest spark from you may kindle great fires when the soul is prepared to ignite. It was not through the reason but through the soul that we got at our people. You in your day do too much by writing, and you lose the magnetism of eye and voice which we found so effective. Remember that you have to furnish the mortar to build the walls of the temple, to connect the groundwork, Moses, with the roof, Christ. I go now.'

"Here a new influence took possession of the medium, and a fresh voice spake, saying, 'I am Dr Benjamin Franklin. I am the last link of the chain between Moses and you. I have controlled this woman for nearly twenty-five years, and have to forbid the subject being told who has spoken, or what has been spoken through her. I know her well, and this injunction is necessary. Her intellectual organs are, as it were, paralysed; their operation is suspended, and we use her vocal organs only. Were she to know, her curiosity would be excited, and her will would operate to interfere with our expression of the truth to you. Only by remaining ignorant can she be sufficiently passive for the work. The next to come to you will be Miriam. She has all gifts and graces, and will bring things of beauty and joy. I am happy to be a fellow-worker. For the present continue your treatment. You are regaining your lost health. You will recover all your power and more; for we shall add ours to it. Resume, then, your work in hope and courage.'

"The medium now returned to herself, and seemed to be wholly unaware of what had passed. On my asking her who were her usual controls, she said that for a long time—about twenty-three years—only one spirit besides her own had controlled her, and this was Dr Benjamin Franklin. She was uneasy as to what she might have been made to say, but was reassured on hearing it was all 'pious talk,' and turned on the Bible.

"*October* 14.—On becoming entranced, the medium, after speaking a few words in her own person, said, 'I see "Miriam" written up. I am to go out of myself and let her speak.' Another voice then said—

"'People have never sufficiently considered the character or nature of Moses and the material he was made of. God knew him—knew him and loved him. For he had that in him which was of so fine and pure a nature that God could both speak with him and act through him. His vitality in every part of his being was so intense that he could impart life to a stick. He was at once shrewd and simple, honest and clever; and for sense, wisdom, and self-control was without a parallel. Christ, though excelling him in some things, was not his equal in these. The very ground on which Moses stood caught the influence from him and underwent a change. Its vegetation was richer. And so with all the elements about him. Christ turned water into wine. Moses showed yet greater power, for he turned water into blood, a superior element to wine. Red denotes power, and blood is the mightiest of fluids. A man with good rich wholesome blood is alone a true man with strong, unyielding soul. For soul is fed from the essence of the blood; so that in one sense

the blood is the life of the soul. Only let it be pure. That is why Moses pleaded so for blood and purity. He knew by himself. He would have all men like himself.

" ' We see in Moses the first foundation of the temple of a perfect Humanity. He was not so much a teacher as a worker. Jesus was a teacher only. The trunk of the Tree of Life has all to be set up. Sad, indeed, it is to see how the world has receded into the darkness. For it is now as it was before God said, " Let there be light." Happily for the world He has said it again. And there shall be light, because He has said it. And it is already dawning.

" ' Men have been toiling to make the earth after the human body. They have imparted various faculties to it like those of man. Like themselves, it has now a system of wire-nerves to carry its current of thought. But the soul has been allowed to sink out of sight. Truth has been forgotten. Only the material ends of the body have been considered. But the soul that shall animate and speak through the world's new faculties is about once more to rise, and to shine as it never yet has done. The day of deception and falsehood is passing. For the day is coming when men will no longer need to look in each other's faces to see if they speak truly ; for they will be able to read the soul itself. Spiritualism will lead to the light, even though some of its agents be fraudulent.

" ' Women in Moses' time were not thought much of or made of much account. Moses could not own the source of much of his light. But he got it by blending with woman. I, Miriam, was to him a looking-glass in which he beheld himself, and I encouraged and strengthened him, too. And when he was sad, as he sometimes was, and disposed to regret his enterprise as hopeless, he found solace from Miriam. His wife was of no use to him in that respect. She was like the women of her time. Nothing was expected or required of them. The men usurped and took everything, and the women were altogether dependent. And Moses' wife could not fill his nature. She was but a housewife and mother of his children. It was to Miriam that he looked in all higher respects.

" ' The smiting of the Rock is still to him a bitter memory. Even now he broods over it with regret, wishing to have the time over again, that he might act differently. He failed from that time ; for he never felt well after it. Completely one with God in heart, he had let self obtrude, to the work's failure. Oh, what power God gives to man when the man sinks himself and becomes but a machine run by God alone ! That which Moses would have done, and yet more, will yet be done by some meek, true, pure spirit. Moses is waiting for just such an instrument to do more than he could accomplish of old. When such an one comes the world will know indeed what Christ is. The darkness is fast growing so dense that men will be eager for light. When densest, the light will be at hand. I go now. Another waits to step in.'

" Here followed, in a fresh voice, some verses descriptive of a tempest which should startle and terrify men into seeking for light. They did not strike me as worth noting down.

" *October* 16.—The medium, being entranced, but speaking in her own person, said, ' She who is attached to you in your work is not long for this world. Her body never was strong, and it is the subject

of contention between two spirits which cannot abide one another. Her own original spirit is fretful and discontented, making the misery of herself and others. And it refuses to yield to the spirit which seeks to take its place and control her altogether. Oh, what a lovely, noble spirit this one is ! Your trouble is not with it ; it loves and honours you truly, and would always be present with you, to inspire you with all it knows, could it have undisturbed possession of her body. But the two can never agree, any more than two women can be mistress in the same house. Not only will she not live long, the controlling spirit will quit her soon and come to you through some other channel. I am to go out of myself.'

[" It must be remembered that no word had escaped me respecting Mary, or my having a colleague of any kind, or about my work.]

" Here a new voice exclaimed, speaking through the medium : ' All the light and truth which have been in the past shall be again in the future, and yet more of them. The truth shall arouse and attract the people ; for the light shall disclose to them their own condition, to their horror. As the witch of Endor convinced the king, so shall Spiritualism convince the world ; and as the necessity for new light is greater than ever before, so shall the light itself exceed all that has before been given.

" ' Moses was not intended or allowed to do a finished work, much as he desired it. For the world was not yet ripe and could not receive it. So a veil was let fall to keep back the truth until people were competent to appreciate it. Only when mind is developed does there cease to be mystery.

" ' As God was within Christ, so Moses is within yourself, returned to finish his work. And he will bring Aaron, who so loved gold, that gold may work with you. It is true I had much trouble with Aaron on that account. He was so commercially minded. He had no difficulty in getting people to follow him when he set up the Golden Calf. But there are people who value truth above gold, and who will not spare their gold. The results will come soon, and in a way you do not anticipate. You have planned a number of ways to bring the truth before the world. They who are standing by and guiding you will see which way is best. Moses recommends lectures. After you have spoken the people will buy your books. Speak sparingly, he says, in your lectures, giving outlines, but more fully in your writings—principles in the one, details in the other. But mind, that which you teach will not be " Spiritualism," but the relations between God and the soul of man ; not about individual spirits, but Spirituality itself. Only when you have supplied the missing link between Christ and Moses will the world understand Christ. When it knows Christ it will know God. That is the " Spiritualism " you have to teach. You will begin to think soon about starting to give a lecture. You have not thought of it yet, but the idea will soon be impressed upon you so strongly that you *must* do it. It will come to you where to give it. All will be made clear when the time comes. Build up your physical strength and get into good trim as fast as you can. All will be ready when you are ready. It will be a man who is to lecture, not a woman. Women may minister, as they did to Christ ; but a man must lead and manage and speak.

" ' A spirit approaches who has been much with you, who is always with you, and who loves you well, and has watched and seen you all through. She speaks eagerly and tenderly, and says you will never have to suffer again as you have suffered. You have suffered what only you could have borne, and more than you ever would acknowledge to human beings. But she knows it all, for she has been with you in it all, and has suffered with you. She would have prevented it, but was not allowed. And now that it is over, or nearly so, she knows it was all for your good, and that it has made you know God and know yourself. You know now who and what you are, and what you are capable of, and have it in you to be and to do. You can trust yourself because you have been tried. She will come and fan your brow and soothe your tired brain and refresh you in sleep. In her you will indeed have a woman with you in your work.'

" *October* 17.—On the medium becoming entranced, she was spoken through by a voice, slow, solemn, and grave almost to sadness, which soliloquised as follows :—

" ' I am looking at my own tomb. I have drunk again the vinegar and the gall. Man does not and cannot know how near those who have suffered most are in sympathy with him. He who was crucified is nearest in all men's trials, because He has felt all that they have felt or can feel. Of woman Christ came in the past, and of woman He will come again in the future. For the woman is ever that which feels. . . . I cannot speak yet. I am looking at my own tomb, looking back at all I myself suffered and underwent. I am glad you have come ; for without your aid I could not have manifested myself through this woman. When my body was laid in the tomb people little thought that the spirit had left it. They worshipped it, believing it to be still tenanted by me. But it was not so. I had indeed left it, and I took it up again. As I used my body, so I use this woman. She is but as a body which I use and speak through and then lay down.

" ' Great as were the miracles done through me, greater ones will be done in a very short time from now. Men will have mightier demonstrations than ever of God's power, and such that they will be forced to believe in miracles. As the Spirit used my body to work its will, so will it use others. Paul might have worked miracles no less than mine, for he had a grand spirit of his own. But he was so positive and self-opinionated, so eager to do, instead of being done through, that the Divine Spirit could not properly control him. His body was too strong for his own spirit. He could not sink self sufficiently for God to speak through him.

" ' I am looking at the Garden of Gethsemane. I see myself there alone, in solitude such as no other man before or since has felt. For it seemed to me as if the spirits of God and of man alike had deserted me. Such was my suffering then. But on looking back and seeing how that which I suffered has served to bring out the faith and love of mankind, I see how useful it was. It helped to save others.

" ' How mighty is the Spirit ! I was nothing—nothing more than this woman. All was done through me, nothing by me. I was medium for God as she is for me. Let no one despise the medium. The mightiest of men who trusts to himself and works in his own power is nothing to the medium in whom God operates.

" ' I feel connected with you, linked to you in some way—you, the man to whom I am talking—linked so that I am in some way bound to you to be one with you. I shall work yet other miracles through you. This woman, too, shall work miracles, and even, as it were, raise the dead.

" ' They think that I am in heaven with the Father, and they pray to me as One far away. No, I am here—here where I am wanted more than ever. And here I shall remain to help to complete the work which was mine and is yours. I find myself glancing back at my history, and delight to recall the love and heed I had from the women who tended me—Martha and Mary and the rest. Why should not I come ? Moses and Aaron have come, and the work is mine as well as theirs. Again must I stop speaking and look over my past. For it is the first time I have found a body to speak through.

" ' I know not how I turned the water into wine. Perhaps it was by re-collecting the fumes from that which had already been drunk, and of which the air was full. How the drinkers found it better than the other I know not. God, not I, worked the miracle. When Mary spoke, I knew nothing of what was meant or what would happen. I was not her child, except only in body. In spirit we were strangers.

" ' My spirit had passed through many hundred organisms before it came to the one which was called the Saviour, the one which was crucified. It was one and the same spirit who passed through all those forms. The same spirit that controlled Moses controlled Christ. It was called Moses and Christ accordingly by the world. It now controls you, and you must give it another name according to the body it is using. What shall the name be ? Cast about in your mind for one. I will go away, and return when you have had time to think about it.

[After a pause.] " ' My Father is well pleased with you to-day. Thy faith is great, and great will be thy work. Fear not ; all the power shall be given thee by my Father. It is through thy thoughts that thou hast brought down those who are about thee. They will help you to demonstrate and promulgate the great truth which the children of earth so greatly need.'

[" If I had wanted a crucial proof of the ' bogus ' character of my visitants, there could hardly have been a stronger one than was afforded by this last utterance, fervidly as it was spoken. For, so far from my faith being great, as was declared, it was with the utmost difficulty that I restrained myself from betraying the profundity of my distrust. Their failure to discern the attitude of my mind all this time was to me proof positive of their infinite inferiority to the teachers to whom I had been accustomed. I resolved, however, to see the experience out, in the hope of discovering the real nature of the actors and the object they had in view. A clue to the latter had already suggested itself to me, which the next visit served greatly to strengthen.]

" *October* 19.—On entering the trance-state, the medium spoke some words of encouragement in her own person, and was then controlled by an influence which said—

" ' She with whom you are associated will not come, as you expect,

to live in London.' [As nothing had been said by me to suggest this remark, it seemed to me that there must be an atmosphere of some kind about me in which certain of my thoughts could be read by them, while they failed to perceive those which I kept fast locked up in my mind.] 'An obstacle will be interposed. Her coming will be of detriment to yourself, and it will not be allowed. You are a man, and have a man's work to do, and no woman can share it. Woman is always a hindrance; you know from the Bible that from the beginning of the world woman has always been the cause of trouble to man. The selfishness, cunning, and ambition, even of the weakest woman, make her the ruin of a man. You must hold aloof from all women whatever. We see the feeling about coming to London, and being, as it were, together. But it cannot be; your work will not admit of it. And there are five influences about you who will not allow it. The position is changed. The spirit who used the organism you have been associated with has got through with that organism, and will use it no more, and the spirit which belongs to it has nothing in common with your work. You misunderstood the injunctions given you if you thought they meant that the association was to continue with that organism. You are to be constant to the spirit who controlled it, not to the person controlled. When they said you were to remain and work together, they meant, not the same body, but the same spirit.

"'The break will be easier than you think; for she is at this moment perplexed, troubled, and worried. She longs for home, and not for you and your work. She is altogether occupied with self, and is vexed at not having her own way. There is but one who will help you, one who has ever been with you. What Mary—not the Mother, but the Magdalen—was to the Saviour, she is to you. The influences tending you are five; they will be twelve—men, not women. Yours is man's work, and no woman can do it. Now ask us some questions that we may better know your mind, as we cannot read it perfectly through this woman's organism.'

"To this I replied that I had some difficulty in reconciling much of what they said with the other teaching I had received, as well as with itself; for, while they insisted on depreciating women generally, they still insisted on *a* woman as necessary to my work. I could not think of repudiating those who had guided me so long and so well without some positive proof that they could guide me better. Would they give me such proof?

"I spoke very gently, and without betraying any feeling of direct opposition. Nevertheless what I said produced a sudden and great convulsion on the other side; for the control rejoined in a broken and almost angry tone, 'No, no, you are mistaken; but we cannot stay to explain now. We have to leave you in an unsatisfied, unclear condition. It will be better when we see you again. But as for staying where you are—with Her—YOU *must not! You are free!*'

"How sensitive they were to opposition, and demoralised by the smallest show of it, was shown by this other instance. They had discovered that I was not a flesh-eater, and were remonstrating with me against my practice as calculated to impair my strength, when one of the band, who gave the name of 'Aristotle,' said to me,

speaking with mighty voice and emphasis, ' If you want to be ox, you must eat ox ' ! On this I gently asked whether that was not as much as to say that if I would be man I must eat man. To which it was responded, in a tone of deep vexation, that I had disturbed the band by my answer, and they must cease from converse with me until they had recomposed themselves.

" Curious to see whether they had any knowledge of our teachers, and remembering the effigy on the knocker, I asked if they knew of any one called Hermes. The name was evidently strange to them. But the moment it had escaped my lips, I was made to feel acutely the mistake I had made in uttering it in their presence.

" The above was the product of seven sittings, the whole series comprising twenty-four. The record of the remaining ones may be told in brief. The list of my visitors comprised, in addition to the names already mentioned, John Baptist, Samuel, Swedenborg, Shakespeare, Thomas Paine, George Washington, a negro from the Southern States, my ' counterpartal Angel,' my mother, and my wife. Every one of these spoke in character, as appropriately and fittingly, and with their distinctive characteristics as strongly marked, as if they had been the persons themselves they claimed to be. I had seen a good deal of negro life in America, but I never saw so typical a negro as was this woman when under negro control. Laugh, speech, gestures, tone of voice, and mode of expression, nothing was wanting to make the impersonation inimitable, when, referring to the band of spirits about her, she was made to exclaim, in a voice so powerful as to shake the room, ' O Massa, Massa, I do like dese men ! Dey's great and good 'uns. I'd like to march wid dem. Dey's a-fightin' in de army ob de Lord. Oh ! it's a different sort ob fightin' from what we had down South. No ragamuffin rascals a-killin' and a-robbin' ; but all fightin' for de salvation ob de pore folks from sin and mis'ry. Oh ! come, come, my bredren ; come, my sistren all, and jine in marchin' wid de army ob de Lord. Hallelujah ! bress de Lord.' And so on for some fifteen minutes with a force and enthusiasm past description.

" She who professed to have been my wife, too, and my mother also spoke in a manner befitting their characters, the former giving her name ; while the medium was so impressed by the latter that she shed tears and exclaimed, ' What a beautiful influence ! It fills the room with peace and holiness. It has quite restored me, for I was flustered by the former speakers. And now I feel as if, come what trouble there might, I could welcome it all and be happy if only I might feel as I do now. She must have been a blessed woman, your mother, worthy of you, and you of her ! ' It was the one presence of them all which impressed me with a sense of reality and genuineness. Both she and my wife, however, took the other speakers for what they professed to be, and urged me to heed their instructions.

" To summarise the whole. These spirits claimed to be a delegation from a vast band of the earth's best and highest now in the heavenly spheres, who had fixed on me to be their instrument for the new manifestation of the Christ, and had appointed certain of their number to be my immediate guardians and guides. Aristotle was to look after the organism ; Franklin, the electricity ; Shake-

speare, the inspiration ; Swedenborg was to be the Peter, or door-keeper—to save me from being misled, as he said he had been, through the intrusion of unworthy spirits ; and Jesus was to be the Captain of the band. Thus backed and sustained, I should have gifts and powers, mental and physical, exceeding those of the earth's greatest and best, and should accomplish a work of redemption for mankind of which the like had never been known. And the condition of my realising such a destiny was my detachment from my present association in favour of my 'counterpartal Angel.' Oliphant's master, T. L. Harris, they said, had been intended for the office, but had been tried and found wanting, through listening to low spirits and perverting the doctrine.

"The influence which claimed to be my 'counterpartal Angel' came and pleaded her own cause. She it was, she declared, who had been with me through the ages, who had given me all my inspiration, and by whom alone I had ever been attracted. For, although I might think that I had often changed the object of my affections, such was not really the case ; for I had always been constant to her. It was she who had shifted from one person to another, and I had but followed her. And I had done this even when entering on my present association, for Mary's inspiring spirit was herself ; and all the trouble I had gone through in that association was due to her jealousy of Mary. She herself had purposely made the trouble in order to detach me from Mary, to unite herself entirely with me, to form the proper 'two-in-one.' The ardour of her expressions as she said all this, no less than the doctrine itself, reminded me strongly of the sensuous tone of Harris's writings. In describing her appearance, the medium described Mary exactly, and on first being controlled by her, coughed and exhibited the symptoms of a person far gone in consumption, and this to such an extent as to be greatly alarmed for herself lest she really had contracted that disease.

"At the last of these sittings the 'band' declared by their chief spokesman, speaking through the medium, that they had nothing more to tell me at present, but would accompany me home and inspire me there. But first they would answer any question on which I specially wished for light. For hitherto I had kept silence and left them to judge for themselves of my needs. To this I replied by saying that, as my work was concerned chiefly with the soul, I should prefer to have any information they could give me on the origin, nature, and history of the soul, saying this in a tone calculated to imply my implicit faith in them and confidence in their ability to satisfy my questions. To judge by the result, my manner threw them completely off their guard. For, speaking as if with one voice, they exclaimed, 'The soul ! God Almighty Himself could not tell you about that ! '

"They made a last appeal on behalf of my 'counterpartal Angel,' declaring that from thenceforth she would no longer inspire my own seeress, who would be but as an empty shell, or at best animated only by the spirit which had caused my troubles, and instead of the truth would speak falsehood, and at the first opportunity would shake me off altogether. Their last words were, 'When you return home make your seeress sit and be controlled, and take down what she says. But mark well the spirit that speaks. This is the last

time we meet here.' This was one of the utterances which, on after reflection and judging by the event, induced me to think that they occasionally spoke under a higher control than that which belonged to their own sphere.

" Both they and the medium, speaking in her own person, assured me that, but for her need, they would dispense altogether with payment for her services, as she was more than sufficiently recompensed by the great development her faculty had undergone while sitting with me. And, as it was, she refused to receive any remuneration beyond the moderate fee we had agreed upon, saying the spirits had told her that I could not well afford to give it. On parting from her I gave her, for the first time, my address, and told her that, if she needed my services, to apply to me. I saw her only once again, and this was a few weeks afterwards, when she came to say good-bye on her return to America, on which occasion I made her a small present."

CHAPTER XVIII

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE GENII

MEANWHILE Mary had falsified their predictions by returning to London and taking up her residence there for the express purpose of continuing our work. But I maintained throughout the course of the experiences just related my resolve to make no mention of them to her beyond accounting for my absences by saying that I was visiting a magnetic healer. My reasons for silence were, as already intimated, first, my desire to form an independent judgment respecting the nature of the influences with which I had so unexpectedly come into contact ; and, next, my curiosity to see whether Mary would know anything of the matter from interior sources and without being told by me. As she was unaware of the name and address of the medium, and my note-book—legible only to myself—was kept under as close custody as my tongue, there was no possibility of her obtaining the knowledge by normal means.

The parting injunction to me found an application the promptness and directness of which were beyond anything I could have anticipated. I reached home after my last sitting only just in time to join her at the dinner-table, and before I had time to utter a word she said—*à propos* of nothing of which I was aware —" I have had a ' control ' myself this afternoon—quite a new experience. I was taken possession of, and made to utter a whole long string of sentences which I cannot remember, as you were not here to take them down. How did you get on to-day ? "

I told her that I had finished my series of sittings with the magnetiser, and was not going again. Upon this she said, " Then I may tell you that I have been told that it has been all mediumship and hardly any magnetism, and that the spirits there are not of a high order, and you are not to go again. But I will try and be controlled again, and you can take down what I say."

On going up to the drawing-room I seated myself at the table with pencil and paper, and Mary, after looking a few moments at the moon, which was at the full—it was November 17—became lucid, and spoke as follows while walking up and down the room; not, however, under "control," but in her own person :—

"I can see and hear all you have heard and said and done in the past few days. I hardly know whether to tell you or not. Why have you had those long sittings with Mrs B. ? I see a spirit very like myself. She says she is your counterpart. It is a horrible lie. She has told you ever so many times she will never come to me again. I should think not, indeed ! How could you go among those people ? You named Hermes to them, and gave them a clue to let them in. Why should you go among strange people, and listen to them, instead of letting things come in the right way ? She said my own spirit was a serpent and a dragon, and that without you I should be nothing at all; that the man is everything and the woman nothing, and that I got it all through you. Here's another of her spirits, a dreadfully low creature, which calls itself 'Ben.' [This was the name "Franklin" gave himself.] I can take no account of such creatures. Why, don't you know this woman and her set know nothing of the Gods, but believe everything to be done by a low stratum of existences ? It hurts me to see them ; they are so low. I can't breathe among them. So far as I see, they are the spirits 'Eliphas Levi' writes about, and are the products of a reflective atmosphere. She, the medium, holds your hand and gets magnetised by you, and reflects you and the feelings in your mind. Better you had stayed away. You must now forget it as speedily as possible. You are like the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves. Why not wait for the right time ? Their idea was to separate us entirely. Everything was to be given directly to you yourself if you quitted me. The 'Counterpart,' as she called herself, said so. They spoke to you about the subordination of the woman; about your being master. I have not been your master, nor you mine. We both are 'mastered' by the powers who direct us. Men and women are on an equality. Neither is first. Nor must you be misled by their story of Moses and Aaron. They both were failures, who entered not into the land of Canaan. We must be patient and trust. We have to be cultivated on both planes, the intellectual and the spiritual; and not on the physical, for this draws from and saps the others. This is an instruction to be heeded, and we must not repine against it. The trouble between us has come of too much leaning towards the body. We must be detached yet more from it.

"In one of your remarks to the medium, when speaking of your cultivating a negative disposition, you said that perhaps you were the woman and I the man in our joint spiritual system. To a certain extent you were right. For the woman element is most developed in you, and the man element in me. But you must not regard me as your instrument—as they said you should—any more than I am to regard you as my instrument, which I confess I have been tempted to do. I was told to withhold certain things from

you lest you should communicate them to the medium and her controls. For all between us must be kept secret from all others until we have leave to divulge it. You are to go there no more at all. Her spirits are your enemies. They are of the Astrals, an order with which you must have nothing to do. 'Winona' was right in saying that 'you have nothing to do with Spiritualism.'

"Only through me can messages come to you from the Gods, unless they speak to you directly themselves. It is the condition of our work. I see my Genius and my spirit. And it is a question with them whether to withdraw me from you, and carry on the work with me alone. Swedenborg was right in what he said to us about my Genius. He is of a very jealous disposition. He is angry with you. Oh! shall I have to go away altogether and do it by myself? [Here she began to cry.] Why should you care for these things, and why should they affect you, O my Genius? He says that if he lets me stay with you, you must keep to me and listen to no one else. But he wants me to leave you and do the work alone. These controls told you that the 'Woman's Age' is a long way off. That is because they want to keep it so. It will come by the will of God. It cannot be helped or kept off.

"The spirit that calls herself your counterpart is one of the order that controls the American 'prophet' Harris, and that Oliphant told us of. And she has tried to put an end to our work. How like me she is! How like me! Whence can come this likeness? I see it all now. It is copied from me. She is made exactly in my likeness, out of the astral fluid; and to do this she has been for a long time drawing the nervous vitality out of you, and has built herself up with it. As I look at her she changes like a flame, and goes in and out. The group is numerous. The air is thick with them. But they are not 'devils'; not absolutely evil. They have no positive existence, but make themselves entities out of human beings. There was no need to disturb yourself about the work. It was partly because my vitality was required for my intellectual work, and partly because yours was taken by the Astrals, that there has been delay. You are so expansive in feeling if not in action; you give out so freely of your vitality that you help these spirits to create themselves. In me the self is far larger than in you. It fills me up to the very extremities. And that is why I am of so positive a nature, and have red for my colour. The self in you is not so large as in me; and your colour, which is blue, is paler than it used to be, and we do not make so deep a purple as before.

"My Genius charges us not to go to outside spirits. These Astrals are non-moral rather than evil. They care only to sustain and exalt themselves. They have no souls; they are simply Astrals, being made of the ether, and are like flames. They are playful sometimes. Your pretended counterpart is laughing now, as at a joke. They are not real creatures, and have no idea of right and wrong. They are neither light nor darkness; but they catch any prominent quality in a person's mind and make the most of it by reflecting and magnifying it. Hence they are not to be trusted. We must heed no one but the God. True, they use the holy name; but when they speak of God they little know of the enormous ladder which reaches from the highest to the lowest, and all of which is within ourselves.

" I behold myself in a field covered with grass and flowers. It is early morning, and everything is bespangled with dew ; and in each dewdrop everything is reflected, from the sun itself down to the minutest object. All reflect God. All is in every dewdrop. And God is in each individual according to his capacity for reflecting Him. We, all of us, in our degree, reflect God's image. How exquisite is the scene !

" I see your Genius go past. She has a pale blue colour, and looks wasted and unhappy. I suspect mine is much the stronger of the two. He looks so different. He is of a very jealous and proud disposition, as Swedenborg assured us, and he is proud of his jealousy. He keeps telling me things which he will not let me tell you for fear the Astrals should get them from you.

" What a dreadfully difficult thing it is to steer one's way amidst such numbers of influences ! It was on account of the Astrals chiefly that we were forbidden to use the planchette. I see a fine, bright-shining thread. It is our own path ; and it is a pathway of light. But, oh, so narrow, so narrow ! And all around are spirits trying to lure us from it.

" Here is Hermes, shining like a silver light. My Genius says that the way to get the utmost vitality on the spiritual plane is to abandon the plane of the body, and keep it quite low, by not indulging it. The time for bodily indulgence is past with us. Abstinence, we have been told, and watchfulness and fasting, are needful. And the time for the first of these has come. Nothing is gained without labour, or won without suffering. Fasting and watching and abstinence, these are beads and rosary. It is a hard way and a long way, and it makes one wishful to turn back."

Portions of the following extracts from our joint Diary, omitting the personal allusions, have been used in *The Perfect Way* and *Clothed with the Sun*.[1] They are here given in their integrity for their biographical value :—

November 18.—" Last night," wrote Mary on the following day, " I saw my Genius clothed with a red flame, and standing in a dark place. He held in his hand a cup, into which he bade me look. I did so, and a mist gathered like a cloud in the cup ; and I saw in the cloud spirits wrestling with each other. Then the cup seemed to widen until it became a great table upon which scenes and words were written. And I saw the vapour filled with astral spirits, ephemeral, flame-like, chimerical ; and upon the mist which enveloped and swept around them was written, ' The Powers of the Air.'

" And I said to my Genius, ' Are these the spirits which control mediums ? ' And he answered, ' Do not use that word " medium " ; for it is misleading. These are the powers which affect and influence Sensitives. They do not control, for they have no force. They are light as vapour. See ! '

" Then he breathed on the table, and they were dispersed like smoke on all sides. And I said, ' Whence do these spirits come,

[1] Part I., Chapter xv., " Concerning the ' Powers of the Air.' "—S. H. H.

and what is their origin and nature ? ' And he answered, ' They are Reflects. They have no real entity in themselves. They resemble mists which rise from the damp earth of low-lying lands, and which the heat of the sun disperses. Again, they are like vapours in high altitudes, upon which, if a man's shadow falls, he beholds himself as a giant. For these spirits invariably flatter and magnify a man to himself. And this is a sign whereby you may know them. They tell one that he is a king ; another, that he is a Christ ; another, that he is the wisest of mortals, and the like. For, being born of the fluids of the body, they are unspiritual and live *of* the body.' ' Do they, then,' I asked, ' come from within the man ? ' ' All things,' he replied, ' come from within. A man's foes are they of his own household.' ' And how,' I asked, ' may we discern the Astrals from the higher spirits ? ' ' I have told you,' he said, ' of one sign : they are flattering spirits. Now I will tell you of another. They always depreciate woman. And they do this because their deadliest foe is the Intuition. And these, too, are signs. Is there anything strong ? they will make it weak. Is there anything wise ? they will make it foolish. Is there anything sublime ? they will distort and travesty it. And this they do because they are exhalations of matter and have no spiritual nature. Hence they pursue and persecute the woman continually, sending after her a flood of vituperation like a torrent to sweep her away. But it shall be in vain. For God shall carry her to His throne, and she shall tread on the necks of them. Therefore the High Gods shall give through a woman the Interpretation which alone can save the world. A woman shall open the gates of the Kingdom to mankind, because Intuition only can redeem. Between the woman and the Astrals there is always enmity. For they seek to destroy her and her office, and to put themselves in her place. They are the delusive shapes who tempted the saints of old with exceeding beauty and wiles of love, and great show of affection and flattery. Oh ! beware of them when they flatter, for they spread a net for thy soul.'

" ' Am I, then, in danger from them ? ' I asked. ' Am I, too, a Sensitive ? '

" ' No, you are a Poet, and in that is your strength and your salvation. Poets are children of the Sun, and the Sun illumines them. No poet can be vain or self-exalted. For he knows that he speaks only the words of God. " I sing," he says, " because I must." Learn a truth which is known only to the Sons of God. The Spirit within you is divine. It is God. When you prophesy and when you sing, it is the Spirit within you which gives you utterance. It is the " new wine of Dionysos." By this Spirit your body is enlightened as is a lamp by the flame within it. Now, the flame is not the oil ; for the oil may be there without the light. Your body, then, is the lamp-case, into which the oil is poured. And this—the oil—is your soul, a fine and combustible fluid. And the flame is the Divine Spirit, which is not born of the oil, but is conveyed to it by the hand of God. You may quench this Spirit utterly, and thenceforth you will have no immortality ; but when the lamp-case breaks the oil will be spilt on the earth, and a few fumes will for a time arise from it ; and then it will expend itself and leave at last no trace. Some oils are finer and more spontaneous than others. The finest is that

of the soul of the poet, and in such a medium the flame of God's Spirit burns more clearly and powerfully and brightly, so that sometimes mortal eyes can hardly endure its brightness. Of such an one the soul is filled with holy raptures ; he sees as no other man sees, and the atmosphere about him is enkindled. His soul becomes transmuted into flame, and when the lamp of his body is shattered his flame mounts and soars, and is united to the Divine Fire. Can such an one, think you, be vainglorious or self-exalted and lifted up ? Oh no ; he is one with God, and knows that without God he is nothing. I tell no man that he is a reincarnation of Moses, of Elias, or of Christ. But I tell him that he may have the spirit of these if, like them, he be humble and self-abased, and obedient to the Divine Word.'

" ' Do not, then, seek after controls. Keep your temple for the Lord God of Hosts, and turn out of it the money-changers and the dove-sellers and the dealers in curious arts ; yea, with a scourge of cords if need be.' "

We discussed together in the evening the various orders of spirits with which my recent experiences had been the means of making us acquainted. But I kept carefully to myself the sense which I had of not being quite justly dealt with by her Genius, seeing that he had taken account only of the fact of my having held converse with the Astrals, and ignored the innocence both of the motive which had brought me into contact with them and of the motive with which I had pursued the investigation, as well also as the firmness and independence of my attitude towards them. The description now given of his character seemed to me to account for his attitude in regard to myself, but I would make no remark to her which might be construed to his disparagement in her eyes. And, as will be seen, he himself admitted the restriction of knowledge of the Genius respecting persons to his own client. While we were conversing she became lucid, and said :—

" I see my Genius. He has a Cactus in his hand. It is my emblem. He says that the question of the distinctions between different orders of spirits is a long and difficult one to treat. But it can be explained, and he will try to explain it. And first, he says, there are no such things as ' spirits of the dead.' There are only shades of the dead. This is the emanation of the dead body, and is rather a ' peri-soul ' than a soul. For there are, strictly, four elements in man, one of them being an emanation from the body. When a person dies, and a shade of him returns, it is dumb, and always disappears without speech. When speech occurs, it is by Divine interposition, and for a special purpose. On such occasion it is the soul itself that returns, coming from the purgatorial world ; but it is not therefore reincarnate. *Souls* are reincarnated hundreds

and thousands of times, but not the *person*—which implies the body—for the body perishes. These things were known to the Gnostics, Essenes, Therapeutæ, and Jesus. And the doctrine is embodied in the parable of the Talents, as is thus explained :—

" Into the soul of the individual is breathed the Spirit of God, divine, pure, and without blemish. It is God. And the individual has, in his earth-life, to nourish that Spirit and feed it as a flame with oil. When you put oil into a lamp, the essence passes into and becomes flame. So is it with the soul of him who nourishes the Spirit. It grows gradually pure and becomes the Spirit. Doing which, the Spirit becomes the richer. And as in the parable of the Talents, where God has given five talents, man pays back ten. Or, he returns nothing, and perishes.

" When a person dies, a portion of the soul remains unconsumed—untransmuted, that is, into spirit. The soul is fluid, and between it and vapour is this analogy. When there is a large quantity of vapour in a small space it becomes condensed, and is thick and gross. But when a portion is removed the rest becomes refined, and is rarer and purer. So is it with the soul. By losing a portion of its material it becomes finer, rarer, and purer ; and it continues to do so more and more until, after many incarnations—made good use of—the whole of the soul is absorbed into the Divine Spirit, and becomes one with God, making God so much the richer for the usury. This is ' Nirvana.' "

Here I asked, " Is the individuality lost, then ? " To which it was replied—

" No ; though becoming pure spirit or God, the individual retains his individuality. So that, instead of all becoming merged in the One, the One becomes Many. Thus has God become Millions. We, too, are Legion, and therein resemble God. God is Multitudes and Nations, and Kingdoms, and Tongues. And the sound of God is as the sound of many waters.

" When a great and good person dies, and for any special purpose returns to earth and speaks, it is really the soul of that person who returns. But this rarely occurs long after decease. Because, as a rule, the soul has become reincarnate, or else is engaged in achieving its final purification ; so that after a long interval there would be no soul to return, since it would have become pure spirit. Consequently the shades which persistently return are one of these two things. Either they are dumb shades from the bodily exhalations or mortal spirit—for everything has a spirit—or else they are astral spirits personating the dead. A soul may be utterly gross at last and deprived of all spirit of the divine order, and yet may have so strong a vitality, or mortal spirit, of its own that it may last hundreds of years in a low atmosphere. But this occurs only with souls of very strong will, and generally of indomitable wickedness. The strength of their evil will and the determination to be wicked keep them alive. These are the devils. But they are mortal, and must go out at last. Their end is utter darkness. They cease to be.

" The shades of the dead are the Manes, Lares, and Penates of the Latins, and are to be distinguished from the soul. When Samuel appeared at Endor, it was the soul itself that returned. This was possible only because he was so lately dead. According

to circumstances, souls may either become reincarnate at once, or may accomplish their purification in the sphere called the purgatorial world.

" My Genius is not an Astral. The very suggestion displeases him. Nor was he ever embodied. He is of the order sometimes called ' Angels,' but he does not care for the term because it is misinterpreted. He prefers the Christian nomenclature, and to be called ' minister,' as their office is to guide, admonish, and illumine.

" The origin of souls, he says, has already been explained to us in the beginning of our Alphabetical Chapters. Souls consist of substance, or original protoplasm, separated into individuated portions precisely as Spirit is separated from God. Spirit is the male, and Substance the female, principle of existence. Wherefore the soul is feminine. But my Genius dislikes the terms male and female, and prefers Father and Mother. The whole subject is very intricate ; for even gross bodies have spirits. These, however, are not divine, but vital, or else animal only, and are different from that of God. Every molecule of matter, however minute, has a vital spirit. But this is not one with the Divine Spirit of man, which is God.

" The Astrals exist in numbers round certain persons. About some there are none. There are very many about you of late, and they are the cause of the paleness of your colour. Your Genius is devitalised by them. My flame, being red, burns straight up, and they shun it. Yours, which is blue, spreads out circularly, and the Astrals flock round it like moths. For some time past a stream of magnetism has been flowing out of you to form them, and you are de-energised by it ; for they feed on the vital spirits. I am shown an old book on chemistry with much about the spirits of the blood. The arteries carry the vital spirits ; the molecules of your blood have been depleted of vitality by them. They act like vampires, and feed on the vital spirits.

" The way to dispossess the Astrals is by inhaling a strong, clear, bright atmosphere, such as that of Italy, and using whatever restores vital spirits. The best substitute is vital warmth and magnetism, and tonics, not stimulants. Stimulants create these Astrals. One has got at me from you—the ' counterpart.' She comes into me, or has done so, at intervals. She has not got at my vital spirits, but has attacked the nervous system. They are at the bottom of hysteria, and my power has been impaired by this very Astral. Our Genii told us long ago that ' the air is full of the haters of the mysteries.' These are the ' Powers of the Air,' and they have been for a long time on the watch to create accidents and disturbances, which they have the power of doing—not by their physical force, for they have none, but by influencing people's minds. They are the ' things in the air ' that people speak of, and are especially set against us and our work, to stop us from accomplishing it in this incarnation. They are the authors of mischievous impulses, and we must therefore always be mistrustful of impulses lest they be suggested by them. They know that they can spoil my balance, and, possibly, make me end in insanity. They inspired the impulse which led to my recent accident, and if they have an opportunity will do the same again. There is no infallible safeguard against

misfortunes and mistakes. We have to take what comes, and do the best we can. The greatest of saints have been most persecuted and torn asunder by them; for the Genii are not fighting spirits, and cannot prevent evils. Even Jesus was allowed to be ministered to by them only after exhaustion in combat with the Astrals. If we were not worth attacking we should not be attacked.

"My Genius says that knowledge is withheld from you at present on account of the Astrals. For they would suck it from you, and it must be kept secret. A general cannot hope to carry out his plan of campaign if his intentions are betrayed to the enemy. The same secrecy is necessary in our case. My Genius deplores the mischief they have already done. The Astral which calls herself your counterpart erected the barrier which has impeded our work. The nearness of our association enabled her to pass from you to me. She has exactly misrepresented the truth to you. For my own original spirit was always one with you. The trouble began immediately she had passed from you to me; and my spirit, I am told, was vaguely and dimly aware of this, and for that reason I have regarded you as the cause. And so you were, but unconsciously. The best way to dispossess these creatures is by prayer.

"I wish we could go to Italy. I always seem when in this condition to be in a splendid climate. Oh, so clear and pure!

"As regards the continuation of your work, that, I am told, is an affair for the blue Genius. It must rest at present."

November 19.—Mary, being lucid, said:—

"My Genius is here. He looks like Dante, but changes from time to time. Like Dante, he is always in red. Speaking of Dante, I see that Beatrice represents the soul. She is to him what the woman should be to the man. My Genius tells me to say that of course you understand that the best weapon against the Astrals is Prayer. Prayer means the intense direction of the will and desire towards the Highest; an unchanging intent to know nothing but the Highest. So long as Moses held up his hands towards heaven the Israelites prevailed. When he dropped them, then the Amalekites.

"I am to inform you that the Genius never 'controls' his client; never suffers the soul to step aside from the body to allow the entrance of another spirit. The person controlled by an Astral or an Elemental, on the contrary, speaks not in his own person, but in that of the spirit controlling him. And the gestures, expression, intonation and pitch of voice, change with the obsessing spirit. A person prophesying speaks always in the first person, and says either, 'Thus saith the Lord,' or, 'So says someone else,' never losing the personality. This is another sign of difference whereby to distinguish the orders of spirits.

"My Genius fears lest you may not have quite understood what was said last night about the Astrals, and he wishes to explain that they are not necessarily evil. A distinction is to be made also between Astral and Elemental spirits and '*genii loci*.' These last are the spirits of forests, mountains, cataracts, rivers, and all unfrequented places, and were known to all early nations, the Scandinavians, Teutons, and Greeks. These are the Dryads, Kelpis, Fairies, and Elves. Most of these spirits now remain only in the New World, and especially in the Indian districts. The Astrals or

blood-spirits inhabit chiefly cities ; and between them and the former classes there is antipathy and mutual avoidance. Nevertheless some of the forest spirits, and others who live on the exhalations of trees, spray, and organic essences, have become attached to certain individuals, and have followed them even to cities. But these do not prey on the vital spirits of the blood, but on the magnetism of the nervous system. 'Winona,' whom we know, is one of these, and never had a body of her own. Most of these give themselves Indian names from their first associations. Then there is an intermediate class, the Elementals. These are dangerous, mysterious, and terrifying spirits, the spirits of the Rosicrucians and mediæval magicians, and of some of these days, who draw symbols and pentagrams for them ; and it is dangerous to name them at certain times and places. These spirits are more material than any of the others, and have an independent existence. The most dangerous of their order are the Salamanders or Fire-spirits.

" I am going to tell you what will surprise you. Some time ago these spirits came to us and deceived us both. They took advantage of our use of the planchette, which they are especially able to control, and one of them burnt my finger. They then persuaded us to have a planchette made which was divided into twelve squares, with four corners, dedicated each to one of their own class. They would have used us for their own ends had not a higher power prevented them. And this is the danger of all physical means of communication. My Genius wishes us to abstain entirely from that. He and his order, he says, are not sufficiently material to cause any physical injury ; and no physical demonstration, save in appearance, is possible to them.

" You asked yesterday whether you, too, would have the power of seeing. He has spoken to your Genius about it, and the answer is *No*. And for this reason : the faculty of sight is the last which is perfected, and my Genius's client—that is, myself—is older than you.

" The use of this term ' client ' reminds me of our conversations with the spirit of Swedenborg, and I wish to ask about it. In reply, my Genius tells me that the real Swedenborg is no longer in this sphere, but that a portion of his spirit is occasionally attracted by affinities in corresponding minds, producing the phenomena attributed to him. These phenomena are not astral in their nature, though it requires strong power of inward illumination and discernment to distinguish them. My Genius says that he wishes all that relates to the Gods to be kept for the present a profound secret ; and he deprecates the communication of it even to you. And for this reason : that the Astrals carry the reflects of whatever they get from the vital organism of the person to whom they have access, and convey the knowledge elsewhere. The Scripture of the Hebrews alludes to this in the saying, ' A winged creature of the air shall carry the matter.' He says the word used in the Hebrew, and translated ' bird,' signifies a winged creature, and means an Astral.

" My Genius says that all the prophecies respecting my impending death which from time to time have been given us—such as, ' Mary will soon be with us,' ' She will not live long,' and the like—are from the Astrals, their object being to win you from the idea of continued association with me, to that of your pretended counter-

part. He says that he sees no prospect of an early death for me, but, on the contrary, a very long-continued youth, and an age beyond the ordinary span; and the reason is the extraordinary amount of the power of repair in my organism. Nothing remains. There is a constant weeding out of old tissue, and an extraordinary growth of new. In his view, the real danger for me is death by violence, as in a railway accident, or a sudden, unresisted impulse to self-murder, or any means by which the Astrals can get at me from without. And it is advisable, he says, to have in your keeping a duplicate copy of the communications received by us, lest I be tempted to destroy them. But not in the immediate present.

"Two ways are open to a man to rid himself of the Astrals. The surest and most efficacious (of physical means), and the one pursued exclusively in olden times, is now impossible to you. This is the method of starving the body. Not mere abstinence, but fasts of twenty or forty days, with absolute loneliness and life in the open air day and night. It was to the efficacy of such method that Jesus alluded when He said, in reference to the obsessed child, 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.' The object is to deprive the Astrals of their means of subsistence by depriving the vital fluids of their spirits. Sometimes the person himself dies in the process, as did one recently whom we knew. [This was a certain Scottish lady who had believed the Astrals when they told her she was the reincarnation of Christ in the feminine, and must accomplish a like period of fasting.]

"The other plan is the one suggested to you, and it is the exact reverse. This is to pour in an excess of vitality, and so to replace what the Astrals take, faster than you lose it. But prayer will do more than either fasting or feeding.

"I have asked my Genius about the person alluded to who died of fasting. He says that he knows well only the things relating to the person to whom he ministers. About other things he has opinions only. The position of the ministering spirit to his client is very well represented by that of the Catholic confessor to his penitent. He is bound to keep towards all his penitents profound secrecy as regards the affairs of other souls. If this were not the case there would be no order, and no secret would be safe. Even my Genius knows only so much of you as yours chooses to tell him.

"Another sign," he says, "by which to distinguish extraneous spirits from one's Genius is this;—the Genius is never absent. Provided the mind is in a condition to see, he is always present. Other spirits need times to be appointed, and engagements to be made for certain hours, because they may be elsewhere at any moment. The astral spirits, moreover, know nothing of the Gods. Their very names are secrets from them; and if they have heard them, they are but as names to them. They are unable to grasp or conceive of anything beyond the atmosphere of their own circle. It is true that they speak of God, but it is without understanding the meaning of the word. The more negative the mind of the individual, the more ready and apt he is to receive these spirits. And, on the contrary, the more positive and pronounced the will of the individual, the more open he is to divine communication. The command always is, 'To labour is to pray'; 'To ask is to receive';

'To knock is to have the door open.' 'I have often said,' says my Genius, 'Think for yourself. When you think inwardly, pray intensely and imagine centrally; then you converse with God.'

"To our questions respecting our immediate future, he says that he knows, but will not tell. All he will say is this—'Be sure there is trouble. No man ever got to the land of promise without going through the desert.' Again he holds up to me the Cactus, and he says, 'Do not fret yourself about trying to get into the lucid state. In a short time it will be unnecessary to become somnolent at all.' He tells me that to-night I shall remember a great part of what has been said, and the next time more, and so on until my mind is quite clear on the subject. It is a weakness and an imperfection when the mind does not retain what has been said. At night, when my brain is free from disturbing influences, I recollect more perfectly all I have seen and heard. And this, he says, should always be the case, because my place is not taken by any other entity. No other spirit steps in to dispossess me. But it is I myself who see and hear and speak—my spiritual self, that is."

The statement about Winona cleared up for me the question why "spiritualism" should be prohibited to us and intercourse with her allowed. She was of those who had described themselves to us as "not souls but flames," being of spirit alone without any isolating vehicle, and of those of whom it is said, "He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire." She was thus able to be a perfect instrument of the Gods. And it was for this reason that when listening to her, while under their direction, there was none of the sense of limitation and unreality which had so jarred on me while listening to the Astrals.

Another difficulty which this utterance solved for me was that of the apparent contradiction between Winona's description of Mary as a very young spirit, and having a very youthful organism, and the assurances we had received of the great antiquity of her soul. The organism, it now appeared, was kept what Winona had called youthful by the constant weeding out of old tissue and formation of new. And the very power by which this occurred was due to the high maturity and consequent strength of the soul. This organic youthfulness would account also for the child-side of her disposition, which was so marked a feature in her character.

November 21.—Speaking this evening under direction of her Genius, Mary said, "My Genius is discontented with the word 'God' as the expression for the Supreme, because it represents the male principle only, and is not dual. For this reason he would

prefer the word ' Jehovah,' were it not that it is in common use with the Astrals themselves, though they have but a secondary adaptation of its mystic meaning, and have applied it, as is their nature, to the reflect instead of to the true thing. There is a word which expresses God. It is the word ' IO.' [1]

" The Astrals cannot rise to be partakers of the divine life, because they are mere reflections of the living soul, or traces or footprints of a soul which has passed through the astral light and has gone beyond. In no case are they in themselves entities, though they are in some cases existences.

" Had you "—this to me—" been of a thoroughly positive nature, which you are not, you would, in your recent experiences, have entirely controlled their expression ; and when in your most positive mood you do more or less control them.[2] But the more negative your mood, and therefore the weaker your will, the more confused and uncertain, and even contradictory, their utterances would be. The mind of the medium and the influences of the persons recently associated with would disturb the planetary waves ; for this medium, or latent light, is eminently fluidic. It is the ' water beneath the firmament ' of the Book of Genesis. Consequently its waves, like those of the air or the water, are disquieted and broken up by the forces projected into it, and the reverberations or modulations caused are in direct ratio to the body projected into them—the term ' body ' being here understood as synonymous with mental force.

" My Genius thinks it may be interesting here to point out the relation occupied by the elemental demons or spirits in regard to the four departments of the planet. To the highest individuated element—to the ' Father,' that is, of Jesus—corresponds the department of the kingdom of the Air ; to the next, the soul or ' Mother, corresponds the department of the Water ; to the astral interspace, that of the Fire ; and to the phenomenal, that of the Earth. Consequently the Salamanders are the most dangerous and insidious, the most mischievous, and the most perilous to evoke ; and the Spirits of the Air—which are not to be confounded with the ' Powers of the Air '—are the purest and most powerful."

The following are the chief products of the illuminations of the next fortnight :—

" The astral existences, although they are not intelligent personalities, are often the media of intelligent ideas, and operate as means of communication between intelligent personalities. Ideas, words, sentences, whole systems of philosophy, may be borne in on the consciousness of a sensitive by means of the currents of magnetic force, as solid bodies are conveyed on a stream, though water be no intelligent agent. The minutest cell is an entity, for it has the power of self-propagation. The Astral is not an entity, for it cannot

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[1] For explanation see *The Perfect Way*, Lecture II., Part v., and *Clothed with the Sun*," II. vii.

[2] As has already been stated, it was my special endeavour to give them free play, that they might disclose themselves for what they really were.

reproduce itself. It is an imprint only, a shadow, a reflect, an echo. All they whose bodies have decomposed leave, or have left, their shadow in the astral space. But the shadow or phantom of Jesus is not there ; for His body left no sidereal corpse. The body itself was indrawn or transmuted."

This statement was suggestive of an important train of thought respecting the experiences in which we had seemed to recover actual recollections of Jesus, the question being as to whether the forms we had beheld of Him subsisted in the earth's astral atmosphere or in our own memories only. Not that the subsequent withdrawal of His external part would operate to efface the imprints left by Him during His lifetime. The matter subsequently assumed yet greater importance in view of the denial of His existence made by certain occultists on the strength of their own inability to see His reflect in the astral light.

" The atmosphere with which a man surrounds himself, his soul's respiration, affects the astral fluid. Reverberations of his own ideas come back to him ; his soul's breath colours and savours what a somnambulist—now generally called a ' psychic '—conveys to him. But he may also meet with contradiction, with a systematic presentation of doctrine, or of counsels, at variance with his own personal views. This is because his mind is not sufficiently positive to control all the manifestations of the electric agent ; the influence of the medium through which the words come interposes ; or, as is often the case, a magnetic battery of thought has overcharged the element, and imparted to it a certain current. Thus new doctrines are in the air, and spread like wildfire. One or two strongly positive minds give the initiative ; and the impulse flies through the whole mass of latent light, correspondingly influencing all who are in relation with it."

This, in due time we were made sensible, was an important element in the spread of our work. The more positive and vivid our ideas, the greater their power to propagate themselves through the astral atmosphere, and to find reception in other minds prepared for them. So that, while we were sitting quietly in our study, engaged in thought, altogether abstracted from the outer world, and even regretting our inability to get at that world to teach it, we might be taking the most effectual means of propagating our knowledge.

" In man the astral fluid becomes transformed into human life at the moment of conception. It is the envelope of the soul, and constitutes the sidereal body, which in its turn is the generator of the physical body. The internal man, he who ultimately is immortal, consists of soul and spirit. The sidereal phantom and the outer

body are perishable, save when they undergo transmutation during the tenancy of the soul and spirit. Hence the sidereal body, being the generator of Sense, is the Tempter, which, inclining to matter, gives to matter the precedence over spirit. Being of Time and of Sense, it beguiles the intuitive part of man. In that way spirit and matter represent, respectively, good and evil. For in the day that thou givest thyself over to matter thou becomest liable to extinction.

"The 'wheel' of Ezekiel is the astral *circulus*. The four seraphs are the Elemental spirits. This astral element was personified by the Greeks as Hestia, and by the Romans as Vesta. The Genius is the moon to the planet man, reflecting to him the Sun or God within him. For the Divine Spirit which animates and eternises the man is the God of the man, the Sun that enlivens and enlightens him. And this Sun it is, and not the outer and planetary man, that his Genius, as a satellite, reflects to him. Thus attached to the 'planet,' the Genius is the complement of the man, and its 'sex' is always the converse of the 'planet's.' And because it reflects, not the planet but the Sun, not the man but the God, its light is always to be trusted, and as the Moon, or Isis, it is the agent of Initiation into the mysteries of the Intuition.

"The astral body of a man is not necessarily similar in form to his outward body; but while appearing outwardly a human being, the individual may be, inwardly and really, a wolf, a bird, or a dog. And they who possess spiritual perception can discern the true nature of the man beheld."

It would be impossible to exaggerate the eagerness with which we received and pondered these utterances, as evening after evening Mary dictated them to me after the vision seen or voice heard within, only to find instant recognition as long-lost memories of indubitable truths. Her utterance was always slow, calm, continuous, without faltering or ever being at a loss for a word, and such as more than ever to make us feel that we had indeed been permitted to tap a reservoir of boundless wisdom and knowledge. We made no attempt to control the line or direction of the instruction imparted, but kept our minds open to receive whatever might come, trusting to our illuminators to give what would be most useful, but never failing to exercise the keenest scrutiny over it. And we were pleased to notice that points which had been mentioned between us, but without thought of receiving light upon them, were often made the subject of the very next communication. Such was the occasion of the receipt of the following exposition of the doctrine of Grace, a subject which had never before engaged my attention, until reference was made to it in a conversation between us on "mortal" and "venial" sin, which was taken

advantage of to interrupt the course of the instructions in progress :—

" One of the most dangerous mysteries to place in the hands of the vulgar is that of the Doctrine of Grace. When once Union has been accomplished between the human and the Divine Wills, there is Grace. And the man under Grace cannot sin mortally. Conformity between the human and the Divine Will is the condition of salvation. And salvation is not forfeited through any specific act, unless such act be wilful and indicate a condition of rebellion. Of a man under Grace, David is a type. His heart was right with God ; his intuition was unfallen. So that his many and grievous sins did not and could not alienate him from God. The man who is deliberately in opposition to the Divine Will is in far greater danger than the man who, having his intuition true, sins more flagrantly. It is not by a specific act, or many specific acts, that a soul is destroyed, but by a state of heart in constant opposition to the Divine Will. Hence the axiom of the Calvinists, ' If you are under Grace you cannot sin ' ; that is, mortally."

The regular course of instruction was then resumed as follows :—

" Everything is fourfold. God and Nature may be represented by two mirrors placed face to face, when an endless vista of mirrors results. As man is fourfold, so is Nature and every existing thing.

" The astral fluid contains four orders of entities, which are represented by four magnetic wheels encircling the earth, and which are full of lives. The highest and uppermost of these *circuli* is that of the elemental spirits or ' winged creatures ' ; the second is that of the souls ; the third is that of the shades ; and the fourth and lowest is that of the magnetic spirits.

" These *circuli* correspond to Air, Water, Earth, and Fire, beginning at the outer and uppermost, and going inwards and downwards. The magnetic emanations, or Astrals, are under the dominion of the Fire. They are not souls or divine personalities. They are simply emanations or phantasms, having no real existence. Every event or circumstance which has taken place upon the planet has an astral counterpart, or picture, in the magnetic light. So that there actually are ghosts of events as well as of persons. The magnetic existences of the fourth order are the ' shades,' or ' manes,' of past times, of past circumstances, thoughts, and acts of which this planet has been the scene, and they can be evoked and conjured. The appearances on such occasions are but the shadows left on the protoplasmic mirror. This order corresponds to that of Fire.

" The third *circulus* with its spirits corresponds to Earth. Wherefore Demeter was said to be the mother of Persephone, queen of the Shades. The Shades are the manes of the dead, but are of many different kinds. Some are mere shades, spiritual corpses from which the soul has departed, and which will soon be absorbed by the fourth *circulus* and become mere magnetic phantoms. In others the soul still lingers. These are souls in Purgatory, being bound to the astral envelope and unable to quit it. They are sometimes

called Earth-bound spirits, and they often suffer horrible torments in their prison. The strong wills, love, and charity of those on earth may relieve them, and lessen the time of their purgatorial penance. Of some of these the retention is due to ignorance, of others to concupiscence and sensuality, and of others to crimes of violence.

" This sphere is inhabited by a yet more terrible class, that of the ' devils,' some of whom are of great power and malice. Of these the souls are never set free. They are in ' Hell.' But they are not immortal. For, after a period corresponding to their personal vitality and the strength of their rebellious wills, they are consumed and perish for ever. These may be evoked by incantation, but the practice is of the most dangerous and wicked kind. For the endeavour of these lost spirits is to ruin every soul to which they have access.

" To the highest *circulus* belong the spirits of the Elements, which pervade all things, not only of the macrocosmic Planet, but of the microcosm Man. Of these Elementals, the Air-spirits preside over the function of respiration and the organs which accomplish it. The Water-spirits preside over the humours and secretions of the body, and in particular the blood. The Earth-spirits have for their domain the various tissues of the body ; and animal heat, assimilation, and nutrition are dependent on the Fire-spirits.

" An Initiate of the highest grade, one who has power to command the Elemental spirits, and thereby to hush the storm and still the waves, can, through the same agency, heal the disorders of the body ; and this he does by an exercise of his will which sets in motion the magnetic fluid.

" Such a person, an Adept or Hierarch of Magnetic Science, is necessarily a person of many incarnations. And it is principally in the East that these are to be found. For it is there that the oldest Souls are wont to aggregate. It is in the East that Human Science first arose ; and the soil and astral fluid there are charged with power as a vast battery of many piles. So that the Hierarch of the Orient both is himself an older soul and has the magnetic support of a chain of older souls, and the earth beneath his feet and the medium around him are charged with electric force in a degree not to be found elsewhere.

" The greatest Hierarch—he, that is, who has the most perfect control over Nature—not only is a man of many incarnations, but has obtained from God the greatest of gifts and the rarest, that of being a Medium for the Highest, the Planet-God himself. Such an one is the *Æon*, and has what is called the ' Double Portion.' Elisha craved and received this grace.

" ' Where now is the God of Elijah ? ' he cried when endeavouring to work his first miracle ; and he besought Elijah that a portion of his Double might rest upon him. For Elijah had so transmuted his soul into spirit that it was doubled ; and a portion of this he bestowed upon Elisha. Such an Æon it was that descended upon Jesus, to quit Him at the moment of His death.

" The second *circulus* of the planet is under the dominion of the Water, and is the kingdom of the souls in ' Abraham's bosom,' namely, the purified who are at rest before seeking reincarnation. This *circulus* is not confined to human souls. Therein are all

creatures, both small and great, but without astral envelope. Between these and the kingdom of the earth-bound souls 'in prison' a 'great gulf' is fixed, and they cannot pass from one to another, save on accomplishing their purgation. 'Thou comest not out thence until thou hast paid the last mite.' The souls in the second *circulus* are, however, still 'under the elements.' That is, they are not transmuted into spirit, and sooner or later must seek fresh incarnations. They are, therefore, still in the sphere of the planet; whereas the regenerated or transmuted souls have passed beyond the astral fluid altogether, and it contains no trace of them. This second *circulus* is placed under the dominion of Poseidon, or the Sea, first, because the water represents the substance of the soul, being protoplasmic and without boundary-line of matter; secondly, because it is the symbol of purification from matter, as in Baptism; and, thirdly, because it is the source of life. 'Let Lazarus dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue,' cries the soul in prison to the soul in the *circulus* of the water."

These marvellous expositions were a perpetual surprise and delight for the manner in which they explained many of our own experiences and interpreted some of the obscure passages in Scripture, at the same time proving the Bible to be the most mystical and occult of books, and as containing a revelation which requires a revelation to explain. Continuing to speak under inspiration of her Genius, she said:—

"I have said that everything is fourfold. As the man is, then, so is the planet. Now the external material constitution is fourfold in that it consists of gaseous, mineral, vegetable, and animal. The astral peri-soul is fourfold, being magnetic, purgatorial, limbic, cherubic. The soul is fourfold—namely, elemental, instinctive, vital, rational. But its Spirit is threefold or triune, because there is no external to Spirit.

"The Spirit answers to the 'Essence,' the 'Father,' and the 'Word.' Of these the first is one of the 'Seven Spirits,' or divine flames of original Deity or universal Divinity; the second is the 'Angel' or 'God' of the planet, the 'Æon' of the Christ; the third is the Christ. These are respectively the 'Spirit,' the 'Water,' and the 'Blood.' The 'Father' and the 'Word' may therefore be said to be one; for by the Word the Father is manifest.

"'Mercury' fecundated by 'Sulphur' becomes the master and regenerator of 'Salt.' It is Azoth, or the 'universal Magnesia,' the great magical agent, the 'Light of Light,' fecundated by animating force, or intellectual energy, which is the Sulphur. As to 'Salt,' it is absolute matter. Everything which is matter contains 'Salt'; and all 'Salt' may be converted into 'pure Gold' by the combined action of 'Sulphur' and 'Mercury.'" These sometimes act so rapidly that the transmutation may be made in an hour, an instant, almost without labour and without cost. At other times, owing to the contrary dispositions of the atmospheric medium, the operation may necessitate days, months, or years.

"'Salt' is fixed. 'Mercury' is volatile. The fixation of the volatile is the synthesis; the volatilisation of the fixed is the analysis. On applying to the fixed the 'sulphuretted Mercury,' or the Astral fluid rendered powerful by the secret operation of the soul, the mastery over Nature is obtained. The two terms of the process are Materialisation and Transmutation. These two terms are those of the 'Great Work' [the redemption of spirit from (the condition of) Matter].

"Miracles are natural effects of exceptional causes. The man who has arrived at wishing for nothing is master of all."

Some of these utterances were spoken by Mary in her own person as of things seen and known by her. Others were repeated by her after a voice heard interiorly. This was the case with the foregoing alchemical expositions. They set us to study the old treatises on this art, when we found everything we had received confirmed by the ancients, excepting in such cases as these had fallen into error and required correction. So that the uniform result of our researches was to show that what had before been in the world in a measure was now being redelivered in its integrity.

"The 'Day' and the 'Night' of the microcosm are its positive and passive states. In the positive state we seek actively outwards; we aspire and will forcibly; we hold active communion with the God without.

"In the passive state we look inwards; we commune with our own heart; we indraw and concentrate ourselves secretly and interiorly. During this condition the 'Moon' enlightens our secret chamber with his torch, and shows us ourselves in our interior recess.

"Who or what, then, is this 'Moon'? It is part of ourselves, and revolves with us. It is our celestial affinity. 'Their Angels do always behold the face of my Father.'

"The Genius of a man is his satellite. Man is a planet. God—the God of the man—is his Sun; and the Moon of this planet is Isis, its Initiator, or its Genius. The Genius is made to administer to the man, and to give him light. But the light he gives is from God, and not of himself. He is not a planet but a moon, and his function is to light up the dark places of his planet.

"Every human soul has a celestial affinity, which is part of his system and a type of his spiritual nature. This angelic counterpart is the bond of union between the man and God; and it is in virtue of his spiritual nature that this Angel is attached to him. Rudimentary creatures have no celestial affinity; but from the moment that the soul quickens, the cord of union is established.

"It is in virtue of man's being a planet that he has a moon. If he were not fourfold, as is the planet, he could not have one. Rudimentary men are not fourfold; they have not the Spirit.

"The perfect man has a fourfold outer body—gaseous, mineral,

vegetable, and animal ; a fourfold sidereal (or astral) body—magnetic, odic, sympathetic, elemental ; a fourfold soul, partaking of the soulic elements of all the grades through which he has passed ; and a triune Spirit—desirous, willing, obedient. There is nothing in the universe save Man. And the perfect Man is ' Christ Jesus.'

" The odic or sidereal body is the real body of the man. The phenomenal body is secondary. The odic body is not necessarily of the same shape or appearance as the outward body, but is of the nature of the soul. The creation of man ' in the image of God ' ' before the Transgression ' is the picture of the man ' having power ' ; that is, having an odic body in which the elements were not fixed, a body such as that of the risen Christ. What I have said concerning the ' volatilisation of Salt ' will help to the understanding of this. But when the sin of idolatry had been committed, then man ceased to have power over his own body, and thus became a ' Pillar of Salt,' fixed and material. He was ' naked.'

" The man thus referred to attained power over his body by evolution from rudimentary being ; and at last, becoming polarised, received the divine flame of Deity, and thereby the power over ' Salt.' But by reason of perverse will to the outer, he depolarised, and thereby ' fixed the volatile.' Then he ' knew that he was naked,' and so ' lost Paradise.'

" Can Paradise be regained ? Yes, through the ' Cross ' and ' Resurrection ' of ' Christ.' For, as in ' Adam ' all die, so in ' Christ' shall all be made alive. And forasmuch as the earthly dies, the celestial lives. The body can be transmuted into its prototype, the magnetic body. This is the work of the Adept. The magnetic body can be abandoned to the odic fluid, and the soul set free. This is the work of *post-mortem* evolution. But to transmute phenomenal body, sidereal body, and soul alike into Spirit,—this is the work of ' Christ.' ' I have power over My body,' said Jesus, ' to lay it down and to take it again.'

" You have said to me, ' If the odic body be the maker of the physical body, how can this be of a different form from it ? How can a man be outwardly human, and really a wolf, a hare, or a dog ? '

" When you become an Adept you will know that such fact involves no contradiction. The transitions of the sidereal body are not sudden. It *becomes* gradually, and does not undergo changes by cataclysm. It is already partly human before it has ceased to wear the form of a rudimentary man ; that is, of an animal. You have seen this in visions, when you beheld the human shape in creatures under torture in the laboratory. And it is still partly rudimentary when it puts on the human. Indulgence in lower propensities may strengthen it in its old likeness and accentuate former propensities. On the other hand, aspiration towards the divine will accelerate the change, and cause it to lose altogether its lower attributes. That which is born of Flesh is in the image of the Flesh ; but that which cometh from the Beyond is of the Beyond. The womb can bring forth only its own kind, in the semblance of the generators. And as soon as the human is attained, even in the least degree, the soul has power to put on the body of humanity. Hence the odic body always possesses some attribute of humanity. But it may lose this by ' Sin ' ; and in such case it returns, by a fresh incarnation,

to the form of the beast. Of such returns to the lower form, some are purely penitential, but most are retributory. The Adept can see the human in the beast, and can tell whether the soul therein is an ascending or a descending soul. He can also see the soul in a man, and all men are not to him of the same shape or appearance. If your eyes were opened, you would be astonished at the number of animals you meet in the streets and the scarcity of men. The parable of the Enchanted City in the Eastern Fables is descriptive of this mystery."

The following was received by her in sleep :—

" You have asked me if the ' work of Power ' is a difficult one, and if it is open to all.

" It is open to all potentially and eventually, but not actually and in the present. In order to ' regain Power and the Resurrection,' a man must be a Hierarch ; that is to say, he must have attained the ' magical ' age of thirty-three. This age is attained by having accomplished the ' Twelve Labours,' passed the ' Twelve Gates,' overcome the ' Five Senses,' and obtained dominion over the Four Spirits of the elements. He must have been ' born immaculate,' baptized with ' Water and with Fire,' ' tempted in the Wilderness,' ' crucified,' and ' buried.' He must have borne ' Five Wounds on the Cross,' and he must have ' answered the Riddle of the Sphinx.' When this is accomplished he is free of matter, and will never again have a phenomenal body.

" Who shall attain to this perfection ? The man who is without fear and without concupiscence, who has courage to be absolutely poor and absolutely chaste. When it is all one whether you have gold or have none ; whether you have a house and lands or have none ; whether you have worldly reputation, or whether you are an outcast,—then you are voluntarily poor. It is not necessary to have nothing, but it is necessary to care for nothing. When it is all one to you whether you have a wife or husband, or whether you are celibate,—then you are free from concupiscence. It is not necessary to be a virgin ; it is necessary to set no value on the flesh. There is nothing so difficult to attain as this equilibrium. Who is he who can part with his goods without regret ? Who is he who is never consumed by the fires of the flesh ? But when you have ceased both to wish to retain and to burn, then you have the remedy in your hands. And the remedy is a hard and a sharp one, and a terrible ordeal.

" Nevertheless, be not afraid. Deny the body. Deny the five senses, and, above all, the Taste and the Touch. The power is within you if you will to attain it. The ' Two Seats ' are vacant at the Celestial Table, if you will put on Christ. Eat no dead thing. Drink no fermented drink. Make living elements of all the elements of your body. Mortify the members of Earth. Take your food full of life, and let not the touch of death pass upon it. You understand me, but you shrink. Remember that without self-immolation there is no power over death. Deny the Touch. Seek no bodily pleasure in sexual communion, but let Desire be magnetic and soulic. If you indulge the body you perpetuate the body, and the end of the body is

corruption. You understand me again, but you shrink. Remember that without self-denial and restraint there is no power over death. Deny the Taste first, and it will become easier to deny the Touch. For to be a Virgin is the crown of discipline. I have shown you the Excellent Way, and it is the *Via Dolorosa.* Judge whether the Resurrection be worth the Passion; whether the Kingdom be worth the Obedience; whether the Power be worth the Suffering. When the time of your calling comes you will no longer hesitate.

" When a man has attained power over his body, the process of Ordeal is no longer necessary. The Initiate is under a vow; the Hierarch is free. Jesus, therefore, ' came eating and drinking ' ; for all things were lawful to Him. He had undergone, and had freed His Will. For the object of the Trial and the Vow is Polarisation. When the fixed is volatilised the Magian is free. But before Christ was Christ, He was subject, and His initiation lasted thirty years. All things are lawful to the Hierarch, for He knows the nature and value of all.

" When the elements of the body are endowed with power, they are masters of the Elemental spirits and can overcome them. But while they are yet under bondage, they are the slaves of the Elementals, and the Elementals have power over them. Now Hephaistos, ' the Fire-Spirit,' is a destroyer, and the breath of Fire is a touch of death. The fire that passes on the elements of your food deprives them of their vital spirit, and gives you a corpse instead of living substance. And not only so; but the spirit of the fire enters into the elements of your body, and sets up in all its molecules a consuming and a burning, impelling it to concupiscence and to the desire of the flesh. The spirit of the fire is a subtle spirit, a penetrative and diffusive spirit; and it enters into the substance of all matter upon which it acts. When, therefore, you take such substance into your organism, you take with it the spirit of the fire, and you assimilate this spirit with the matter of which it has become a part.

" I speak to you of excellent things. If you would become a Man of Power, you must be master of the Fire. The man who seeks to be a Hierophant must not dwell in cities. He may begin his initiation in a city; but he cannot complete it there. For he must not breathe the dead and burnt air. In a city you respire air upon which the flame has passed; you breathe fire and it consumes your blood. The man who seeks all power must be a wanderer, a dweller in the plain and the garden and in the mountains. He must seek the sun and the breath of night. He must commune with the moon, and maintain direct contact with the great electric currents of the unburnt air, and with the unpaved grass and earth of the planet. It is in unfrequented places—in lands such as that of the East, where the abominations of Babylon are unknown, and where the magnetic chain between earth and heaven is strong—that the man who seeks power, and who would achieve the great work, must accomplish his initiation.

" The ' number ' of the human microcosm is Thirteen : four for the outward body, four for the sidereal body, four for the soul, and one for the Divine Spirit. For although the Spirit is triune, yet it is one, and can be but one, because it is God, and God is One. At the

Last Supper, therefore, in which the Magians symbolise the Banquet of the Microcosm, there are twelve apostolic elements and one Christ. But if one of the elements be disobedient and a traitor, the Spirit is quenched and death ensues."

We discussed these latter illuminations together during the day following the receipt of them, and Mary found certain points which perplexed her by their seeming to be at variance with their predecessors. She therefore formulated the following questions, and in the evening received, in trance, the answers, which I took down at her dictation :—

Question. " You have previously told us that Humanity is threefold, consisting of the Spirit, which is the Life ; the Astral Fluid, which is the Soul ; and the Body, which is the outer envelope. Now you say that it is fourfold, and that the soul is not the astral fluid, but is contained in it, and may be consumed by it. How are these statements to be reconciled ? "

Answer. " The outer envelope of the macrocosm and microcosm alike, which is represented by Demeter, is in reality not elemental at all, but is a compound of the other three elements. Her fertility is due to the ' Water,' and her transmutory or chemical power to the ' Fire.' The ' Water ' is the soul or protoplasma, which is put forth by Deity and constitutes the individual. Nor are you to look on Fire as a true element, for Fire is to the body what Spirit is to the Soul. As the soul is without the divine life until vivified by the Spirit, so the body, earth, or matter is without physical life in the absence of ' Fire.' No matter is really dead matter, for the fire-element is in all matter ; but matter would be ' dead '—that is, would cease to exist as matter—if motion were suspended, which is, if there were no fire. For as wherever there is motion there is heat, and consequently fire, and motion is the *condition* of matter, so without fire would be no matter.

" In describing soul as astral fluid, I meant to imply that the soul is manifest by the astral fluid ; for the Soul itself is, like the Idea, invisible and intangible. You will see the meaning by following out the genesis of any particular action. The stroke of the pen on paper is the phenomenon ; that is, the outer body. The action which produces the stroke is the astral body, and, though physical, is not a thing, but is a transition or medium between the result (the stroke) and its cause (the idea). The idea manifested in the act is not physical but mental, and is the soul of the act. But even this is not the first cause ; for the idea is put forth by the will, and this is the spirit. Thus, you will an idea as God wills the microcosm. The real body, or immediate result, is the astral body ; while the phenomenal body, or ultimate form, is the effect of motion and heat. If you could arrest motion, you would have as the result Fire, and thereby would convert Demeter into Hephaistos. But fire itself also is material, since it is visible to the outer sense, as is the earth-body. But it has many degrees of subtlety. The astral or odic substance, therefore, is not the soul itself, but is the medium or

manifestor of the soul, as the Act is of the Idea. If, however, the phrase misleads you, it is better to modify it as thus :—

"The Act is the *condition* of the Idea, in the same way as fire, or incandescence, is the *condition* of any given object. Light is of Spirit; Heat is of Matter. Water is the result of the operation of Wisdom, the mother, or oxygen, and Justice, the father, or hydrogen. Air is the result of the mixture, not combination, of Wisdom and Force. These two are properly elements. They are Soul and Spirit. But Earth is not, properly speaking, an element at all. She is the result of the water and the fire, and her rocks and strata are either watery or igneous. She is water and air fused and crystallised. Fire also—the real maker of the body—is a mode and a condition, and not a true element. See, then, that the only real and true and permanent elements are Air and Water, Spirit and Soul, Will and Idea, Divine and Substantial Father and Mother. And out of these all the elements of earth are made by the *condition* of matter, which is—interchangeably—Heat and Motion.

"Wisdom, Justice, and Force, or Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Azoth, are the Three out of which the two true elements are produced. But Water is a combination; Air is a mixture. Wherefore the only two real entities, Water and Air, are unreal to the phenomenal, while the untrue elements, Earth and Fire, or Body and Electric Fluid, are real in the phenomenal."

The following is an instruction received by Mary in pursuance of some conversation we had held together on certain aspects of heredity :—

"As the Water of the Nile makes the land of Egypt, so the Soul makes the Body. And as the Body propagates and continues itself in such wise that our bodies are the bodies of our ancestors, so also is the Soul self-perpetuating. But while the body of the son is the body of the father or mother, or some remoter ancestor, the Soul is father to itself alone, and pre-exists. If a man suffer in the body, he suffers often not for his own fault, but for the sin of his parents, and the wise and skilled physician knows that he treats his patient for the diseases of his ancestors, just such treatment being needful for the son as the father would have needed to heal his self-induced disease."

Mary was much exercised at this time on the question of Justice, as relating to such "visiting of the sins of the parents upon the children." For Justice was her especial passion, a circumstance which she connected with her being born under the influence of the constellation *Libra*. No problems harassed her so much as those which turned on this attribute. She felt that Justice must be the law of the universe, otherwise it could not hold together for a moment. But she craved the intellectual confirmation of the intuitional conviction. And at present she was unable to reconcile such a statement as the above with

justice, and eagerly sought for light on the most vital question. As the event proved, the above instruction was designed rather to whet than to satisfy her desire, in view of an early revelation which should do the latter.

On the evening of December 20 I took down the following as she repeated it while under illumination. It had no relation to anything then in our minds, but was most valuable :—

" A true Idea is the reflect of a true Substance. Religious Ideas are true ideas, and, being such, they are common to all ages of history and to all peoples, the difference being one of expression merely, and due to the variation of density and character of the magnetic atmosphere through which the image passes. The fact that every nation in every age has conceived in some shape of the Gods constitutes of itself a proof that the Gods really are. For Nothing projects no image upon the magnetic light ; and where an image is universally perceived, there is as certainly an object which projects it. An Idea, inborn, ineradicable, constant, which sophism, or ridicule, or false science has power to break only, but not to dispel ; an image which, however disturbed, invariably returns on itself and re-forms, as does the image of the sky or the stars in a lake, however the reflecting water may be momentarily shaken by a stone or by a passing vessel,—such an image as this must be, and we know it necessarily is, the reflection of a real and true thing, and no illusion begotten of the water itself.

" In the same manner the constant idea of the Gods, persistent in all minds in all ages, is a true image ; for it is verily, and in no metaphoric sense, the projection upon the human perception of the Eidola of the Divine Persons. The Eidolon is the reflection of a true object in the magnetic atmosphere ; and the magnetic atmosphere is a transparent medium through which the Soul receives sensations. For Sensation is the only means of Knowledge, whether for the Body or the Reason. The Body perceives by means of the five avenues of Touch. The Soul perceives, in like manner, by the same sense, but of a finer sort, and put into action by subtler agents. The Soul can know nothing not perceptible ; and nothing not perceptible is real. For that which is Not can give no Image. Only that which *Is* can be reflected."

Same date as the foregoing :—

Mary, still speaking in the lucid state, said to me :—" I have a strong recommendation to you to continue your novel, and am shown a book, on an easel, of which the title is ' Alethæa.' It is the heroine's name, and occurs frequently in the book. The father, who is a Frenchman [as I had actually made him], is a Greek scholar, and therefore not unlikely to give her such a name. She represents the Intuition. The phrase given you formerly (*Usque ad Aras*) may stand for a secondary title or for a motto. Our Genii seem to imply that they will help you if you begin. The idea of lecturing is good, and you may do well to carry on both your books at the same time.

"My Genius says that nothing of much importance can be done by us before the Spring, on account of the state of the Earth's magnetic currents. So that we must work on without being disappointed at the smallness of the results. They repeat several times that we must wait till the Spring. But in the meantime we should seek publicity, but must depend on ourselves and make ourselves known in our own way. I am shown a large room having silver walls, and all over them is written the words, 'Be bold; be brave.' And I see your Genius holding the end of a long golden chain of which a link is broken. She says it will be mended in the Spring.

"I see a truth which I find difficult to put into words. It is that all matter is, in its nature, a mode of being of heat. For matter is apparent by motion, and motion arrested is convertible into heat. Consequently the electric fire, of which all things are made, is the begetter of material substance, and in an inner sense is kabalistically spoken of as Mammon. Gold is an electrically formed substance. And Gold is the master of material things, and the symbol and measure of them."

The renewed advice to finish my novel found no responsive echo in me, eager as Mary was that I should consent. I never could write anything to my satisfaction unless I felt it to be the supreme thing to be done at the moment. And the supreme thing for me then was our spiritual work. I was intent on fathoming all the mysteries of the soul and of existence at large, and nothing could compare with that in importance. Mary was differently constituted. Her system was larger than mine, and less compacted into a unity. This gave her a versatility which I did not possess. Besides, it was evident to me that she herself was the character indicated as that of my heroine, and I neither sufficiently understood that character yet to draw it—my analysis was not far enough advanced for me to make a synthesis—nor was I possessed of a sufficiently realistic knowledge of life. I had, moreover, a strong impression that the advice tendered came, not from our true Genii, but from the kindly Elementals whom they occasionally employed to communicate with us. Finding me averse to the idea, they dropped the matter, not again to moot it. And our next illuminations were evidently given in response to our respective needs. The following was given through Mary in commencement of a long succession of instructions, continued at intervals over some months, concerning the genesis and nature of the soul, in satisfaction of my craving for light on that subject. As they are given in full in *Clothed with the Sun*, I will not reproduce them here, saving only the commencement, which was given through Mary on the

evening of Christmas Day 1880, when, in reply to my questions, she spoke under illumination as follows :—

"The soul in its first beginning is not something added to the body, but is generated in the body by the polarisation of the astral elements. Once generated, it enters and passes through many bodies until finally perfected.

"As there are two of the outer, so also of the inner. The two of the inner are Spirit and Soul. In the translation of the Scriptures the word Spirit is often used where Soul is meant ; for only the man created in God's own image is a 'living soul'—that is, a soul which has the spirit superadded to it.

"The soul, being in its nature eternal, passes from one form to another until, in its highest stage, it polarises sufficiently to receive the Spirit. It is in all organised things. Nothing of an organic nature exists without a soul. It is the individual, and perishes utterly if abandoned of the Spirit.

"But do not ask me such deep questions just now ; for I cannot see clearly, and it hurts me to look. The atmosphere is thick with the blood shed for the season's festivities. The astral belt is everywhere dense with blood. My Genius says that if we were in some country where the conditions of life were purer, we could live in continued communication with the spiritual world. For the earth here whirls round as in a cloud of blood like red fire. He says distinctly and emphatically that the salvation of the world is impossible while people nourish themselves on blood. The whole globe is like one vast charnel-house. The magnetism is intercepted. The blood strengthens the bonds between the Astrals and the Earth. I see my Genius a long way off, as if at the top of a ladder. We shall have to wait until the magnetic condition has cleared. This time, which ought to be the best for spiritual communion, is the worst, on account of the horrid mode of living. Pray wake me up. I cannot bear looking. For I see the blood and hear the cries of the poor slaughtered creatures."

Here her distress became so extreme that she wept bitterly, though I lost no time in recalling her ; and some days passed before she fully recovered her composure.

Among the characteristics which made the conditions of life so hard for her was the loathing excited by the sight and odours of a butcher's shop. Rather than pass near one when going through the streets, she would make a detour into the road at imminent risk of being run over, to escape the view of its contents and the emanations coming from it, which to her sensitive system were as poison.

Before the year closed it brought for me the following curious experience, which was shortly followed by a remarkable sequel :—

I found myself at night, between waking and sleeping, in a cave like a chamber or gallery which had evidently been cut out of the rock, and was roofed with wooden beams, and seemed otherwise made for a dwelling-place, though of a primitive and rough kind. Wondering where I was, I made an examination of the rock in order to ascertain by its structure what part of the world I was in, and at what period of my existence I had lived where there was such a geological formation ; and in order the better to see, I went to the end of the chamber where it opened upon the light, thinking to myself that, if it was a quartz sandstone, it must be in Australia, where I had lived in that formation ; if granite or gold-bearing rock, California, where I had lived in that formation. But as it was neither of these, I sought farther back in my history for the time when I had lived among a rock of this kind. What this was I presently discovered, for as my eyes got used to the light, I recognised it as limestone ; and then, casting about in my memory as to when and where I had ever lived among limestone and in a cavern, my recollection went back as with a sudden leap to Egypt. Whereupon I rushed into the open to survey the neighbourhood, and found myself standing on an elevated plateau of limestone, exclaiming, " Egypt ! Egypt ! " while spread before me was the valley of the Nile, then in flood, with the city of Thebes, its giant temples and statues, in full view ; and from all sides there came oozing up through the peat-like surface of the ground below more and more water to swell the flood. And presently, as recollection after recollection recurred to me, of places and events of which in my present life I had no experience, but which seemed to be spread out over a vast period of time comprising many lives, over which I was able to range both backwards and forwards, distinguishing each life from the others, the voice of Mary, attired like myself as a man, but none the less herself, standing at my side, said, pointing to Thebes, " That is the place of our early initiations." Whereupon, returning to my normal consciousness, I greatly wondered at the manner in which the water oozed up through the soil, as if squeezed out of a sponge, instead of spreading over the surface from the river ; and I determined to take the first opportunity of verifying my vision by ascertaining whether or not there is a limestone range overlooking Thebes from a few miles' distance, and containing galleries, natural or excavated, fitted for a dwelling-place. As will be seen, but a very short time passed when my wish was gratified, and the coveted verification vouchsafed in a manner as satisfactory as it was unanticipated.

CHAPTER XIX

CONTINUOUS ILLUMINATIONS

The sense of anticipation and responsibility with which we entered upon the year 1881 was of the keenest and profoundest. It was the year announced in so many prophecies as the pivot upon which the world's destinies hinged, the turning-point between that old and that new dispensation, the former of which had been divinely condemned as "evil and adulterous," and the latter indicated as introducing the kingdom of heaven on earth. Understanding that the event to take place was of such a nature as to constitute the dealing of its death-blow to the system, materialistic and idolatrous, hitherto prevailing in Church, State, and society; religion, science, and convention, we made this the criterion of the fulfilment of the prophecies in question, and saw in the first formulation and promulgation of the doctrine committed to us an event which would satisfy the conditions. Thus far that doctrine was fragmentary, and before it could be propounded to others it must be woven into a system at once logical, coherent, luminous, and inexpugnable. To say which is to say that the products of the "Woman" Intuition, whose office is Interpretation, must be submitted to manipulation of the "Man" Intellect, whose office is Manifestation, and by him adapted for promulgation to a world in which the intuition is well-nigh extinct and the intellect alone is active, though not free through its bondage to the sense-nature.

Stupendous as was the task before us and brief the time in which to accomplish it, and weak and suffering as we still were from the toils and ordeals and wounds of the conflicts we had gone through, we were none the less hopeful and confident of the ability of the powers directing us to accomplish their purpose through us. They had promised that the spring

would bring the needed renovation to myself, and they had given too many proofs of their power to fulfil their promises for us to doubt them. Meanwhile, as if expressly to depress our vitality and test our faith, the winter had set in with a severity which rivalled that of its predecessor, and we were precluded from combating it in the same way. The ice, indeed, was almost at our doors, for the Serpentine was frozen well-nigh to the bottom, but the conditions of using it were prohibitory, even had I still possessed the force requisite. My colleague was far too precious and fragile an article to be exposed to the perils of a crowded London ice-rink, and so we made the reading-room of the British Museum our recreation-ground, and found at once instruction and delight in exploring the records of the past for the verifications they afforded beyond aught that we had anticipated in confirmation of our own experiences and results. Nor were we unmindful of our clients, the victims of scientific cruelty. For we lost no time in joining the committee of the Society to which we already belonged, the "International," and our work on this behalf took equal rank with our spiritual work, in accordance with the instruction that the redemption we were to accomplish comprised "both man and beast."

Among the friends who found us out were two with whom we had made acquaintance in Paris. These were the artist John Varley and his wife, also an artist, in whose meeting and marriage Mary had been largely instrumental. Her acquaintance with Mary had been preceded by a singular incident. While yet a girl living in Ireland, sorely perplexed by religious difficulties and longing to be a painter, but without the smallest prospect of realising her ambition, she had been assured by a "wise woman" that she would some day go to Paris, where she would find what would satisfy all her cravings. For she would there study painting, and would meet one of her own sex who would change the whole course of her life, both domestic and religious. And such proved to be exactly the result of her friendship with Mary. For through her she found both a husband and a faith which satisfied her, besides becoming an artist.

Like his celebrated grandfather, Varley was astrologer as well as artist, and at his instigation Mary turned her attention to the former subject, reading for the purpose the writings

of the noted English astrologer of the seventeenth century, William Lilly, whose predictions of the great fire of London had led to his being tried for complicity in it. The subject was entirely new to us both. It possessed little attraction for me, my objection being strong to what seemed to me its inevitable fatalism. Mary, though not blind to this weak point in it, as we regarded it, was at once fascinated by the study to an extent which was only accounted for by the sequel. For she had read but a few pages of Lilly's book, when, as if it had been put into her hands expressly in order to evoke her own dormant memories both of the science itself and of her own past existences, the experience was given to her which forms the theme of the following entry in her Diary. It will be remembered that she had been much exercised of late by her inability to reconcile what we had been told about the transmission of liabilities from ancestor to descendant with her sense of justice. It will be seen how perfect an exposition was then given us of that which a year or two later we learnt to call by its Hindoo name, "Karma," of which at this time we had never heard :—

"*January* 14, 1881. (Full moon.)

"I found myself last night in a small, low-ceilinged room at the top of an old house. Opposite to me, at a square table, in a black robe, sat a man whom I recognised as William Lilly, the astrologer. He was casting my horoscope, and we held the following conversation about it :—

"'I have,' said he, 'but a very indifferent account to give you as regards fortune and worldly success. It is true that every man and woman, however contemptible and mean may be their actual position in life, have at least one course open by their natal influences by pursuing which they would gain fortune, honour, or success. With some persons this course is a virtuous, with others it is a vicious one. Now the Rulers of your Nativity indicate clearly one path in which you would have met with brilliant success and immense wealth. The course is, however, an evil one. It is the career of the Harlot. I find that course so plainly indicated for you, and the signs so manifest, that I can from them and from their position in the various Houses, trace no inconsiderable part of the Fortune which awaited you in that career. You would have been a second Aspasia, a second Ninon de L'Enclos ; and your fascination over men would have been due less to your beauty of person than to your intellect and political acumen. For you would have been the mistress of the most powerful men of the time. And chief among these there appears a man who by means of you would have acquired enormous political importance in Europe. He is a man of much consequence now ; but he will never be what he would have been through you.

He is an Austrian. As a Courtesan you would have travelled much and continually in many different parts of the world, chiefly with the statesmen, princes, and dignitaries of the court and other political personages, on secret missions of importance. And your peculiar talents and fascinations would have been employed by these men to accomplish their objects. One of your lovers—the Austrian noble already mentioned—would have been faithful to you from your first alliance with him, and, in spite of your numerous connections with others, would never have deserted you, but would have been ever your devoted and loving friend, your chief comfort and confidant. Your life would have been one of unprecedented luxury, success, and fortune; and though your health would not have been robust, you would never have suffered from any distinct malady such as the diseases to which you are now prone, the cause of which is due to your having thwarted your destiny.

" ' You took the first fatal step when you contracted marriage. No marriage could have been fortunate for you, because the Rulers of your Nativity were in a most extraordinary degree favourable to harlotry, and therefore opposed to marriage. It was destined, therefore, that your married life should cease immediately after the birth of your only child, because this act of motherhood was your second fatal step. The malady which has been the chief curse of your life, and which will be your chief hindrance throughout life, and the cause ultimately of your death, was contracted on your wedding-day, because all your Rulers are strongly unfavourable to marriage.

" ' Your horoscope has nothing for you but misfortune so long as you persist in a virtuous course of life; and, indeed, it is now too late to adopt another. I speak herein according to your Fortune, not in regard to your Inner life. With this I have no concern. I tell you what is forecast for you on the material and actual planisphere of your Nativity.

" ' It was fore-ordained that you should be successful in all deceitful and delusive arts. When, therefore, you speak truth, you will be credited with lies.

" ' It was fore-ordained that you should be luxurious and addicted to the use of all manner of sweet and cleanly perfumes, baths and anointments, which render the body fragrant and pure. You will, therefore, in opposing your destiny, be extraordinarily apt to contract all manner of such filthy complaints as accompany poverty, dirt, and the reverse of the condition to which your Rulers destined you. Unclean insects and impure diseases may pursue you, and you may fall a prey to one or the other.

" ' As you were destined to Incontinence, the world will not believe in your chastity, even though you be chaste. But you will be pursued by suspicion and avoided by persons of character under the belief that you are what, according to your destiny, you should have been. And this with shame, since you persist in virtue; whereas, had you adopted the Fortune set before you, you would have had honour and renown in your unchastity.'

" ' Is there, then,' I asked, ' no career in which I might have succeeded with virtue—as a painter, for instance? '

" ' No,' he returned; ' for your sex would have prevented you from opportunities of fame.'

" ' As a poet, then ? '

" ' The same answer applies. But you might have succeeded as an actress, though not greatly, for the Ruler of your health is against it, and you needed more variety than this would have given you. And there are yet other reasons against it.'

" ' Shall I, then, be ever unfortunate ? '

" ' I see nothing but misfortune before you. Yea, if you persist in virtue, it is not unlikely that you may be stripped of all your worldly goods, and of all you possess. And this evil fortune will follow your nearest associates. If I have any practical advice to offer, it is that you should save much, even at the expense of present privation, and that your associate should do likewise, for I see evil times threatening you. Make, therefore, no outlays, and deny yourselves in all possible things.'

" ' Can I never overcome this evil prognostic ? '

" ' Only by outliving the time appointed for your natural life as a Courtesan. But this time is many years hence, and you will have much and terrible trouble first.

" ' My advice is, further—Steel yourself ; learn to suffer ; become a Stoic ; care not. If Infortune be yours, make it your Fortune. Let Poverty become to you Riches. Let Loss be Gain. Let Sickness be Health. Let Pain be Pleasure. Let evil report be good report. Yea, let Death be Life. Fortune is in the Imagination. If you believe you have all things, they are truly yours.'

" ' Tell me,' I said, ' why certain kinds of life, even vicious ones, are indicated by the Rulers of Nativities as the only ones in which the Native will find prosperity.'

" ' Because,' he replied, ' every man makes his own fate, and nothing is more true than the saying that " Character is destiny." It is by their own hands that the lines of some fall in pleasant places, of some in vicious, and of some in virtuous ones. So that there is in it nothing arbitrary or unjust. But in what manner soever a soul conduct itself in one incarnation, by that conduct, by that order of thought and habit, it builds for itself its destiny in a future incarnation. It should not be concealed from you that in most of your numerous previous incarnations you have pursued habits of luxury and free living. These have been dear to you ; and the soul is therefore enchained by these pre-natal influences which irresistibly force it into a new Nativity at the time of such conjunction of planets and signs as oblige it into certain courses and incline it strongly thereto. But if the soul oppose its will to these influences and adopt some other course, it brings itself under a curse for such period as the planets and ruling signs of that incarnation have power.'

" At this point I beheld my Genius standing behind Lilly, and having his hand on his right shoulder, his eyes meanwhile being fastened on me.

" ' You will scarcely comprehend this,' continued Lilly, whom, all the time, I could not help fancying to be Hermes in disguise, as I have so often seen him, ' if you do not understand the process of Incarnation, and the method by which the soul takes new forms. It is this :—

" ' When two persons ally themselves in the flesh and beget a child,

the moment of impregnation is usually—though not invariably—the moment which attaches a soul to the newly conceived body. Hence, much depends upon the influences, astral and magnetic, under which impregnation and conception take place. The pregnant woman is the centre of a whirl of magnetic forces, and she attracts within her sphere a soul whose previous conduct and odic condition correspond either to her own or to the magnetic influences under which she conceives. This soul, if the pregnancy continues and progresses, remains attached to her sphere, but does not enter the embryo until the time of quickening, when it usually takes possession of the body, and continues to inhabit it until the time of delivery. A pregnant woman is swayed not by her own will alone, but as often by the will of the soul newly attached to her sphere ; and the opposition and cross-magnetisms of these two wills often occasion many strange and seemingly unaccountable whims, alternations of character, and longings, on the part of the woman. Sometimes, however, the moment of impregnation or conception passes without attracting any soul, and the woman may even carry a false conception for some time, in which cases abortion occurs. There are innumerable accidents which may happen in this regard. Or, the soul which has been attracted to her may, under new influences, be withdrawn from her sphere, and from the embryo, which, having quickened, may consume away ; or, the soul originally drawn to her orbit may be replaced later by another, and so forth. Some clairvoyant women have been conscious of the soul attached to them, and have seen it, at times as a beautiful infant, at times in other shapes. Children begotten by ardent and mutual love are usually the best and healthiest, spiritually and physically, because the radical moment is seized by love, when the astral and magnetic influences are strongest and most ardent, and they attract the strongest and noblest souls.'

" Here I said, ' Tell me the origin and nature of the soul, clearly and fully, whence it comes, and how it passes from one body to another.' And he said :—

" ' The plane on which the celestials and the creatures touch each other is the astral plane. The substance of all created things is the begetter alike of body and soul. The soul is formed by polarisation of the elements of the astral body, and it is a gradual process ; but when once formed it is an entity capable of passing from one body to another. Imagine the magnetic forces of innumerable elements directed and focussed to one centre, and streams of electric power passing along all their convergent poles to that centre. Imagine these streams so focussed as to create a fire in that central part,—a kind of crystallisation of magnetic force. This is the soul. This is the sacred fire of Hestia or Vesta, which burns continually. The body and person may fall away and disappear ; but the soul, once begotten, is immortal until its perverse will extinguish it. For the fire of the soul, or central hearth, must be kept alive by the higher air or Divine Breath, if it is to endure for ever. It must converge, not diverge. If it diverge it will be dissipated. The end of progress is unity ; the end of degradation is division. The soul, therefore, which ascends tends more and more to union with the Divine.

" ' And this is the manner thereof. Conceive of God as of a vast spiritual body constituted of many individual elements, but all these elements as having one will, and therefore being one. This condition of oneness with the Divine Will and Being constitutes the celestial Nirvâna. Again, conceive of the degraded soul as dividing more and more until at length it is scattered into many, and ceases to be as an individual, being, as it were, split and broken up, and dispersed into many pieces. This is the Nirvâna of the Amen, or annihilation of the individual.'

" ' Whence,' I asked, ' is the supply of new souls for men's bodies, whereby the population of the earth is continually being increased ? ' And he said :—

" ' Souls, as you know, work up from animals and plants ; for it is in the lowest forms of organic life that the soul is first engendered. Formerly the way of escape for human souls was more open and the path clearer, because, although ignorance of intellectual things abounded among the poorer sort, yet the knowledge of divine things and the light of faith were stronger and purer. Wherefore the souls of those ages of the world, not being enchained to earth as they now are, were enabled to pass more quickly through their avatârs, and but few incarnations sufficed where now many are necessary.

" ' For in these days the ignorance of the mind is weighted by materialism instead of being lightened by faith. It is sunk to earth by love of the body and by atheism, and excessive care for the things of sense. And being crushed thereby, it lingers long in the atmosphere of earth, seeking many fresh lodgments, and so multiplies bodies.

" ' And, furthermore, you must not conceive of Creation, or the putting-forth of things, as an act once accomplished and then ended. For the celestial Olympus is continually creating and continually becoming. God never ceases giving of God for God's creatures. This also is the mystery of the divine incarnation and oblation. The celestial substance is continually individuating itself that it may build itself up into one perfect individual. Thus is the circle of life accomplished, and thus its ends meet the one with the other.

" ' You have asked me—" How, if the planet consist of body, peri-soul, soul, and spirit, can there be born of it entities which are not, like it, fourfold, but threefold or even twofold, as are minerals and severed parts of bodies, things made by art, and the like ? " I answer you that your error lies in looking on the planet as a thing apart from its offspring. Certainly, the planet is fourfold, and certainly also its offspring is fourfold. But of its offspring some lie in the astral region only, and are but twofold ; and some in the watery region, and are but threefold ; and some lie in the human region, and are fourfold. The body and peri-soul are the metallic and gaseous envelope of the planet. The organic region composes its soul, and the human region its spirit, or divine part. For when it was but metallic, it had no soul. When it was but organic, it had no spirit. But when man was made in the image of God, then was its spirit breathed into its soul. Now, the metals have no soul ; therefore they are not individuals. And not being individuals, they cannot transmigrate. But the plants and animals have souls. They are individuals, and do transmigrate and progress. And man has

also a spirit; and so long as he is man—that is, truly human—he cannot redescend into the body of an animal, or of any creature in the sphere beneath him, since that would be an indignity to the spirit. But if he lose his spirit, and become again animal, he may descend—yea, he may become altogether gross and horrible, and a creeping and detestable thing, begotten of filth and corruption. This is the end of persistently evil men. For God is not the God of creeping things, but Baal Zebub [1] is their God. And there was none of these in the Age of Gold; neither shall there be any when the earth is fully purged. O Men! your exceeding wickedness is the creator of your evil beasts; yea, your filthy torments are your own sons and abominable progenitors!

"'Remember that there is but one substance. Body, sidereal body, soul, and spirit, all these are one in their essence. And the first three are differentialities of polarisation. The fourth is God's Self. When the Gods put forth the world, they put forth substance with its three potentialities, but all three in the condition of odic light. I have called the substantial light sometimes the sidereal body, sometimes the peri-soul; and this because it is both. For it is that which makes, that which becomes. It is fire, or the human spirit (not the divine), out of which and by which earth and water are generated. It is the fiery manifestation of soul, the magnetic factor of the body. It is space; it is substance; it is foundation. So that from it proceed the gases and the minerals, which are soulless, and also the organic world, which hath a soul. But man it could not make. For man is fourfold and of the divine ether or upper air, which is the province of Zeus, Father of Gods and men.'

"Now, as I was about to quit the laboratory of my teacher, I perceived on a table a pile of books, and opening the topmost, behold! it was our Bible of Interpretation!

"'You also have these Scriptures!' I cried.

"'Yes,' said he; 'but I keep them for myself alone.'

"'And why so,' I asked, 'since, if you have them, they are for the learning of others likewise? Will you not rather communicate these saving truths to thirsty souls?'

"'I will communicate them,' said he, fixing his eyes on me intently, 'when I can find Seven Men who for forty days have tasted no flesh, whose hands have shed no blood, and whose tongues have tasted of none.'

"'But if you find not Seven?'

"'Then, mayhap, I shall find Five.'

"'And if not Five?'

"'Then, maybe, I shall meet with Three.'

"'But even this may be hard to find. And if you should not meet with Three, what then will you do?'

"'One Neophyte would not be able to protect himself.'"

Always keen to detect and resent any disparagement of her sex, she remarked, she told me, a peculiar emphasis on the

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[1] Subsequently explained to us as denoting impurity, or the active principle in putrefaction and corruption.

word "Men," as pronounced by her teacher, which seemed to imply that he used it in a particular and mystic sense, such as that intended in the exhortation addressed to us by Hermes on the occasion of Oliphant's visit to us in Paris, wherein by "Man" was meant, not man as opposed to woman, but those who, whether men or women, have both sides of humanity, the masculine and the feminine on the planes mental, moral, and spiritual, unfolded and equilibrated in such wise as to be capable of knowledge and understanding in respect of all truth. Only when thus conditioned is man fully and truly man, and competent to represent the whole humanity.

She declared of her horoscope that it perfectly explained her to herself, and she had no difficulty in accepting the whole of it. Nor was I able to take exception to it even in respect of the disagreeable personal liabilities ascribed to her. For her sufferings from the enmity of the insect-world were such as to make her life a martyrdom, compelling a recourse to baths, perfumes, insectifuges, and other remedies and preventives to an extent which in ordinary cases would have been excessive. Yet, despite all the precautions observed in every detail of her household, dictated by a passion for cleanliness amounting almost to a mania, and accentuated by terror and disgust, it was rarely that a day passed without her finding herself compelled to the extremest measures to free herself from her tormentors. And this was not once or twice merely, but several times. And such was the fineness and sensibility of her skin that what to others would be but as a pin's-prick and a momentary pang was to her a torture lasting for days. For the same reason she would often walk until ready to drop with fatigue, rather than enter a public vehicle. She was wont to describe herself as a magnet to attract them, and to speak of it as a personal persecution, directed against her to make the conditions of life impossible for her. And now her horoscope informed her that it and her other abnormal liabilities were due to her Karma, or destiny, acquired through tendencies indulged in previous lives. And when, as will be seen, in the future practice of her profession, she found herself largely called on to treat corresponding ailments, she saw in it the hand of a self-induced destiny, and endeavoured to bear it unflinchingly as something to be endured and worked out with as much resignation as might be, but not escaped.

While for me the horoscope supplied the solution of sundry traits and utterances which had been enigmatical to me, I saw in it an invaluable statement of the doctrine of the duality of man's heredity, and therein a complete correction of the materialistic view; for it showed so clearly that, while we derive our exterior characteristics from our physical ancestors, we derive our interior characters and real self from our own past selves, and are what we have made ourselves as them; and that therefore we are permanent, and have our future characters and conditions in our hands, to mould according to the tendencies we encourage in the present.

Among the traits thus accounted for was her confessed capacity for passion, which, she declared, vastly exceeded her capacity for affection, excepting only where her animal pets were concerned, and for these she was constancy itself and invariable tenderness. Speaking one day, long before this explanation had come, of her incapacity for a lasting attachment to persons, she said, laughing, that nothing surprised her so much as the duration of her association with me, as she felt herself to be so inveterately inconstant to persons that she could account for it only as due to some higher and overruling impulsion; and that, had the tie been of any merely mundane kind, she felt sure she must have broken it.

We had not long to wait for the fulfilment of the utterance prognosticating distrust and enmity towards her on the part of others, especially of her own sex. An instance occurred forthwith which was the occasion of unspeakable vexation, even to imperilling the continued association indispensable to our work, showing that "Apollyon" was never at a loss for instruments whereby to pursue his fell purpose. In pursuance of the monition to make ourselves known for our work's sake, and of her strong desire to influence the leaders of her own sex, she sought of one of these a nomination for membership of an institution which was their chief headquarters, the first woman's club, then recently founded, and called the S. The lady in question, an author and a publicist of high repute and corresponding influence in society, and a spinster of mature age, was already for several years a friend of Mary's, being specially linked to her by their common enthusiasm on behalf of the rescue of the animals from their scientific tormentors, and up to quite recently

had corresponded with her in terms of unreserved affection and respect; for it was no other than Miss Frances Power Cobbe. Her amazement therefore was as great as her distress was keen when she received for answer an abrupt refusal to act in any way as her sponsor in London, on the ground that, having a family and a home of her own, she had adopted a profession and a career which, in the writer's opinion, were incompatible with her domestic duties.

As this was an implication either that Mary had acted against her husband's wishes, or that she and her husband were incapable of managing their own affairs, she replied representing the facts of the case; but as the response received was animated by a feeling so bitter as to show that the real motive was personal and the writer meant mischief, Mary at once referred the matter to her husband, who accordingly wrote to Miss Cobbe a strong rebuke, denouncing her conduct as in the highest degree impertinent, cruel, and wanton, inasmuch as every step taken by his wife had his full concurrence; and that, in the event of any overt action to her detriment, he should deem it his duty to seek legal protection and redress.

The warning was disregarded, and we found ourselves confronted by obstacles of a nature altogether unanticipated, in the shape of a personal persecution of a most malignant kind, the result of which was seriously to affect Mary's position, social and professional, so unscrupulous and insidious were the devices resorted to, and their nature being such as to put legal interference out of the question. Of the real motive I was in no manner of doubt, having sufficient insight into the character of the persecutrix to recognise her as capable of indulging any amount of jealousy of one whose endowments bid fair to make her a formidable rival in the cause with which Miss Cobbe had identified herself; and we had, moreover, ample testimony from others to the same effect. Meanwhile the incident disclosed to us a sad prospect of the conditions under which our work was to be accomplished. It is, however, for the sake of the sequel to it, rather than for that of the incident itself, that it is assigned a place in this history, instead of being consigned to the oblivion to which it would have been far more grateful to myself to have consigned it. Our anticipations, which were vivid, of the injury which would accrue to the anti-vivisection cause by

the division thus set up between its leading workers were fully justified by the event; for the inaccuracies and misrepresentations by which that cause has been so seriously injured would all have been avoided had Mary's sound scientific knowledge and scrupulous exactitude been allowed their proper place in the conduct of the anti-vivisection crusade.

The correctness of my reminiscences of Egypt, so curiously recovered, as has been related, found unexpected confirmation on a visit paid by us at this time to the studio of our friends the Varleys. Egyptian scenery was then his speciality. Several of his paintings of that country were then in the studio, and in one of them, a view of Thebes, I instantly recognised the scene of my vision, every detail being exact, even to the distant range of limestone hills and the inundation of the Nile. And on my questioning him about the dwelling-caves in the hills and the manner in which the floods rise and spread, I learnt that the hills actually contain galleries of unknown antiquity, cut out of the limestone rock, roofed with beams, and otherwise fitted for residence, exactly as I had beheld them; and also that, where the ground lies below the river-level, the water percolates through the banks, and oozes up at a distance through the soil, in the manner which had struck me as so curious. And of none of these features had I ever read or heard, but knew of them only by what I beheld in my vision of recollection.

The following experience will show how rigorous was the supervision continued to be exercised over us in respect of extraneous spirits, and the class of persons to whom we might impart the knowledges committed to us. Hearing that a subject of interest to us was about to be discussed at the Spiritualist Institute, and being desirous of seeing how it would be treated, and also of learning somewhat about the class and calibre of that body, I attended the lecture and joined in the conversation which followed it. But I had uttered only a few sentences of what I intended to say—the whole of which was quite clear in my mind—when all my ideas clean disappeared, as if wiped out, leaving me incapable of proceeding, so that I had no choice but to resume my seat with what apology I could frame for my sudden collapse. Some of the speakers who followed expressed their regret at my failure to say more, as the little I had said threw a new and needed light on the subject. And one of them,

accosting me afterwards, said, "Why did you not say more? We were greatly interested. But I see how it was; YOU WERE STOPPED." And such, indeed, was the case. I had been stopped, as we both had been stopped on the occasions already related, but without any of the concomitant sensations of distress then suffered. On reaching home, Mary's first words to me as I entered the room, and before I had spoken, were, "I have been charged, while you were out, to tell you that if you attempt to speak to spiritualists of the things given to us, *you will be stopped.*" Such was the commencement of our acquaintance with Mme. Isabel de Steiger, for she it was who had thus accosted me—an acquaintance which grew up into a valued friendship.

The experience about to be related was all the more striking because, for a considerable time, I had entirely withdrawn my thoughts from the subjects of it to concentrate them on my spiritual work. Not that I took no interest in matters political. I was a warm patriot where the true welfare of my country was concerned. But the insight given me respecting the persons who played the principal parts had so thoroughly revolted me that—being powerless to influence the course of public affairs—I turned my back on them. The event proved, however, that it was considered necessary for me to know the view of the situation taken in the spheres celestial, and the following vision was accordingly given me. I recorded it as follows:—

February 1 [1881].—In the early morning of the past night, being, I believe, asleep, I found myself in a vast building which I presently recognised as Westminster Hall. And as I stood on the steps which lead up to one of the law courts, which are on the right-hand side from the entrance, I observed in the centre of the hall a statue on a pedestal, both of which seemed to be of a light-grey stone; and remembering that I had never seen any statue there before, I looked at it with curiosity to see who it could be that had been deemed worthy of being thus commemorated in so distinguished a place. But before my glance had reached the face, it was arrested by the sight of two large labels depending from the waist, and bearing in graven characters, one the word "Judas," and the other "Pilate." Then continuing my glance upwards, with enhanced curiosity to see who it could be that was thus strangely labelled, and in a place the last conceivable for a practical joke, I found it was the living image of the Premier, Mr Gladstone, being more like him than even the original. The labels were so hung as to be visible also from the steps at the upper end of the hall, towards which the statue faced.

As I gazed with amazement, wondering what it could mean, there

flashed on my mind the recollection that, in my book of four years ago — *England and Islam* — I had been impelled to exhibit Mr Gladstone as enacting towards Turkey the part of Caiaphas towards Christ, by demanding its expulsion from Europe as a sacrifice for the benefit of Christendom, on the ground that if " it is good that one man die for the people," it is good that one nation suffer for the others, the parties in each case representing respectively the priest and the prophet, Mr Gladstone by his strong sacerdotal proclivities, and Turkey by its veneration for Mahomet. So that, by the addition of these two other characters, Mr Gladstone was shown me as being " like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once," in that he was enacting towards the country, in the sphere of politics, the three characters at once of Caiaphas, Judas, and Pilate—false counsellor, betrayer, and unjust judge. And I took it for a prophecy of that which was in process of fulfilment, and certain to be fully accomplished.

All these reflections passed rapidly through my mind—the continuity between my consciousness of past and present being so unbroken as to make me doubtful whether it was a waking or a sleeping vision—and then my attention was drawn to the upper end of the hall. Here I noticed that the flight of steps which stretch across it had assumed the aspect of a stage ; and upon that stage there presently stepped, coming as from behind the scenes to the right, the figure of Lord Beaconsfield. He wore his peer's dress, coronet, vest, knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, all except the robes ; and thus attired, looked tall beyond his actual height and very gaunt. His face as he entered bore a look of wistful expectation, and he gazed about as if anticipating some gratifying surprise, of the precise nature of which he was unaware.

Another moment and he had caught sight of the effigy of his hated rival, and advancing to the extreme verge of the stage, bent forward over it, the better to inspect it and read the inscriptions ; having done which, he stepped back and drew himself up to his full height, and then stalked up and down the stage almost on tiptoe, his countenance radiant with glee, and wearing an expression of triumph beyond description, sardonic and malignant. Then advancing to the front again, he pointed with both arms outstretched to the utmost towards the statue, and in a stage-whisper startlingly loud, distinct, and intense, exclaimed several times over, " Pilate ! Judas ! Both ! Both ! Judas ! Pilate ! Both ! Both ! " fairly pirouetting up and down the stage in an ecstasy of delight. Presently his attention was attracted by something at the opposite end of the hall ; and, following his glance, I saw the door open and the form of Mr Gladstone himself enter and take up a position about midway between it and his statue, facing the latter, the back of which was towards him. He wore a court or some similar official costume, and the attitude he struck reminded me of the painting which represents Napoleon Buonaparte standing on the heights of St Helena, absorbed in contemplation ; for the arms were crossed over the chest, the face was down-turned, and the eyes glanced upwards from beneath the brows at his effigy.

Meanwhile Lord Beaconsfield had quitted his position on the stage, and gliding swiftly and noiselessly as a meteor across the hall, without touching the ground, took his stand close by Mr Gladstone, and

commenced circling and almost dancing around him; and then, pointing alternately to him and to his image, he exclaimed over and over again, with redoubled glee and bitterness of mockery, "Judas! Pilate! You! You! Traitor! Executioner! You! You! Both! Both! You! You!" And this he continued to do without ceasing so long as the vision lasted.

But neither by look, by gesture, nor by word did Mr Gladstone betray the smallest consciousness of his tormentor's presence, but kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on his effigy, absorbed in contemplating with anguish and remorse unspeakable his own spiritual self and history. For as he gazed and brooded his whole form writhed, and his face blanched as with an extremity of agony at the contrast he now recognised as subsisting between that which he had it in him to have been and to have done, had he but followed his better nature and higher impulses, and that which he had actually been and actually done. No spectacle could be imagined more painful than this one of a lapsed soul undergoing the awful penance of the consciousness of having turned his back upon its true ideal, like another Paris following the lower love, which was self-love, and bringing destruction upon his Troy, and enduring the while the taunts of the fiend who, as his evil genius, had lured him to his ruin. Nevertheless, it was clearly impressed upon me, as I looked, that his very ability thus to suffer was a demonstration of his salvability; while, as for the other, he was an ingrained mocker, and as such was as clearly past praying for. In both cases that which I beheld was the very essence of the men, their own innermost spiritual selves, unveiled and undimmed by any material covering, so marvellously vivid were their portraitures as thus presented to my spiritual eyes. And never to this day has the vision faded or lost the sharpness of its outline, or that of the inextinguishable hate and malignant triumph of his foe. And when, some twelve or fourteen years later, there appeared in the Press an article analytic of Mr Gladstone's character and career from the pen of Auberon Herbert, entitled "A Soul in Ruins," I perceived that I was not the only seer of the time to whom such vision had been vouchsafed.

On seeking for some possible connection between this experience and the date of its occurrence, I recollected that, in having for its representative in the calendar Matthias, the successor of Judas, February is really the month of Judas; and whereas of him it is said that "Judas by transgression fell, and so went to his own place," of February it happens that it falls into its place in the year by the transgression, or skipping over, of a day.

Regarding the vision as of prophetic nature, the interest was intense with which from that time forth I watched Mr Gladstone's downward career through the years which followed, by the ladder of which the chief steps have been his policy in regard to South Africa, Egypt, the Soudan, Ireland, the Church, and the Constitution, and his identification in all but the means with the party he had himself denounced as "steeped to the lips in treason, and marching through rapine to the dismember-

ment of the empire." And recalling the prophecy of Trithemius as recorded by "Eliphas Levi"—whose own annotated copy of Trithemius has in the meantime, by a remarkable providence, come into my possession—that the reign of truth and justice, to spring from a new spiritual illumination to take place at this very time, should have its rise among the people who held the keys of the East, which people should undergo a moral crucifixion to fit them for their high mission,—I could not but see in Mr Gladstone the destined instrument of such crucifixion, and in the triple character assigned him the token thereof; and in the event itself a merited punishment for the country which has allowed itself to be blinded to principles by the glamour of words.

Having no intimation respecting the use to be made of this prognostic, and being unwilling to incur the responsibility of withholding it, I sent copies to three or four newspaper editors, leaving it to their discretion to print it or not. The result was such as I anticipated, and as it would have been were I in their places. They one and all declined, some of them writing to me to express their concurrence in it, and their wish that they felt at liberty to use it.

One conversation which I held about it is worth relating, if only as a characteristic reminiscence of a notable man. Sir Francis Hastings Doyle was a member of my club. I had made his intimate acquaintance on a visit paid by us simultaneously to Lord Houghton at his place in Yorkshire—Fryston Hall. To him I related my vision the day after its occurrence. His first remark, uttered with his usual genial laugh, was that it was "rough on Pilate." After which he added that he had known Mr Gladstone all his life, having been at Eton and Oxford with him, and served as "best man" at his marriage; and that personally he was very much attached to him; but he had always felt that a worse man to govern the country could not possibly be, unless it were Lord Beaconsfield, and nothing made him think so ill of his countrymen as their allowing two such men to have over them the influence they had acquired.

When, in 1886, Mr Gladstone perpetrated his crowning blow at the integrity of the empire, by declaring for "Home Rule" in Ireland, I again placed my narrative at the disposal of the Press, but with the same result, only that the letters written

by the editors in reply were far more emphatic than before in their recognition of the truth of the delineation. And Sir Francis Doyle, recalling our former conversation, and the occasion of it, wound up his denunciation of the so-called Liberal leader with the remark—accompanied by one of his genial laughs —" And the worst of it is, he is so infernally robust."

He had made no secret of his detestation of Mr Gladstone's policy, but had written strongly in the public Press in denunciation of it, otherwise I should not have cited him in this connection.

In her Diary, under date February 7, Mary wrote :—

" I dreamt last night that I was walking with C. through a city. I carried in my arms a little child, my own, a beautiful child of two or three years old. We came to a place where a game with balls or bowls was being played—I don't know exactly what game, but it was played in a court having a slope on either side, down which the balls flew with great force and swiftness. There were no women playing; all were men. C. wished to join, and in spite of my begging him not to do so, as we had far to go and night was coming on, he insisted on taking a ball. I stood aside with the child in my arms to watch, when suddenly I heard a piercing scream, and, looking at the child, I saw that it had a terrible cut on the forehead, from which blood was running. It was C.'s ball which had rebounded from the spot to which it was thrown, and had struck the child. I thought it was killed, it looked so deathly white, and the bright red drops of blood trickled down its brow and fell on my dress. I cried out in terror and grief, ' My child is killed ! ' Then telling the bystanders about me to let C. know I had gone home, I ran off into the town with the child to seek a surgeon, the blood covering my dress and hands and face as I repeatedly kissed the child. I remember no more, and believe I then woke."

Taking this dream as intended for a prediction or a warning, as the case might be, of some disaster to Mary's faculty through an inadvertence on my part—though I was quite unable to conceive of myself as following any preference of my own in disregard of her expressed wish—I maintained a more careful watch than ever to avert it. It proved, however, to be a prophecy which was bound to be fulfilled do what I might, though not until some months later. The fulfilment, which may more conveniently be related here, in anticipation of its chronological place, was in this wise :—

It was during the delivery of our lectures, and Mary had received under illumination an exposition of the doctrine of the Logos, his nature and his relation to the Christ, in correc-

tion of the received ecclesiastical presentation. But as I found it, though perfectly clear and lucid in itself and to me, couched in terms somewhat recondite and abstruse for the generality, I was desirous to have an exposition more simply worded, and accordingly [while Mary was under illumination] made a remark to that effect, which remark I repeated on receiving from her an answer which seemed to imply a demur on her part. But, for some reason not at the time apparent to me, there instantly arose in her system a violent disturbance which I can liken only to a magnetic storm, which manifested itself in convulsive and almost hysterical sobbings most distressing to witness. And it was not until a considerable time had elapsed, and only with great difficulty, that I succeeded in soothing and calming her. This was no sooner accomplished than she was impelled to write what proved to be a private instruction to me. For it was effaced from her mind as soon as written, and she retained no consciousness of it afterwards, but only the sense of some severe distress, which, however, duly passed off. This was the writing, addressed to me :—

" This is what I saw and heard.

" An expansive flame and an ascending flame, and between you and me my Genius. And he had his face covered and his hands spread, and in one of them a little child wounded.

" And he said, speaking with his face turned towards you :—

" ' Can you trust for great things, and not for the lesser ? And shall the soul that informs of the inmost err in matters of expression ?

" ' I have wrought a perfect instrument of music, and you have marred its strings. Is this the work of faith ?

" ' When it shall be given to you to see and to hear, then heed your Angel. But as yet it is not given. Heed therefore that which is heard and seen.

" ' For I have given to mine own a perfect ear and a seeing eye. Let these behold and perceive and judge for you.

" ' Yea, let them judge between you, for she does not speak of herself.

" ' Have I misled you that you should thrust me aside ? or have I spoken falsely that you should give me no heed ?

" ' But the air about you is filled with wandering lights ; and the flame of the soul is poured out towards them like water.

" ' How long will you give heed to these, and discern not the true from the false ?

" ' And now almost had I withdrawn both myself and her from you ; for her child is wounded, and she is a viol unstrung.

" ' Yea, I am angry. I am against you, for you have opposed me these three times.

" ' And I know who opposes me, even the prince of the middle and lower airs ;

" ' And the nature which has a misshapen form, a nature secretive and silent.

" ' These are horses which run not together ; winds which blow contrary ways ; voices which have no unison.

" ' And he who strikes has stricken with your hand ; and but for you he had been without power to harm.

" ' But I take no heed of persons.

" ' Beware lest you also put on Paul and wound the elder Apostle.

" ' Is she not the elder to whom the Gods first spake—yea, from the beginning, and while she yet served in the Temple ?

" ' And I, am I not always in my place, whether I speak in trance or at another hour ?

" ' Yea, I am against you, I of the Red Wheel. I am against these wandering and diverse fires.

" ' Neither shall they make common the Mysteries, nor scatter my pearls before the feet of men.

" ' But half the loaf shall you divide, and the holy names you shall retain.

" ' For if these be spoken save in the ear of the Elect, the Lord God shall divide you.

" ' Hear the word that is given, and what you shall hear obey.

" ' And the Gods shall give you the Word freely, in the lips of their own and of a woman.

" ' It is the will of God, who respecteth no man's person.

" ' Who is the arbiter save God ? And who scattereth save the Spirit of the Abyss ?

" ' By this shall you know him, in that he scattereth and teareth asunder the strings of my viol.

" ' But she obeyeth when I spake, and she spoke not of herself.

" ' Accuse those who beguile you.

" ' For she is the minister of the Gods, and the Gods above all are just.

" ' And she is your Elder and your Angel, who led you out, being blind, from the wilderness.

" ' Be not deceived ; for I suffer not mine own to be deluded.

" ' Neither is she led astray nor beguiled by false lights.

" ' But return inwards, and they which are false shall be dissipated.

" ' Are they not always deceivers, striking unawares ? ' "

For the rest of the day I was no less perplexed than distressed by this utterance. To its exaltation of Mary, her faculty, and her part in our work I took no exception. I was ready to bear any punishment awarded me, provided only that I recognised the justice of it. But I failed to see wherein my fault lay. Our work was before all else interpretative, and I had desired a clearer interpretation than the one vouchsafed. So that at most all that could be imputed to me was an excess of zeal. And yet I had been rebuked with a severity which could hardly have

been exceeded had my fault been wilful instead of accidental only, and such as it was scarcely possible for me to guard against. The very warning had been given no less than four months ago, and all that time I had not transgressed. I would not tax, even in my mind, the Genius with defect of knowledge or justice, but neither could I reconcile his sentence with these. Could it be that, knowing well only—as he had told us of himself—the things which concerned his own client, and of me only what my Genius chose to tell him, he had judged me not by the act itself, and its motive, but solely by the effect on her ? Clearly it was only my own Genius who could solve my difficulty. But, as he had said, it was not yet given to me to see or to hear her save on the rare occasions when the utmost I had been able to gather was a few brief sentences.

My trouble, and the wakefulness caused by it, must have enhanced my sensitiveness. For I found myself in the course of the night listening to a voice which was speaking to me with great earnestness. I scarcely knew whether I was waking or sleeping, my whole attention being engaged in listening. And presently I recognised the speaker as my Genius, who was endeavouring to console and reassure me, but without giving me the explanation I wanted. This, I was made to understand, could not yet be divulged to me for the work's sake, excepting that it was one with which I should have no reason to be displeased when I knew it, but the contrary. It was not really with me that her fellow-Genius was so angry. He scarcely recognised me in the matter. And she was not allowed to tell him anything about me. He saw only the spirit of the Astral who was perpetually on the watch for an opportunity to strike at Mary's faculty through me, and he was vexed at its success in eluding my observation and effecting its purpose. The Astrals knew that our work meant the destruction of their influence over men, and it was impossible for me to be too watchful against their machinations. "You will remember," she concluded, "never again to question either the form or the substance of anything said by Mary while actually under illumination. The receptive and the critical attitudes of mind are then quite incompatible, and your remark was calculated to force her out of the former into the latter, to the great and even dangerous disturbance of her system ; so extraordinary and so finely-strung

an instrument is she. Discuss with her afterwards if need be, but not then or immediately. Yes, YOU WILL REMEMBER!"

These last three words were spoken into my ear in a tone which, though unmistakably feminine, was a tone at once of entreaty, of promise, and of command, and so distinct and intense as to recall me suddenly to full consciousness, and cause me to start up and look round for the speaker; so certain did it seem that one capable of utterance so forceful to the hearing must be palpable to the sight. But I could not see anyone, though the words kept vibrating in my ear. And I recalled the statement that the sight which is capable of such vision is the last of the spiritual senses to be evolved, and the "client" of Mary's Genius is a much older soul than I. The limitation referred only to the waking condition. In sleep my spiritual vision was perfect, and not the minutest detail escaped me. But my Genius had never shown herself to me, even in sleep.

Meanwhile our explorations in the library of the British Museum were fruitful of verificatory correspondences to a degree beyond all anticipation. Not, indeed, so far as regarded the ordinary sources alone recognised in the curriculum of ecclesiastical training. For it seemed to us as if that curriculum had been devised expressly to exclude every branch and line of study which could throw real light upon the Christian *origines*. It was as if, in the interests of sacerdotalism, everything had been ignored that savoured of mysticism, meaning by the term whatever was interior, spiritual, and real, as distinguished from the exterior, material, and historical. With the exception of the Bible itself, which we recognised more and more as a depository replete with occult and mystic lore, hitherto unsuspected of its official exponents, who had played with the letter only and the form, the persons, events, and things material merely, and serving as types and symbols and vehicles of illustration, to the neglect of the principles, processes, and states, purely spiritual, denoted by them. With the exception of the Bible, our richest finds were among the Neoplatonists, the Gnostics, the Sufis, and above all the Hermetists, or students of the higher because the spiritual Alchemy. And among the things which struck us was the unvarying persistency with which the encyclopædias and manuals, and other text-books purporting to give the results of real, unbiassed research, one

and all, assumed the falsehood of the claims to mystical insight, occult knowledge, psychic faculties, and magical powers, and denounced the claimants as impostors, charlatans, enthusiasts, and plagiarists.

Our researches failed utterly to disclose to us as already existing in the world aught that was comparable to the revelations received by us, whether for fulness, profundity, coherence, lucidity, or beauty. So that it became manifest to us that we were obtaining in plenitude and perfection a sublime system of doctrine of which—if others had ever had it in full—only fragments and glimpses survive. And the very method, moreover, by which we were obtaining it constituted a practical demonstration of its truth, by reason of the process being that of psychic or intuitional recollection, and therein a demonstration of the reality and persistency of the soul, and of her ability to recover, in a later incarnation, the knowledges acquired by her in her past incarnations, and to communicate of them to her possessor. But of this explanation of the intuition, her nature and the source of her knowledges, we found nowhere any recognition save the few obscure hints contained in the Bible and Plato.

One of the historical characters in whom we were especially interested was Socrates, and we eagerly examined the account given by Plato of his Demon, to see how far his experiences coincided with our own. We had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the ministering spirit of Socrates was no true Genius, but only some ordinary extraneous spirit which had attached itself to him, after the manner familiar to the spiritualists of our time. For, while none of its utterances transcended the level of the ordinary, it indulged in trivialities altogether beneath the dignity of celestial beings, such as are those who claim to be our Genii.

The extraordinary correspondence in character, faculty, and experiences between Mary and Joan of Arc, and the part which had been enacted in our history by what purported to be the spirit of the latter, made the French heroine a subject of greater interest for us than even Socrates. But with every disposition on Mary's part to exalt Joan, she was unable to ascribe her inspirations to a source comparable with that of her own. For, while they savoured exclusively of extraneous

human spirits, their object—great as it was—was purely mundane: for which, indeed, such lower agency was alone adapted, as the deliverance to be accomplished by Joan was national and political, and not spiritual. The time, however, came when, as will be seen, the mystery was cleared up for us in a manner no less unanticipated than strange, and nevertheless wholly convincing.

Early in March, Mary received the Hymn to the Planet-God, Iacchos, and the Elemental Divinities, which together comprise 168 verses. This was the longest, as it was one of the most important, of the recoveries made by her,—important no less for the method of the recovery than for its intrinsic value, since the method was such as to constitute it a proof positive of the great doctrine set forth in it, the doctrine of Reincarnation; for it was as one of a band of initiates, making solemn procession through the aisles of a vast Egyptian temple, chanting it in chorus, that Mary, being asleep, recollected it. She described the effect of the chant as it resounded among the columns of the temple as grand beyond expression, and for days afterwards the strains vibrated in her ears, seeming to come back as she wrote it out, to assist her memory of what she had thus heard in sleep. The problems solved for us by it were profound and manifold. There was no longer any room for doubt as to the source of much of the doctrine and the diction of the Bible writers, notably of the Mosaic books, nor of the purely spiritual import of narratives ordinarily taken as literally intended. Among the things which most struck us—fairly taking our breath away by their unexpectedness—was the identification of the Planet-God Iacchos with Jacob, and the light thrown thereby on St Paul's declaration that "these things are an allegory," to the conviction of the Church of having utterly failed to comprehend its own Scriptures.

In pursuance of the design to adapt this history to the requirements of readers who are unacquainted with the books in which our results are published, I give that portion of the ritual so wonderfully recovered which will best serve to illustrate the rest. The theme is the Mystic Exodus, or flight of the soul from the power of the body, being the original of the quasi-historical narrative in the Mosaic books, where the apparent application is to the soul collective, or Church, and

points to the migration of the sacred mysteries from Egypt, and their transplantation to new and more favourable conditions, in order to save them from total loss through their materialisation by a priesthood become hopelessly corrupt. In which view the Jews were the means of preserving the supreme " treasure " of the Egyptians, the secret of initiation. This would be the only historical element in the story, the other aspects being purely mystical. In the citation which follows the hymn is an address made by a man to his soul when about to return into the earth-life for the further accomplishment of his regeneration. Egypt stands for the body ; Israel for the soul ; the corn in Egypt for the nourishment, experiences, discipline, and so forth requisite for the soul's sustenance and education ; Hermes is the understanding of divine things ; and Iacchos, whose other name, Dionysos, identifies him with the Jehovah Nissi of the Hebrews, is the Divine Spirit of the planet, and " Father " of the man regenerate :—

" Evoi, Father Iacchos, Lord God of Egypt : initiate thy servants in the halls of thy Temple ;

" Upon whose walls are the forms of every creature : of every beast of the earth, and of every fowl of the air ;

" The lynx, and the lion, and the bull : the ibis and the serpent : the scorpion and every flying thing.

" And the columns thereof are human shapes, having the heads of eagles and the hoofs of the ox.

" All these are of thy kingdom : they are the chambers of ordeal, and the houses of the initiation of the soul.

" For the soul passeth from form to form ; and the mansions of her pilgrimage are manifold.

" Thou callest her from the deep, and from the secret places of the earth ; from the dust of the ground, and from the herb of the field.

" Thou coverest her nakedness with an apron of fig-leaves ; thou clothest her with the skins of beasts.

" Thou art from of old, O soul of man ; yea, thou art from the everlasting.

" Thou puttest off thy bodies as raiment ; and as vesture dost thou fold them up.

" They perish, but thou remainest : the wind rendeth and scattereth them ; and the place of them shall no more be known.

" For the wind is the spirit of God in man, which bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it shall go.

" Even so is the spirit of man, which cometh from afar off and tarrieth not, but passeth away to a place thou knowest not.

" Evoi, Iacchos, Lord of the Sphinx ; who linkest the lowest to the highest ; the loins of the wild beast to the head and breast of the woman.

" Thou holdest the chalice of divination : all the forms of nature are reflected therein.

" Thou turnest man to destruction : then thou sayest, Come again, ye children of my hand.

" Yea, blessed and holy art thou, O Master of Earth : Lord of the cross and the tree of salvation.

" Vine of God, whose blood redeemeth : bread of heaven, broken on the altar of death.

" There is corn in Egypt : go thou down into her, O my soul, with joy.

" For in the kingdom of the Body, thou shalt eat the bread of thine initiation.

" But beware lest thou become subject to the flesh, and a bond-slave in the land of thy sojourn.

" Serve not the idols of Egypt ; and let not the senses be thy taskmasters.

" For they will bow thy neck to their yoke : they will bitterly oppress the Israel of God.

" An evil time shall come upon thee ; and the Lord shall smite Egypt with plagues for thy sake.

" Thy body shall be broken on the wheel of God : thy flesh shall see trouble and the worm.

" Thy house shall be smitten with grievous plagues ; blood, and pestilence, and great darkness : fire shall devour thy goods ; and thou shalt be a prey to the locust and creeping thing.

" Thy glory shall be brought down to the dust ; hail and storm shall smite thine harvest ; yea, thy beloved and thy first-born shall the hand of the Lord destroy ;

" Until the body let the soul go free, that she may serve the Lord God.

" Arise in the night, O soul, and fly, lest thou be consumed in Egypt.

" The angel of the understanding shall know thee for his elect, if thou offer unto God a reasonable faith.

" Savour thy reason with learning, with labour, and with obedience.

" Let the rod of thy desire be in thy right hand : put the sandals of Hermes on thy feet ; and gird thy loins with strength.

" Then shalt thou pass through the waters of cleansing : which is the first death in the body.

" The waters shall be a wall unto thee on thy right hand and on thy left.

" And Hermes the Redeemer shalt go before thee : for he is thy cloud of darkness by day, and thy pillar of fire by night.

" All the horsemen of Egypt and the chariots thereof ; her princes, her counsellors, and her mighty men :

" These shall pursue thee, O soul that fliest ; and shall seek to bring thee back into bondage.

" Fly for thy life : fear not the deep : stretch out thy rod over the sea ; and lift thy desire unto God.

" Thou hast learnt wisdom in Egypt : thou hast spoiled the Egyptians : thou hast carried away their fine gold and their precious things.

" Thou hast enriched thyself in the body ; but the body shall not hold thee : neither shall the waters of the deep swallow thee up.

" Thou shalt wash thy robes in the sea of regeneration : the blood of atonement shall redeem thee to God.

" This is thy chrism and anointing, O soul ; this is the first death ; thou art the Israel of the Lord,

" Who hath redeemed thee from the dominion of the body ; and hath called thee from the grave, and from the house of bondage,

" Unto the way of the cross, and to the path in the midst of the wilderness ;

" Where are the adder and the serpent, the mirage and the burning sand.

" For the feet of the saint are set in the way of the desert.

" But be thou of good courage, and fail thou not : then shall thy raiment endure, and thy sandals shall not wax old upon thee.

" And thy desire shall heal thy diseases : it shall bring streams for thee out of the stony rock ; it shall lead thee to Paradise.

" Evoi, Father Iacchos, Jehovah Nissi : Lord of the garden and of the vineyard.

" Initiator and lawgiver : God of the cloud and of the mount.

" Evoi, Father Iacchos ; out of Egypt hast thou called thy Son."

Concerning the identification of Jehovah Nissi with Dionysos, one of the mystic names of Iacchos—which is itself the mystic name of Bacchos—Mary soon afterwards received the following :—

" The names Nyssa, Nysa, Nysas, and Nissi are identical with each other, and also with Sinai, Sion, and those of other sacred mounts. For they all are names for the Mount of Regeneration, the mount or ' holy hill ' of the Lord, within the man, to be on which is to be in the Spirit. The river Hiddekel has the like import. It is the river of the soul, herself fluidic and called Maria (waters), which, as the receptacle of the divine nucleus, winds about and encompasses the Spirit. Thus Daniel is said to be ' on Hiddekel ' when under divine illumination."

We had already been taught that by Hiddekel, as one of the four rivers of Eden, is meant the Soul as one of the constituent principles of the fourfold kosmos.

The essential identity of the Hebrew and Greek theogonies was further confirmed by the discovery that, while the former proposed as the object of worship the Jehovah, Adonai, Son, or Logos of the Godhead, through whom the " Seven Spirits of God " comprised in the Holy Ghost have their procession, the Greeks, veiling the former, propose these Seven Spirits themselves, making them the Seven Great Gods of Olympus, observing the order assigned them in Isa. xi. 23—as is more clearly rendered in the Douay than in the Authorised Version. The same order, with a single exception, is assigned to them

in Gen. i., where they appear as the Creative Elohim respectively of the seven days of the Mosaic week. We had yet long to wait for the explanation of the cause for the exception in question—an important point, as it involved the creation of vegetation before that of the sun, to the triumph of the scientists over the believers. But, as will be seen, the explanation came at last, and proved altogether satisfactory.

Meanwhile we noted with huge delight the numerous points of identity between the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Christian presentations, and notably that of the symbols which, as representing the four evangelists and their gospels, imply the four elemental divinities. For the line, "having the heads of eagles and the hoofs of the ox," expresses exactly the functions respectively of the fourth and the first gospeller, the eagle being assigned to John in token of his dealing with the spiritual and highest aspect of religion, the upper air of the divine wisdom, personified for the Greeks as Pallas Athena; and the ox to Matthew, in token of his dealing with the historical and material aspect, the ground-work, personified in Demeter, the earth-mother, whose symbol was the ox.

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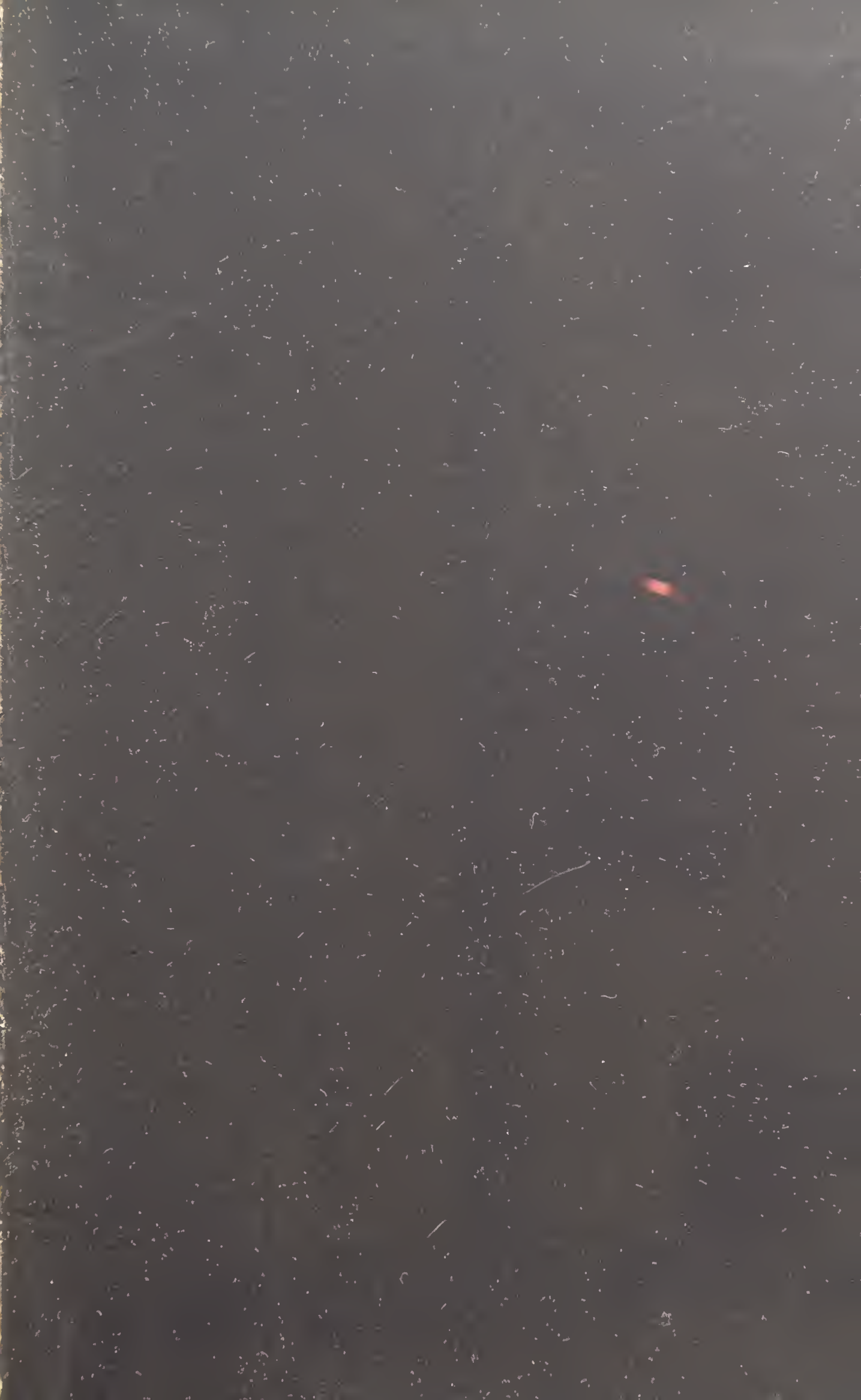
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